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Memoirs of the War,

BY

CAPTAIN EPHRAIM A. WILSON,

OF

CO. "G," 10TH ILLINOIS VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

In One Volume.

CLEVELAND, O.:
W. M. JAYNE PRINTING CO., 69-75 FRANKFORT ST.
1893.

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Wilson, Ephraim A 1837-

Memoirs of the war, by Captain Ephraim A. Wilson, of Co. "G," 10th Illinois veteran volunteer infantry ... Cleveland, O., W. M. Bayne printing co., 1893.

xxi, [23]-435 p. front., illus., 4 pl. (ports.) 18½cm.

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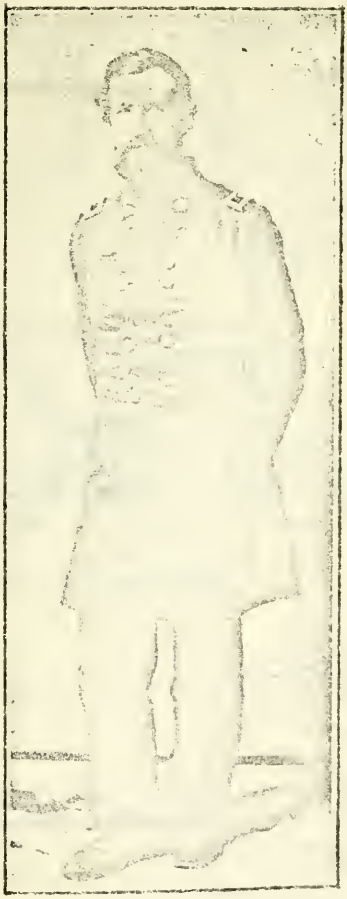
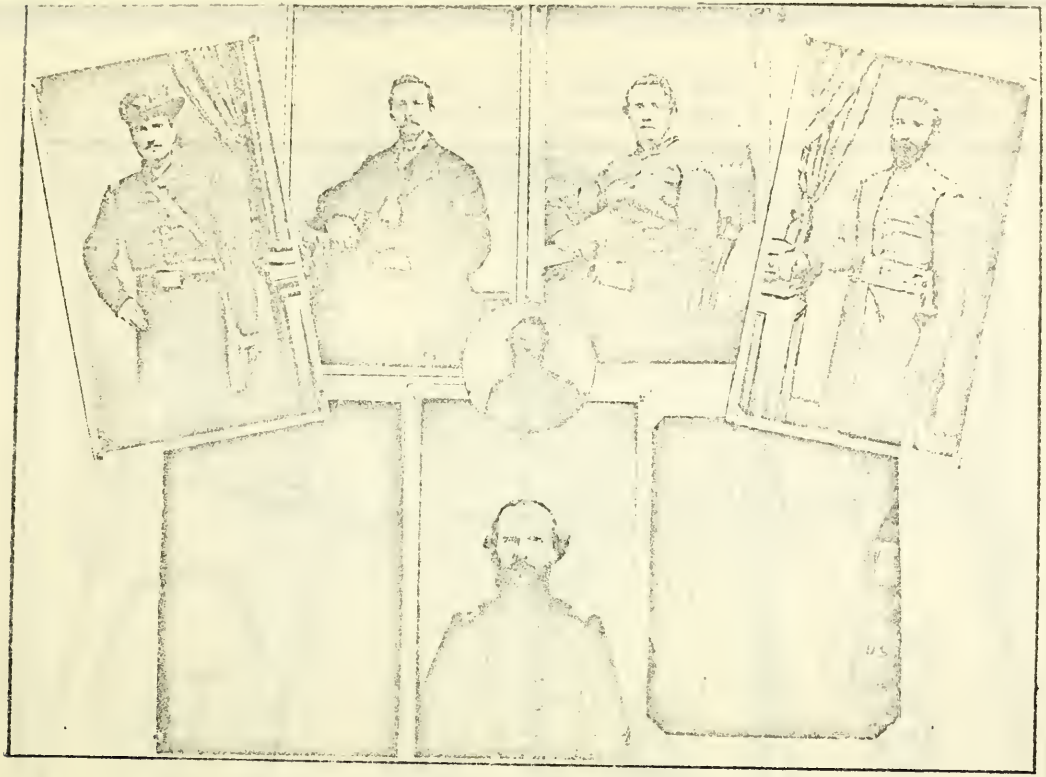
Capt. E. A. Wilson in 1864.

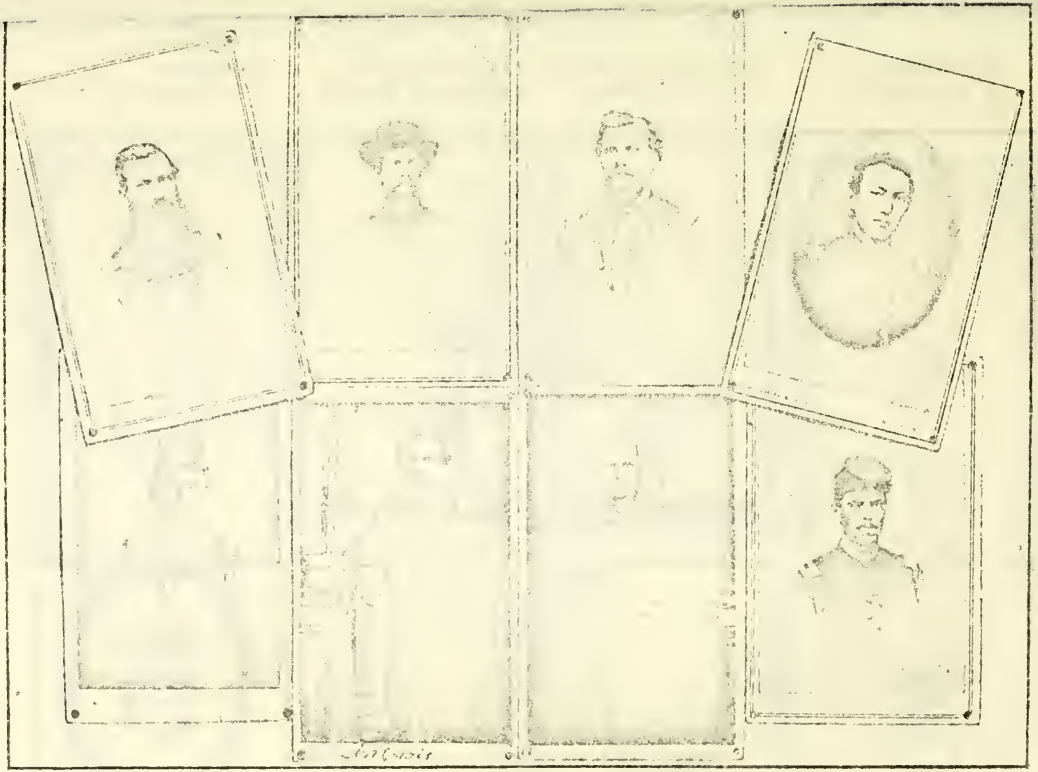
Capt. E. A. Wilson in 1893.



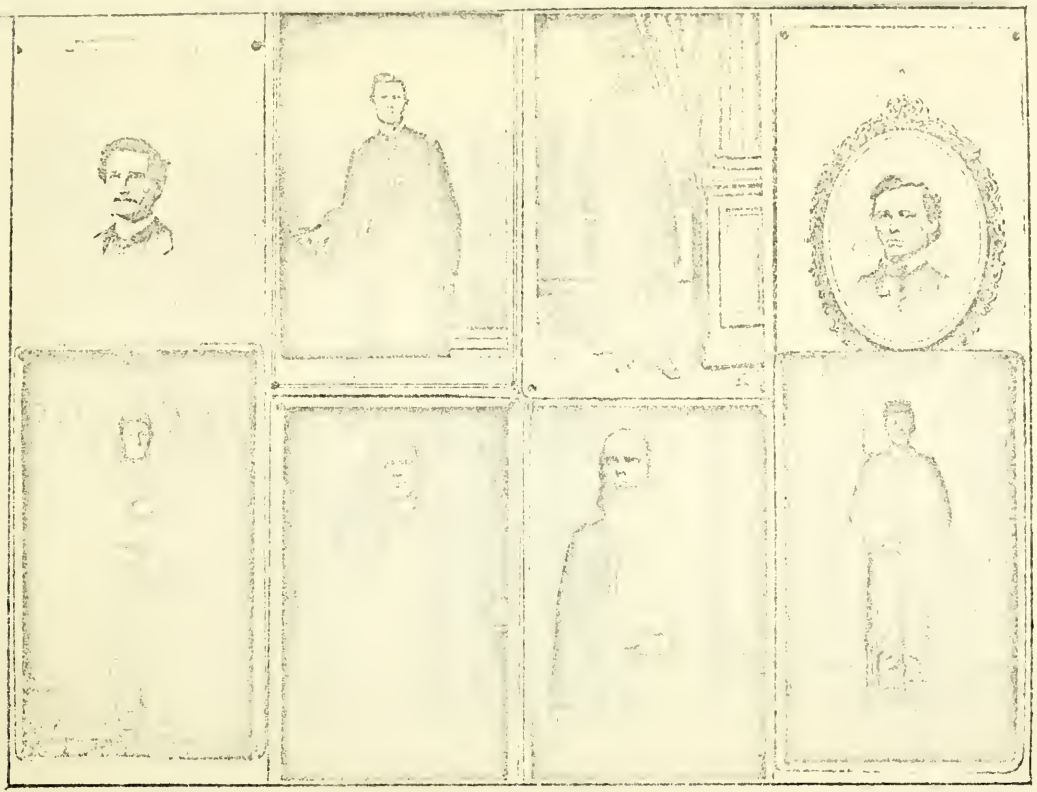
GEN. JAMES D. MORGAN IN 1904.



Lt. G. W. Blanchard. C. C. Williams. Henry Howerton. Capt. D. R. Waters
Capt. J. D. Mitchell.
Capt. Webb C. Wilson. Col. John Tilleson. Lieut. John Ferguson.



Major Sam Wilson. Capt. J. T. Boyle. Capt. C. McKinney. Surg. J. W. Craig. Major Geo. A. Race. Lt. James Rogers. Lt. Robt. Cromwell. Capt. W. H. Carr.



F. D. Roserbook.
Wm. Andrews.

Lt. S. K. Baughman.
Capt. Thos. H. Kennedy.

Capt. Henry McGrath.
Capt. Geo. C. Lusk.

Lt. Richmond Wolcott.
Henry Born.

This Volume

Is dedicated to the "Boys in Blue" and to their loyal descendants, and to all lovers of the Union, living or dead, whose love and sympathy and prayers helped to sustain us during the long, gloomy trying four years of which this volume treats.

E. A. Wilson.

Cleveland, O., Sept., 1893.

PREFACE.

It is not necessary to offer an apology for the appearance of this volume embodying my personal experiences in the late war. Much of this work was written some years ago, and the balance of it more recently, nearly all of which has been verified by personal observation in the field, and by copious diary entries, memoranda and by letters to friends at home, descriptive of the whirl of events then taking place. We think, in a limited way, we have covered the ground fairly well, giving, as we have tried to do, a plain, simple, unvarnished narrative of the movements of our command in the discharge of its duty in its four years' struggle to help preserve the life of the Nation.

To the honest soldier and Comrade who was there and knows of the events mentioned in our history in this warfare for the liberty and the life of the country, we need make no excuse. A desire, in part, to perpetuate what we have written for the benefit of those who come after us, and

the better to keep in touch of elbows with the now aged and gray-haired comrades scattered from Maine to California, who served with us, and helped to make this history, is my principal reason for putting this work in book form, and to whom this work is affectionately dedicated.

It is a task to write out and prepare a work of this kind, even though imperfect, as I know it must be, yet if its perusal affords an hour of pleasure to any old comrade, we shall feel doubly repaid for all our labor and pains. So with a hearty and kindly greeting after a separation of 28 years, and a "God bless you and yours," we are most truly and sincerely,

EPHRAIM A. WILSON.

47 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICIAL RECORD.

Personal Official Record and Military History of the Author — Roster and Roll of Co. "G," 10th Illinois Volunteer Infantry — Roster of Officers of the Regiment.

The following is an official personal record as taken from the company muster rolls and daily reports on file at Washington, which give in a condensed form, the official record of the writer and the old 10th, and its history from the beginning to the end of its service. It will be found specially useful to every member of the regiment, as the dates, places and facts given can be relied on as being absolutely correct.

EPHRAIM A. WILSON.

OFFICIAL.

Personal Record.

Born at Guilford, Medina Co., Ohio, October 16, 1837. Enlisted at Dixon, Ill., Sept. 1st, 1861, in Co. G, 10th Ill. Vol. Infantry.

Military Record.

Private, Co. G, 10th Ill. Vol., Sept. 1st, 1861.

1st Sergt., January, 1862.

2nd Lieut., June 16th, 1861.

1st Lieut., June 16th, 1863.

Captain, April 17th, 1864.

Served in 1st Brig., 4th Div. Army of Miss., March to June, '62.

2nd Brig., 1st Div. to October.

1st Brig., 4th Div. Reserve Army of the Cumberland, to Jan., '63.

1st Brig., 4th Div. 14th A. C. to July.

1st Brig., 2nd Div. Reserve Corps to November.

1st Brig., 2nd Div. 14th A. C. to July, 1864.

3rd Brig., 4th Div. 16th A. C. to October.

3rd Brig., 1st Div., 17th.

Army Corps to Feb., 1865.

SERVICE.

Duty at Mound City, Ill., till Feb.

Bird's Point, Mo., till March, 1862.

Expedition against Jeff. Thompson's forces, Nov. 2 to 12th, 1861, known as Kentucky Campaign.

Action at Sikeston, Mo., March 1st, 1862.

New Madrid, March 5th to 14th, battle and capture of place.

Island No. 10, March 16 to April 8, battle, capturing 5,000 prisoners.

Expedition to Fort Pillow, Tenn., April 13 to 17, under Pope, and return to Pittsburgh Landing.

Advance on and siege of Corinth, Miss., April 30 to March 30.

Farmington, May 3 to 9th. Severe engagement.

Pursuit to Boonville, May 31 to June 12.

Ordered to Tuscumbia, Ala., July 21. Extreme heat, and suffering loss of life from sun-stroke.

March to Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 31 to Sept. 12.

Siege of Nashville, Sept. 12 to Nov. 6. Frequent engagements.

Edgefield, Nov. 5th. Subsisting on fourth rations.

Duty at Nashville till July, 1863.

At New Fosterville, Tenn., Bridgeport, Anderson X Roads and Tgos Ferry, Tenn., till Nov.

Battle of Chattanooga, Nov. 23 to 25, under Sherman.

Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, under Sherman, on left near Tunnel.

Chicamauga Station, Nov. 26, with Sherman.

Ringgold, Nov. 27.

March to the relief of Knoxville, Nov. 28 to Dec. 8, under Sherman and return to Rossville.

Veteranized at Rossville, Ga., January 1st, 1864. Thirty days at home and friends—return.

Atlanta Campaign, May to Sept.

Engagement at Ball Knob, May 4.

Tunnel Hill, May 7.

Rocky Face Ridge, May 5 to 11. The devil's den.

Battle Resacca, May 13 to 15, hard and stubborn fighting.

Rome, May 17 to 18, more fighting and loss of life.

Dallas, May 25 to June 4, severe fighting and loss of life.

New Hope Church, May 28 to 30.

Ackworth, June 3rd to 4th.

Kenesaw Mt., June 9 to 30.

Pine Mt., June 14.

Lost Mt., June 16 to 17.

Nickajack Creek, July 4.

Vining's Sta., July 5.

Chattahoochie River, July 6 to 12.

Nancy's Creek, July 18.

Peach Tree Creek, 19 to 20.

Siege of Atlanta, July 22 to Aug. 25.

Utoy Creek, Aug. 5 to 6.

Jonesboro, Aug. 31 to Sept. 1st.

Lovejoy's Sta., Sept. 2 to 6.

Pursuit of Hood into Ala., Oct. Sherman to Corse, "Hold the Fort—I am coming."

March to the sea, Nov. 15 to Dec. 10. "Bring the good old bugle, boys."

Ogeechee River, Dec. 7 to 9. Waded river, swamps and bayou—much suffering from wet and cold.

Siege of Savannah, Dec. 10 to 21. Embarked for Hilton Head.

Pocotaligo, S. C., Jan. 14 to 16, '65.

Salkahachie Swamps, Jan. 20 to 26.

Rivers Bridge, S. C., Feb. 3, wounded severely by Wade Hampton's Cavalry. Sent to Beaufort Hospital about Feb. 6.

Mustered out May 16, 1865.

The following is a full list and

Roll of Company "G," 10th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

John D. Mitchell, Captain; resigned June 16, '62.

David R. Waters, Captain; resigned March 30, '64.

Ephraim A. Wilson, Captain; discharged May 15, '65; reason, close of war.

James W. Anderson, Captain; mustered out July 4, '65.

James W. Anderson, 1st Lieutenant; promoted.

Guy W. Blanchard, 1st Lieut.; resigned June 16, '63.

John Ferguson, 1st Lieut.; mustered out July 4, '65.

Simeon Donaldson, 2nd Lieut.; discharged Jan. 1, '64, wound.

Wm. Hartman, 2nd Lieut.; mustered out July 4, '65.

Charles C. Williams, 1st Sergeant; mustered out Sept. 15, '64.

Ephraim A. Wilson, 1st Sergeant; promoted.

John Ferguson, 1st Sergeant; promoted.

James W. Anderson, 1st Sergeant; promoted.

Thomas C. Boyer, 1st Sergeant; discharged June 22, '63, disability.

Wm. Hartman, Sergeant; mustered out July 4, '65.

Albert B. Harvey, Sergeant; mustered out July 4, '65.

George Rousch, Sergeant; absent, wounded at muster out.

Hero S. Siefken, Sergeant; mustered out July 4, '65.

John Hungerford, Corporal; killed at Bentonville, N.C., March 21, '65.

Byron Anderson, Corporal; absent, detached duty at muster out.

David Kenny, Corporal; mustered out July 4, '65.

Alfred E. McDaniel, Corporal; mustered out July 4, '65.

Owen K. Booth, Corporal; mustered out July 4, '65.

James A. Tomlinson, Corporal; mustered out July 4, '65.

John H. Henderson, Corporal; absent, sick at muster out.

Francis M. Jeffers, Corporal; mustered out July 4, '65.

Willis Anderson, Corporal; mustered out July 4, 65.

Freeman D. Rosebrook, Musician; absent on detached duty at muster out.

Jacob Ackerman, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wm. Andrews, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Arthur F. Bice, Private; discharged Jan. 3, '63, disability.

Joseph Blocksom, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Henry Bohn, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

David H. Buck, Private; died Nov. 14, '62.

James Bohn, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Harlan Brewer, Private; no record.

James R. Booth, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

George Brantlinger, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Henry Bramer, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Selim O. Ball, Private; mustered out June 2, '65.

George Booker, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wm. S. Beal, Private; supposed to be dead.

Mathias Bock, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Nathaniel Bessor, Private; died May 30, '62.

Lewis Blickhorn, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Milton Bard, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Justus C. Blanchard, Private; mustered out Sept. 15, '64.

Martin M. Bacon, Private; discharged Jan. 31, '62, disability.

Jackson Barrett, Private.

Edwin M. Barber, Private.

Henry Belts, Private; discharged Aug. 4, '62, disability.

Dyton Blodgett, Private; discharged Feb. 26, '62, disability.

J. C. Bradley, Private; discharged April 13, '62, disability.

John G. Chapin, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Daniel M. Carey, Private; deserted Dec. 14, '61.

Wm. D. C. Coppage, Private; killed in battle, Dallas, Ga., May 27, '64.

Wm. M. Chancellor, Private; died Jan. 18, '62.

Anton F. Crabbe, Private; mustered out May 20, '65.

Wm. E. Deeh, Private; mustered out July 4, '65

Daniel P. Darnell, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Thomas Dolan, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

John Doherty, Private; detailed, absent at muster out.

Simeon Daggett, Private; discharged Sept. 27, '62, disability.

H. Ehlenbrock, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Stephen H. Eno, Private; discharged to accept promotion April 14, '64.

John Entler, Private; mustered out May 29, '65.

Jacob Easton, Private; never reported to Co., sick at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. Ehe, Private; mustered out May 26, '65.

Wm. Ellick, Private; never reported to Co., sick at Chattanooga, Tenn.

James Ferguson, Private; discharged Sept. 14, '62, disability.

James M. Fears, Private; discharged Feb. 24, '62, disability.

Jacob Fauver, Private; transferred to Co. H.

Nehemiah Fancher, Private; mustered out Sept. 15, '64.

Henry Flair, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

John Flair, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Henry J. L. Frank, Private; discharged July 2, '62, disability.

James M. Garner, Private; died Aug. 14, '62.

Martin Grove, Private; discharged July 5,'62, disability.

George W. Hawn, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Henry Howerton, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Nathan Husted, Private; discharged Jan. 5,'63,disability.

Robert L. Hutchinson Private; mustered out July 4,'65.

Ed. M. Herndon, Private; died Aug. 28, '62.

James Hensley, Private; transferred to Co. H.

Wm. Horner, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Frederick Hillibert, Private; supposed to have been discharged.

John M. Hollenbeck, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

George Holbin, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Richard Harling, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Frederick Hudson, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Richard Haight, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Wm. Hardin, Private; absent June 25, '65.

Jesse R. Ingle, Private; died March 26, '64.

Francis M. Jeffers, Private; mustered out July 4, '65, as Corporal.

William A. Johnson, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

John A. Jeffers, Private; prisoner of war.

Thomas Jeffers, Private; died April 30, '62.

James Jeffers, Private; died Sept. 18, '62.

Garrett Johnson, Private; discharged Nov. 30, '62, to reenlist in 4th U. S. Cavalry.

Jacob Julfs, Private; mustered out June 8, '65.

John M. Kenny, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

George Keim, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

James R. Kerr, Private; died Feb. 22, '62.

Anton Knell, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

George Lennox, Private; discharged July 20, '62, disability.

Wm. E. Lord, Private; discharged Feb. 26, '62, disability.

Eli Lloyd, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wm. H. Lloyd, Private; absent sick at date of muster out.

John Livingston, Private; mustered out July 5, '65.

Lewis B. Layton, Private; died March 28, '64.

Joseph P. Layton, Private; discharged Feb. 16, '65, disability.

Wm. Marvin, Private; mustered out Sept. 16, '64.

Charles W. Moore, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Curtis G. McCarty, Private; absent on detached duty at muster out.

Eugene A. Miller, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Frederick Mowe, Private; absent wounded.

John Montgomery, Private; absent.

Samuel R. Moore, Private; deserted.

Jerome B. Morgan, Private; died Feb. 16, '62.

Spencer D. Morgan, Private; mustered out Sept. 15, '64.

George J. Morgan, Private; discharged Aug. 3, '62, disability.

R. S. Mulkins, Private; absent.

Rufus Neal, Private; mustered out March 28, '65.

August Newman, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Benj. F. Nitchman, Private; transferred to Co. H March 25, '62.

James P. Nitchman, Private; transferred to Co. H March 25, '62.

Otto Neffer, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Michael O'Brien, Private; discharged June 26, '65, wounds.

Levi Overmire, Private; transferred to Invalid Corps Dec. 30, '63.

John A. Pease, Private; detailed, absent since March, '62.

Henry Prevo, Private; discharged July 5, '62, disability.

Geo. W. Pickup, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Alfred Preston, Private; absent, wounded.

Benjamin F. Poorman, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

John Retherford, Private; deserted Nov. 26, '61.

Elijah Rock, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wm. Rogers, Private; died Jan. 6, '62.

James Russell, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Martin Rogers, Private, died Dec. 12, '61.

Hamlin G. Russell, Private; discharged.

David F. Broderick, Private; died July 23, '62.

Charles Rogers, Private; absent sick in Gen. Hospital.

Wm. Sneed, Private; died March 12, '62.

Wm. R. Stark, Private; missing in action April, '64.

James B. Shorter, Private; discharged April 9, '62, disability.

Thomas Sullivan, Private; discharged Jan. 23, '65, disability.

Samuel R. Spiker, Private; discharged April 9, '62, disability.

Wm. Smith, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Japhet B. Smith, Private; died March 21, '64.

Gottleib Stermer, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wm. Schlick, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

David Taylor, Private; mustered out June 4, '65.

Henry W. Warn, Private; deserted.

Edward A. Williams, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Wilson Williams, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

John Willard, Private; discharged Feb. 26, '62, disability.

John W. Whittlesey, Private; mustered out July 4, '65.

Americus Wyatt, Private; killed at Bentonville, N. C., March 25, '65.

Roster of Officers of 10th Ill. Infantry Volunteers.

Field Officers.

Colonels.

James D. Morgan, John Tillson.

Lieutenant Colonels.

John Tillson, McLean F. Wood,
David Gillespie.

Majors.

John Tillson, Francis A. Dallam,
Joseph G. Rowland, Chas. S. Cowan,
Samuel J. Wilson, George A. Race.

Adjutants.

Joseph G. Rowland, Theodore Wiseman,
Wm. W. Rice, James W. Allen.

Quartermasters.

Oliver J. Pyat, Benj. F. Price.

Surgeons.

Henry R. Payne, Albert S. Ritchie.

First Assistant Surgeons.

Daniel Stahl, Isaac H. Reeder,
William P. Nichols.

Second Assistant Surgeon.

John W. Craig.

Chaplains.

William H. Collins, Wm. B. Linell.

Line Officers.

Captains Co. A.

M. F. Wood, James F. Langley,
Chas. Carpenter, Henry McGrath.

First Lieutenants Co. A.

James F. Langley, Chas. Carpenter,
Henry McGrath, Robert Cromwell.

Second Lieutenants Co. A.

O. D. Critzer, Henry McGrath,
Robert Cromwell, James M. Swabes.

Captains Co. E.

Chas. S. Cowan, Saml. J. Wilson,
Colin McKinney.

First Lieutenants Co. E.

Saml. J. Wilson, Colin McKinney,
Lewis W. VanTuyl.

Second Lieutenants Co. E.

Colin McKinney, Lewis W. VanTuyl,
Matthew H. Jamison.

Captains Co. G.

John D. Mitchell, David R. Waters,
Ephraim A. Wilson, James W. Anderson.

First Lieutenants Co. G.

John D. Mitchell, David R. Waters,
Guy W. Blanchard, Ephraim A. Wilson,
James W. Anderson, John Ferguson.

Second Lieutenants Co. G.

Guy W. Blanchard, Ephraim A. Wilson,
James W. Anderson, Simeon Donaldson,
William Hartman.

Captains Co. H.

L. H. Carr, Edward H. Sylla,
Daniel R. Ballou, Franklin A. Munson.

First Lieutenants Co. H.

Edward H. Sylla, Daniel R. Ballou,
Franklin A. Munson, John Winsitt,
Geo. D. Woodward.

Second Lieutenants Co. H.

Jerome B. Carpenter, John Winsitt,
George Woodward, Samuel Faxon.

Captains Co. B.

Thos. W. Smith, Chas. P. McEnally.
James W. Shaw.

First Lieutenants Co. B.

Wm. D. Green, John B. Tait,
James A. Shaw, Robert Brown.

Second Lieutenants Co. B.

Chas. P. McEnally, John B. Tait,
James A. Shaw, James R. Graves.

Captains Co. C.

Chas. S. Sheley, John T. Boyle,
Wm. H. Carr.

First Lieutenants Co. C.

Andrew Wood, John T. Boyle,
Wm. H. Carr, Saml. K. Baughman.

Second Lieutenants Co. C.

Wm. Morgan, Wm. H. Carr,
Saml. K. Baughman, C. F. Hankey.

Captains Co. D.

Saml. T. Mason, Archibald Burns.

First Lieutenants Co. D.

Henry M. Scarritt, A. Burns,
Peter Hughes.

Second Lieutenants Co. D.

Wm. G. Galion, A. Burns,
Peter Hughes, Wm. F. Howard.

Captains Co. F.

Geo. A. Race, Chas. B. Simpson.

First Lieutenants Co. F.

Geo. A. Race, Richmond Wolcott,
Chas. B. Simpson, Michael Brendel,
M. H. Van Ostrand.

Second Lieutenants Co. F.

A. Neighmeyer, Henry Schoffnit,
M. Bendel, M. H. Van Ostrand,
Andrew Fuller.

Captains Co. I.

Morton S. McAtee, David Gillespie,
Wm. Hughes.

First Lieutenants Co. I.

David Gillispie, James H. Rogerson,
Robert H. Mann, Wm. Hughes,
Thos. J. Holman.

Second Lieutenants Co. I.

Robert H. Mann, Wm. Hughes,
Wm. P. Consley.

Captains Co. K.

Geo. C. Lusk, Thos. H. Kennedy.

First Lieutenants Co. K.

Godhold Girut, James Rogers,
John H. Fahnestock.

Second Lieutenants Co. K.

Edward L. Friday, Thos. H. Kennedy,
Wm. Wilson.

22423

CHAPTER I.

Commencement of Service. — At Camp Butler, Ill.— Monotony of the Camp.—Anxious to Get Away.— First Connected with 45th Ill.—Col. Adams.—Assigned by Gov. Yates to 10th Ill., under Col. James D. Morgan at Mound City.—Arrived at Latter Place Nov. 1st.—Election of Officers.—Ready for Work.— Camp Life.—Its Duties.

The subject of the war to very many has become hackneyed and stale, but to us who have passed through the late war from the commencement to its ending, through those long four years of doubt and uncertainty, and hope and fear, we feel that though thirty years have come and gone since those stirring and eventful times, the recollection does not fade nor the interest lessen, but remains as bright and as fresh and as vivid in anything and in everything pertaining to the great struggle as though it had occurred yesterday. I am always deeply interested in the experiences others have had in the war, and never fail to read everything pertaining to it. Although, being an Ohio boy, serving in an Illinois Regiment, the 10th Infantry, and our service com-

mencing at Mound City, in the far southwest, yet there may be something connected with the history of our Regiment, and the different commands to which it was attached, and the part we all took in the war, which may prove to be of interest to the general reader.

We arrived at Camp Butler, a general rendezvous for the State Troops, about 10 miles east of Springfield, the Capitol of the State, on the 8th of October, and immediately sought the 45th Regiment, under command of Col. Charles H. Adams, and at once connected ourselves with a a company of Dixon boys with whom we were acquainted, and who had preceded us only a few days, under command of Louis A. Robor. We remained in the 45th until it became evident to Col. Adams that it was impossible for him to fill up his Regiment by the required time, when it was deemed best to disband it, which was accordingly done, our squad being assigned by Gov. Yates to Col. James D. Morgan's 10th Infantry, then at Mound City. The disintegration of the 45th occurred about the 25th of October, and our squad, under command of L. A. Robor, acting

Captain, left Camp Butler, I think, on the 30th and arrived here on the 1st of November, feeling only too happy to get out of the hated and monotonous Camp, where we had been in perfect idleness for the two preceding months. We longed for something more active. It came after a while, thicker and faster and more of it. We went to the field to put down rebellion, and felt that these delays were unnecessary, intolerable and in every way inexcusable. We changed our minds after a while on the subject of war, and concluded that Gen. Grant, who had command of the Department, knew more of what war implied than we who had only been in the Camp two months. But to proceed with our story. While at Camp Butler, Dr. J. D. Mitchell, of Clark County, Ill., was at the head of a squad of about 25 men, and thinking it would be to his advantage to unite his embryo company with ours, he accordingly did so, which arrangement gave us about 60 men, quite a respectable company. On our arrival at Mound City we determined to effect a permanent company organization, as we imagined a lively time at hand and wished to be prepared in the

most thorough manner. Not being entitled to a Captain, by reason of the smallness of our number, we proceeded to the election of a 1st Lieutenant. Robor was not liked on account of his pompous and unsocial qualities, and was defeated. Dr. Mitchell carried off the honor, and was subsequently elected Captain. The Doctor was not adept in military matters, but the boys had learned to love and respect the man, notwithstanding his lack of military knowledge. He learned his duties quickly, and eventually made a good officer. Robor, not having been mustered into the service with his men at Camp Butler, was privileged to go his way, and we have never since learned what became of him.

Our stay at Mound City was not very eventful, but much more to our liking than at the old Camp near Springfield. Here we could look across the muddy, swift-running Ohio River into rebeldom, and that was some satisfaction. Everything now in the Department indicated hurry and bustle; troops are marching and countermarching, and our gun boats and transports are constantly patroling the river inside of our lines,

while the work on our half dozen new gun boats under course of construction at Mound City are being pushed forward with all possible haste. To us it seems that a great battle is now inevitable between the contending hosts, which, I think, will very soon take place in the vicinity of Columbus, a rebel stronghold only a short distance down the river, or at Fort Henry or Donaldson. Both points are within easy striking distance, and all of this hurry and activity on the part of Gen. Grant I am sure means something. The rebels are by no means idle. Preparations of the greatest magnitude are being made on both sides for the great struggle so near at hand. Fate, courage, discipline and the superiority of numbers only will decide this contest between right and one of the most grievous wrongs of the age. In all human probability it will fall to my lot to be engaged in this battle. Be it so, my humble prayer is that I may be enabled to discharge my whole duty toward my country, in a way worthy the holy and just cause we all have so near our hearts in this great struggle between union and dis-union, a united and a divided Nation, between

universal freedom and universal and abject slavery. The issue is made up, and it seems there is no middle ground. Our faces to the front, and a realization of the justice of our cause, we will move forward in the work before us, trusting in the God of Battles.

CHAPTER II.

Visit of 17th Ill. Regiment.—Sabbath Morning Inspection.—A Soldier's Daily Duties.—A Messenger.—A General Inspection.—Poor Opinion of It.—A Visit from Gen. Grant.—His Looks and Personal Appearance.—Generals Sturgis and McClernand.—First Union Victory by Gen. Pope in Missouri.—What Mike O'Brien Said About It.—A Hearty Laugh at Mike's Expense.—Artillery Practice by the Gun Boats.—Christmas, 1861.—What it Brought to Mind. First Death Among Our Number.—Sad Reflections.

The monotony of Camp life was yesterday relieved by a visit from Col. Ross' 17th Ill. Regiment, stationed at Cairo. The Regiment was received, on its arrival, with due military honors, and after an exhibition of skill in movements and in the manual of arms, the officers were introduced in turn by the two Colonels, and an enjoyable time was had all round. After the usual formalities on such occasions, Capt. Sheely, with his Company "A" escorted the visitors to the boat, and amid adieus, hand-shaking, salutations and cheers their craft steamed down the great river and was soon lost to sight.

Sabbath morning has come and with it the inevitable inspection. This takes place every Sunday morning at 10 A. M. Our guns, swords, equipments, knapsacks, canteens, and, in fact, everything pertaining to a soldier's complete outfit, is inspected in the manner following:

The Company is formed in lines, the ranks opened, when the guns are first inspected, the officers passing down each rank alternately, carefully inspecting as he proceeds. The ranks are then closed, the guns "stacked," and then again re-opened, the front rank being ordered to an about-face, when the command is given, "Unsling knapsacks." This movement brings all the knapsacks to the feet of the soldier and in line, when the order follows to "Open knapsacks." When this order is complied with, the Company officer passes along between the row of open knapsacks lying on the ground before him and sees that the soldiers' clothing and blankets, as well as his gun and equipments, are in proper condition. After this is gone through with the knapsacks are re-packed and slung, the "arms taken" when the Company is marched to its quarters.

Our regular daily routine of duties while in Camp here are about as follows, so you can see we are in a fair way of becoming disciplined.

At 6 A. M., roll call; breakfast, 7; guard mount, 9; from 10:30 to 12, company drill; at 12, dinner; at 3 P. M., battalion drill; at 4, "dress parade;" at 8:30, roll call; and at 9 the taps, at which time the lights of the Camp are to be "put out."

On Sabbath morning, the 15th of December, an orderly dashed up to Col. Morgan's headquarters, his horse trembling in every limb, and his body covered with foam, bearing sealed orders to the command at Mound City.

Judging from the great hurry of the orderly, one might suppose the enemy were upon us or that some great calamity had happened or was about to happen to the whole army of Gen. Grant. It, however, turned out to be not quite so bad after all. It was simply an order for a general inspection of the troops at Cairo on the following Monday, by Inspector General Van-Ranselear, of New York. Inspection and grand parade of troops is a grand spectacle to look upon, but I may be excused from participating in

them very often. To us poor tired soldiers, after having marched ten miles, loaded down as we were with all the paraphernalia of war, and then to be obliged to go through all the evolutions described in Hardee for half a day for the gratification of every military upstart who might happen to come along, we just thought it too much of a good thing, and in our hearts voted the thing a gigantic fraud. After the day was over we turned our weary steps homeward, arriving in Camp about 9 o'clock at night after a march of twenty miles, the most thoroughly used up regiment of men you can imagine. We were all simply tired out and done for, and were glad to throw our tired-out and weary bodies upon the ground anywhere for a little rest. The experience was rather severe on us, but it was surely fitting us for the more earnest and important work so soon to follow. To cap the climax of our supposed severe discipline, on the following day the Regiment was obliged to pass under review of General Grant and his large retinue, and a host of other officers of high grade and distinction of the Army, among whom I noticed

Generals Sturgis and McClernand. Gen. Grant impressed us as a firm, dignified, quiet and determined sort of man, and one wonderfully modest and retired in his manners. He made no speech to us; he merely witnessed our movements in absolute silence. When the review and parade was at an end he turned to Col. Morgan, our Commander, and in a low voice thanked him, remounted his horse and was soon out of sight in the deep, dark woods on his way to Cairo, his headquarters.

In personal appearance General Grant is rather short in stature, rather stout in build, weighing, I should think, about 175 pounds. His complexion is rather dark, with blue eyes. He has a full, dark beard and mustache four or five inches long, and he was dressed in a neatly fitting brigadier's uniform and wore a cocked hat and ostrich feather. This is as Gen. Grant looked in 1861. As to his passion for cigars at this time deponent saith not.

Col. Morgan made an announcement to us today, Dec. 20, '61, of a union victory by the forces, under Gen. John Pope, in Missouri, over the

rebel, Gen. Price, with great loss to the enemy, which news was received by us with unbounded demonstrations of delight. This was really the first blood for our side in the west, and we felt good, yes, exceedingly good over it. Our Mike O'Brien, an Irish boy from Dixon, was so rejoiced at the good news that he could not restrain himself until the Colonel got through with the announcement, but shouted right out while in the ranks, saying, "There, by Jasus! I knew we could whip h—l out of the ribels." This little breach of etiquette and outburst on the part of Mike was, of course, excusable, and was overlooked under the circumstances, as he was a great wag, and withal a great favorite in the Regiment, and evidently meant all he so forcibly said. His earnestness, however, created much merriment, for the boys were unable to restrain themselves, and the sedate old matter-of-fact soldier, Col. Morgan, who was hardly ever known to smile, had to yield, and we all had a good hearty laugh at Mike's expense.

On the next day, the 21st, a heavy black smoke was discernible away down the river

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toward Cairo, which proved to be several of our gun boats coming up to Fort Holt for the purpose of target practice. They anchored in the river about two miles below us, but after a few shots found the range too long, when they moved up within a mile of the Island and commenced to bang away. Some of the shots came wonderfully close to the target, while others would fall short, tearing into the ground with a sickening thud, the earth, grass and leaves flying high in the air. Occasionally their aim would be a little too high: the shot would miss and pass over, high up in the timber among the tree tops, and such a racket, such a crashing and tearing was perfectly frightful to hear. This was the first of that sort of work we had seen, and we began to think that after all war was a serious business. The sound of those shells and hard shots as they tore past us, I must say was not very reassuring. But, however, we kept our eyes and ears open and were learning something new and useful to us every day in the arts of war.

Dec. 25th. To-day is Christmas. I have been sitting here alone in my tent for the past

hour or two in silent meditation, thinking over the events of the past year, and the more I think of the subject the more it seems like a great and mighty dream — an impossibility. What! we here in a military camp in the midst of busy preparations for a bloody fratricidal war. The great, free North arrayed in deadly conflict against the South, to maintain our nationality, our manhood, our common freedom and our honor. Brother arrayed against brother, father against son, and son against father, with uplifted hand almost ready to strike the fatal blow. Is this a dream? It must be. It can not be real. Where is wife and boy and other dear friends that the anniversary of this day so forcibly brings to mind. I arrest myself in this train of thought and involuntarily look out upon the tented field, the moving to and fro of armed troops, the marching of battalions, the moving of trains and supplies, upon the great brick hospital yonder, and its hundreds of inmates suffering and dying from wounds, or from the more fatal destroyer, disease. All, all reminds me that this is a terrible fact, a naked truth and not an idle dream. Our mind goes out

to familiar scenes at home, to the absent ones many hundred miles away. We think of the event of half a dozen years ago when "two hearts beat as one," of the many happy days since spent in journeying down life's road together, of the thousand and one blessings and comforts and pleasures we used to enjoy at home among our loved ones. Then the thought comes back to me, "What would home be without a country?" So we here and now resolve anew, dedicating ourselves wholly to our country's cause; let the war be long or short, let come what may, we will stay to the end, aiding the Government to the best of our ability, in our humble way, to the end that peace may be restored, the right of all maintained inviolate, and the Nation once more prosperous, happy and free.

But to return. On the following Monday, Dec. 30, all of us boys who were formerly from Camp Butler were delightfully surprised at a visit from Lieut. Col. Chas. H. Adams, now of the Artillery, but formerly our old Colonel of the 45th, of whom I have made mention. It is not necessary to say we were all delighted to see him

and our greetings were indeed most cordial, and when the time came for adieu we all parted with him as with an old-time friend. Charlie was the prince of good fellows and we all liked him and felt strongly attached to him, a circumstance by no means common in those days of clamor for official position. The fortunes of war separated us and we never had the pleasure of meeting him afterward. We hope he passed through safely and that time is dealing gently with him.

On Jan. 6, Wm. Rogers, of Clark County, died of disease in the hospital; he, poor boy, of all our Company, receiving the first summons, and his remains were sent home to his poor, broken-hearted, widowed and sorrowing mother. How sad! It seems almost like that mother's tender offering of her son to the Moloch of secession and slavery. To die for one's country is glorious, but after all it seems dreadful to me to die in a hospital of slow, wasting and torturing disease of anguish and pain. If I am to be offered as a sacrifice in this war, my choice would be to fall with my face to the foe in the midst of bloody carnage. I somehow have always had an unac-

« countable dread of the hospital, and hope my good fortune will continue to attend me and keep me separated far from it.

CHAPTER III.

The Kentucky Campaign.—Funny Sensations While Going Down the River.—Columbus With Her Strong Rebel Garrison.—Feeling a Little Shaky.—Fine Appearance Made by Ten Large Steamers Loaded With Troops.—Stars and Stripes Floating in the Breeze.—Uncertainty as to Destination.—Disembarked at Port Jefferson, Ky.—Expedition Under Command of Gen. McClernand.—A Remarkable Dream.—Verified Three Years Later.—On the "Sacred Soil" of the Confederacy.—A Company "Mess."—What it Consists of.—Quick Method of Supplying the Army With Rations.—What We Had to Eat.—Grumbling Soldiers.—Aimless Movements.—Kentucky Mud Ankle Deep.

On Wednesday, Jan. 8, orders were received by our command to be in readiness to move at precisely 10 the following morning, but owing to a very heavy fog and rain prevailing at the time named, we did not leave our camp; the next morning, however, found us all aboard the steamer Keystone, headed down stream in the direction of Cairo. Before embarking we bade our citizen friends, to whom we had become warmly attached from our long stay at Mound

City, a kindly farewell, thinking that perhaps, for aught we knew, this might be the last time we should ever meet them; but this proved not to be the case. Once out upon the broad Ohio, the little steamer bearing us Dixieward, we cast our eyes regretfully and longingly back to the old Camp on the high bluff at the outskirts of the little village, where we had so long and so pleasantly remained. It was a strange experience to us all, as things looked decidedly aggressive and warlike, and visions of Columbus and Bowling Green and their strong rebel garrisons loomed up big in our imagination. We made up our minds that we were "in for it" now without a doubt, and I must make confession that we felt rather funny, and our knees a little shaky and nervous, but of this I said nothing, thinking I could stand it if the rest could.

On arriving at Cairo we took aboard a large number of wagons, horses, mules, and munitions of war, together with a sufficient amount of rations to last five days. Things did look ugly and no mistake, as all the troops at Cairo, Bird's Point and Fort Holt were embarking, evidently

destined to accompany us when all was ready. At 4 o'clock, everything being in readiness, the signal was given, the fleet steamed from the landing, turning its prow down the Mississippi, with all on board destined—we know not where. The sight was a grand one—ten large boats moving majestically, yet cautiously, in single file, the stars and stripes floating proudly in the breeze, and loaded down to the guard with silent, yet determined men, their bayonets glistening beautifully in the sunlight of that pleasant afternoon, was truly a sight long to be remembered and never to be forgotten. An hour's ride brought us in sight of Fort Jefferson, Ky., a point about eight miles below Cairo, when the flag ship on which Gen. McClernand and staff, the commander of the expedition, had taken passage, effected a landing, and all the troops of the expedition, under the cover of darkness, disembarked and went into Camp for the night on the banks of the Mississippi, the great father of waters.

Just before leaving Mound City I had a very remarkable dream, which, for a time, caused me a little annoyance, but as it was not immediately

verified, it had in a measure passed from my mind, and I tried to dismiss it as an idle fancy and phantom of a disturbed sleep; however, the dream was so vivid and so real it was hard to shake off the impression it had made on my mind. It ran something like this: I thought we had an engagement with the enemy, and that we occupied a position in the line that seemed to be swampy and overflowed; that I had command of the Company, and that in the midst of the engagement I was struck in the left shoulder with a ball, the blood gushing freely from my wound and trickling down my garments to my feet. It did not seem that I was mortally wounded or was going to die from its effect, but that I would ultimately recover. Then it seemed that I was taken to a hospital on a boat, and while on the boat I was moralizing over the occurrence, and would look at the ugly wound in my shoulder, and would think and reason to myself that this is strange enough that I am alive, and seemed to rather question in my own mind whether I was or not. I could see familiar faces around me, and presently it seemed that I was among friends at home.

All of this was apparently as real to me as any occurrence which has taken place only yesterday.

On the 3rd day of Feb., 1865, while with Gen. Sherman in his last movement of his army from Savannah northward to co-operate with Gen. Grant at a point near Branchville, South Carolina, in an engagement with Wheeler's Cavalry, my dream was verified in every essential particular and became a reality, even as it regards the swampy, inundated ground where the engagement took place, the wound in the shoulder, the command of the Company devolving on me, the flow of the blood, the scene on the boat and at the hospital, and my return home. The moment I was struck, my dream of three years before flashed through my mind like an electric shock. As singular as anything connected with the dream was the fact that at that time I was a private in the ranks and had not the remotest idea, or hope, or aspiration, that I should ever command our Company, to say nothing of the uncertainty of getting shot. The last proposition was the much more probable of the two. I do not claim to be at all superstitious in these matters,

but I merely relate it as a remarkable coincident.

Well, here we are at last on the "sacred soil" of the so-called Southern Confederacy. The Rubicon has been crossed, and we are now face to face with the avowed enemies of our country. The first act in the great drama has taken place, and we now suppose that in the eyes of our erring brothers we are regarded by them as invaders, interlopers, mud-sills of Northern society, Lincoln hirelings, and vandals, and in every way contemptible and mean. But no matter, this seems to be a free fight, and now, since they have begun it themselves, we will take a hand in it and help the thing along: so we are here, and it looks as if we had come to stay.

After getting our arms stacked, and our baggage and stores removed from the boat, preparation was made for supper. In less than 20 minutes a thousand camp fires were lighted and coffee was soon prepared for the different "messes," when all partook with a relish, as we had been "in the harness" all day and were both hungry and tired. A Company "mess" usually consists of from 5 to 10 persons—a sort of little family—

the rations being drawn from the regimental commissary department, usually daily by the Company Commissary Sergeant, and then issued by that officer to the heads of the different "messes," and by them sub-divided among themselves, or used in common, as they may elect. In this way the army is very quickly and satisfactorily served, it seldom, if ever, taking over 30 minutes to supply the whole army with food. While in the field the rations usually issued by the Government consist of coffee, sugar, salt, beans, hard bread and bacon, and occasionally, when it is possible to do so, fresh beef. Potatoes—well, they are very heavy to transport from place to place in the wagons—and the government presumes that soldiers will "*raise*" what few they need of this indispensable article of diet for themselves. I believe they usually do. When in Camp this list is very much extended, and embraces many more articles, such as rice, hominy, dessicated vegetables, onions and soft bread when it can be had. Uncle Samuel is not unmindful of the great modern civilizer of mankind and is wonderfully liberal and unstinted in his supply

of soap. We can have all of that article we want, and if we are unclean the fault is with us. As a rule the full army ration is so liberal in quantity that no one except he be a glutton would even approach the feat of eating it. Yet it is not uncommon to hear some of the boys cursing the quality and quantity of the food furnished, and declare that what little they do get isn't fit to eat. Of course they are fastidious and naturally fault-finding, and I presume never had enough to eat at home.

On Sunday, the 12th inst., the 10th and 18th Regiments, Cols. Morgan and Lawler in command, moved out of Camp, taking the road leading in the direction of Ellicott Mills, a point about four miles distant, where we first met the enemy's cavalry and had a smart little brush with them, capturing three of their scouts, when the rest fell back pell mell in direction of Columbus. We encamped here at the Mills, until the morning of the 14th, when we were joined by the force we had left two days before at the landing, making our little army about 10,000 strong. The column moved forward in a southeasterly direc-

tion, but where we were going and what the particular object of our mission was, no fellow seemed to be able to find out, but, of course, we conjectured that Columbus was the objective point. Owing to heavy rains at this time the roads became so muddy that it was almost impossible for horses or men to make any headway —mud, ankle deep, was about the rule for the Infantry, and as for the *other animals* in the expedition they, of course, fared worse.

Ballard County mud against the world for adhesiveness—more affectionate by odds than a brother or mother-in-law—was yellow and soft and would stick to your feet so that it was with great difficulty you could pull them out of the miserable compound without raising several pounds extra each step by our already tired out legs. This made our progress slow, tedious and difficult, and our poor teams could only make a few miles each day, so deep was the mud and impassable the roads. I did really pity the poor brutes, as it required every pound of their strength to move the loads to which they were attached, and it was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen

teams stuck fast in the mud at one time, unable to move until a squad of soldiers placed their shoulder to the wheels and "boosted" them out. At times it seemed almost as if pandemonium had let loose. Everybody and everything seemed to be out of sorts. The horses and mules were mad, and some of them balky, the drivers were mad, and the soldiers were not in the best of humor, and all wet to the skin by the incessant rain fall so common in this latitude. The atmosphere in the vicinity of that little army on that day may be described as blue and sulphurous. I mean by this that bad words were used. Well, we struggled on through the mud till night fall and bivouacked for the night in the woods four miles from Blandville, the county seat of Ballard County. After much difficulty we succeeded in getting fires started; everything being soaking wet it was a slow and tedious undertaking, but we succeeded at last. After drying our water soaked clothes and blankets and warming our almost benumbed bodies, we prepared our coffee and partook of supper, and all felt happier and better toward the world than we did an hour be-

fore in our wet, frozen, mud-bespattered, forlorn and pitiable condition. On the next morning the command was joined by six additional Infantry Regiments, giving us a force of at least 12,000 men, rank and file—quite a respectable army. When our line of march was resumed we passed on through Blandville without making a halt, in the direction of Milford. Blandville, as a town, did not meet our expectations. It being the county seat of Ballard County, we had, of course, made up our mind to see a nice thrifty town with large county buildings and indications of elegance and thrift on every hand, as is the case in our beloved North, or in God's country, as we sometimes term it. But instead of this we found a miserable little dilapidated town of not over twenty-five houses all told, the county buildings being small and of wood, and only one and a half stories in height, and all, being entirely destitute of paint, left rather a bad impression on us as a seat of justice, and we concluded if the balance of the South was no better or more desirable than what we had seen of it, it was hardly worth fighting for. What people we saw there were of the

slip-shod-go-easy sort, with a lack of general intelligence the most remarkable and surprising. On inquiry of one of the natives as to the distance to a certain town or place in advance of us, they would invariably respond by saying "it is a right smart distance," which, of course, would settle it, and, thanking them for the information, would jog along until the next native was seen, when the same intelligence could be had as before simply for the asking. Miles do not seem to enter into their reckoning as to distance in this neck o'woods. They have a new way.

On the 18th we broke Camp near Blandville at 8 A. M., and after a long and tedious march through rain and mud and water ankle deep, arrived at and went into Camp at Lovelaceville about 3 in the afternoon. On account of the roads being so horribly bad, some of the troops that were in charge of the baggage train did not arrive in Camp until long after midnight, and many of the poor boys, I am sure, were about on their "last legs," as they came moping along as if burdened, as we knew they were, with an overload of adhesive plaster, in the shape of Ballard

County mud. The rain fell, as usual, all day in perfect torrents, and every man of us was wet to the skin; but we braved it through manfully, as we had to, yet I have often seen things I liked better. After getting into Camp, our fires started and suppers prepared and eaten, then commenced the work of drying our water-soaked clothing and blankets. This drying of blankets is getting to to be monotonous. We might as well make a clothes line or drying rack of ourselves and be done with it. I have been wondering to myself to-day if it is not a fact that General McClernand is lost, or has lost his bearings or got "off his base" in some way. Usually when there is so large a movement of troops as this, there is some particular design or object to be attained, but for the life of me I can not see any particular design, object or sense in this movement. We have simply marched up the hill, and then with great flourish of trumpets, marched down again. What does it all mean, anyway. Here we have been for the past six or seven days beating frantically around in the mud and rain, marching in every possible direction — one day making directly

toward the enemy's works at Columbus, and then, perhaps next day, concluded that isn't just the thing to do, when the direction would again be changed, so here we are at last within a few miles of the starting point, Fort Jefferson. I have heard of feints and diversions, and I guess that is what this is. I hope the General knows. The rebels may have been diverted by our grand promenade, but I assure you it is poor diversion for us.

Well, next day found us back again at Fort Jefferson with bag and baggage, on the borders of civilization, and heartily glad are we that everything is to have an end, as well as a beginning. I almost forgot to mention that when in the vicinity of Blandville, a portion of our Regiment, by order of the commanding General, destroyed a large amount of contraband property belonging to a noted rebel, who had cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, and was serving in arms against the Union. We burned his large mill property, besides a large amount of lumber; a large bridge, together with his fine residence and negro houses, and, in fact, everything of value to him that would

burn. All the live stock we carried away with us for the use of the army. When I say "live stock" I do not mean "chickens," as at that early day we counted ourselves respectable, and would not do anything so naughty. It really did look hard and cruel to be so unmindful of the rights of others, yet war seems to be cruel at best, and I have made up my mind that there is no refinement in it or about it, and all resolves itself at last to the question and principle of brute force.

On Tuesday, Jan. 20th, the object of the expedition apparently having been accomplished, the troops were ordered to return to their former quarters; so accordingly our Regiment embarked on the steamer City of Memphis, and was very soon on its way to Mound City, to the utmost delight of the weary and well-nigh used-up troops. We waited about an hour at Cairo for the 29th Regiment to disembark, and then continued our way to Mound City, where we arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon without tents or Camp equipage of any kind, they having been left at Fort Jefferson as a matter of necessity, to be forwarded the next day. We went into Camp for

the night a short distance south of our old Camp ground, where we soon kindled our Camp fires and laid ourselves upon the ground in the open air for the night.

Thus ended the famous Kentucky campaign. It was hard and tedious, yet uneventful, excepting as it might have had, and probably did have, a tendency to keep the rebels at Columbus, thus preventing them from reinforcing their allies at some other point, and that may have drawn largely from their forces at Fort Henry or Donalson, so that General Grant's victory there twenty days later was easier of accomplishment. So we hope our grand effort was not entirely barren of good results. If our marching aimlessly around for seven days in Kentucky mud had a tendency to aid General Grant, or anybody else, in any way, I am only too glad of it, for it did seem to me all the while that we were the biggest set of fools in all the world.

CHAPTER IV.

Second Death Among Our Number.—Manner of Burial. Nearly an Accident.—Badly Frightened by a Careless Co. B Man.—Paymaster.—Twenty-six Dollars in Silver for Two Months' Pay.—David R. Waters Arrives with His Squad of Twenty Men.—Hold an Election.—The Result.—Removed Camp to Bird's Point, Mo. — A Scout After the Rebel Guerrilla, Jeff Thompson, at Sikeston.—An Apple Jack Distillery Discovered.—Stock All Confiscated.—The Load Too Heavy for Co. G to Carry.—A Funny Scene.—A Running Fight with Jeff Thompson.—Captured Several of His Men and Three Officers with Three Pieces of Artillery.—The Pursuit Ended.—Return to Bird's Point

While in our absence on the Kentucky expedition another one of our members—private Wm. Chancellor, of Clark county, whom we had left sick in hospital on our departure—died of disease on the 18th, and Dr. Payne, our Regimental Surgeon, who was temporarily on detached service in the hospital here, had his remains sent home for burial. Billy, as we all familiarly called him, was a noble boy, and we were not a little shocked on our return home to find that he was dead and

buried. Poor boy, I was glad his remains were sent home for Christian burial among his friends. Of course, his remains would have been buried here as decently as the circumstances would admit of, but military forms in death are hollow and meaningless and almost a mockery. Poor fellows, after their wearied spirits have fled from their diseased and worn-out bodies, and it is to be hoped to the better land, their forms are wrapped usually in their woollen blanket, by strange and unsympathetic hands, placed in a rough-box and the cover nailed down. It is then placed in an ambulance, or often in a large army wagon, and driven to the place of burial, followed by a squad of soldiers, detailed for the purpose, with reversed arms and muffled drums, with slow and measured tread, where the last earthly honors are offered to the dead heroes by a volley into the open grave.

On the evening of the 23d, we came very near having a fatal accident by the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the members of Company B of our Regiment, the ball passing through the breast of one of their number, inflicting, I fear, a fatal injury, then passing through our

tent, just grazing my head and that of my friend, Freem Rosebrook, who happened to be in exact range. I didn't like it. I was scared, and badly scared, too, and hope the careless Company B man won't do that any more.

On Friday, January 24, 1862, we were all made happy by the presence in our camp, for the first time, of the army paymaster, who left with each of us the princely sum of twenty-six dollars, all in silver, two months' pay. I trust our children's children will never have it in their hearts to say of us, we were governed entirely by mercenary motives in fighting in the great war of the rebellion. Just think of it, thirteen dollars a month and a family to support, besides yesterday coming within an ace of getting my head shot off. What an outlook! Who wouldn't be a soldier? Well, thirteen dollars, you know, don't grow on every bush, so we are satisfied and happy.

On the next day, Saturday, David R. Waters, a young attorney, of Oquawka, Ill., joined our company with a squad of about twenty men. All being firm believers in the principle of majority rule, and by common consent as a reward for the

new acquisition, we proceeded at once to hold an election for commissioned and non-commissioned officers, the captaincy being left vacant by reason of the maximum number being below army regulations, with the following result: First Lieutenant, Dr. J. D. Mitchell; Second Lieutenant, David R. Waters; First Sergeant, E. A. Wilson; Second Sergeant, Guy W. Blanchard; Third Sergeant, John Ferguson; Fourth Sergeant, Thos. C. Boyer; and for Corporals: Harvey, McDaniel, Hartman, Henderson and Rousch.

February 22d found us encamped at Bird's Point, Mo., which is just across the river from Cairo. We moved here on the 4th inst., and have remained here ever since, having entire charge of the extensive fortifications and works in this vicinity. Our coming here no doubt prevented our participating with General Grant in his brilliant achievements and victory at Forts Henry and Donelson, on February 6, 15 and 16, which was a great disappointment to us all, as we very much expected and desired to claim an equal share in the glory of those two most brilliant and memorable events. But it seems fate

has decreed otherwise, and we must be satisfied. On the 27th of February, intelligence reached us through our scouts to the effect that General Jeff Thompson with a force of rebels was making things lively among the Unionists in the vicinity of Sikeston, Mo., committing all sorts of depredations upon the loyal citizens of that neighborhood. So, accordingly, our regiment, together with the 22d Illinois, was despatched in pursuit, and hastening to the depot we were soon aboard the cars and on our way to the scene of the reported trouble. On account of the dilapidated and unsafe condition of the road beyond Charleston, we all had to disembark here and take it on foot down the railroad track to Bertrand, and from thence to Sikeston. On arriving at Bertrand, our company was ordered to remain to watch the movements of the rebels, and to attack them in the event Jeff tried to force a crossing at this place. Lieutenant Mitchell placed his pickets out to watch for the enemy, and the balance of the company was held in reserve and given strict orders to remain within easy call in case of need. In scouting around, some of the boys ran on to an

"apple-jack" distillery, and in a trice the article was sampled and rather liked, it being a new thing. Presuming it to be contraband of war, they declared it confiscated, and proceeded to fill their canteens. The lucky find was at once communicated to the rest of the company, and in less time than you could say "Jack Robison" a large portion of Company G felt just "galorious," and so far as many of the boys were concerned Jeff Thompson might have had them and welcome if he had only happened along at the right time. Of course, Lieutenants Mitchell and Waters didn't get any of the apple-jack themselves, but just felt good from the effect of scenting the breath of the "other fellers," who were more fortunate and earlier in the find than themselves. Nasby's Cross Roads was no where in comparison to the happy times we had at Bertrand that afternoon and evening. Well, as Jeff didn't put in an appearance on our part of the line that night, we had an abundance of fun and no fighting to do, and by morn the apple-jack was all gone, and with it its delusive and rather unexpected effect. This apple-jack business was rather a new thing for the boys,

and it rather got the best of them before they were fairly aware of it. But all is well that ends well. After that, however, we knew more about apple-jack, and didn't take on the whole "output" of every distillery we came across.

The balance of our command proceeded further down towards Sikeston in pursuit of the enemy, and on arriving there Colonel Morgan ascertained that Jeff was, sure enough, in the neighborhood, and immediately set out in pursuit of him in the direction of New Madrid. Our forces had not proceeded far when they ascertained that Thompson had left the main road and was trying to make good his escape, but we gave him warm pursuit, and in a short time overhauled him and gave him battle, but after a few rounds from our boys Jeff and his men broke and fled for the swamps, in the direction of New Madrid, in great disorder and confusion, every one seeming to care only for himself, so great was their hurry to get away. Our cavalry by this time were on hand pursuing the flying rebels, and succeeded in capturing one captain and two lieutenants, besides several privates, together with three pieces

of field artillery and several small arms. Our forces pursued the enemy to within two miles of their stronghold, New Madrid, when it was deemed best not to press them too hard, as a general engagement at that time was not desired. Our troops withdrew, and on Saturday, the 1st of March, returned to Bertrand, the famous apple-jack town, pretty well tired out and foot-sore, and not in the best of humor on account of not having succeeded in capturing the famous rebel chieftain, Jeff Thompson.

CHAPTER V.

Again On the March.—Arrive at Charleston and Oak Grove, Mo.—All Night Without Tents.—Recollection of Bertrand and the Apple-Jack Distillery.—Water and Mud Half-Knee Deep.—Destination, New Madrid.—A Terrible Rain Storm.—A Night of Suffering.—A Part of the Grand Army of the Mississippi.—Major General John Pope.—A Night's March in the Dark.—"Forward" Whispered Along the Lines.—Strange Feelings in Advancing on the Enemy in the Dark.—Captain Carr Killed by a Rebel Picket.—An Artillery Duel.—Good Shot by Rebels.—Kill and Wound Six Men.—Dodging Cannon Balls.—Chided by Colonel Morgan for Doing It.—Rebels Evacuate New Madrid.

On Saturday morning the train was in waiting for us—the road having been put in repair—and at 10 o'clock all were aboard and we were soon on our way back to our old camp ground at Bird's Point. But our stay here was of short duration; there were scenes of greater magnitude and deeper interest in store for us. On Tuesday morning, the 4th of March, at 3 o'clock, Major Rowland came around to our quarters and informed us that we must be ready to march at 7

o'clock that morning, with two day's cooked rations in our haversacks. Accordingly everything was put in readiness, and at precisely 7 the battalion was formed on the color line and marched to the depot, where we were soon aboard the cars and again on our way to Dixie. We halted at Charleston, Mo., where we disembarked and marched in a southeasterly course about twelve miles to a camp called Oak Grove. Here we got in company with the 16th Illinois Regiment, Colonel Smith, which had left Bird's Point on the 3d inst., and had preceded us. We encamped here for the night, with no other covering save the blue sky above us, our teams not having yet arrived. The boys, however, did not grumble at this, as they knew it was unavoidable, and being so much accustomed to hard fare and exposure we did not mind so trifling a thing as lying for a night or two on the bare ground. The Kentucky campaign did us all good in this respect, as it made us familiar with the rougher side of a soldier's life, and we had by this time felt ourselves equal to anything we were called upon to meet.

On the morning of the 7th inst., orders were

given us by Lieut. Col. John Tillson (Colonel Morgan being in command of the brigade) to be in readiness to move at 7 o'clock. At the roll of the drum knapsacks were slung, companies formed, and in a few moments we were on our way to Bertrand, the place we had just left on the 2d inst. The reader will remember this town as our Cross Roads of the Confederacy, where we had such a loud time a few days before with the apple-jack while awaiting the appearance of Jeff Thompson. As we marched through the town to-day I imagined the boys felt a little sheepish from the recollection of our former visit. No one said a word, except Mike, on the subject, and he expressed a hope that we might go into camp here again, if only for a short time. We, however, did not do so.

A portion of the road over which we were about to travel on the 7th was very low and wet, having to wade through water well nigh to our knees, owing to the recent heavy rains. We arrived at our camp, a little way south of Bertrand, along in the edge of the evening, wet, hungry and tired, and not having a sign of a tent with us,

laid ourselves on the bare, wet ground in the open air for the night. By morning we felt pretty well, the heat from our bodies having dried our garments during the night, and all felt happy again and ready for anything given us to do in the line of our duty. We, however, remained here until the afternoon of the 9th, when we again received orders to move. The battalion was soon formed, and filed out of the grove where we had encamped so long and pleasantly—our faces turned toward Sikeston. It was now we became satisfied we were destined to operate against the rebels at New Madrid. We followed the railroad track down as far as Sikeston, then filing to the left upon the main road leading to New Madrid. We made no halt at Sikeston, but pushed on a mile or two beyond, when we again encamped for the night, to the right of the main road, in a beautiful grove of timber. It was not long after we had our camp fires kindled, our rations of bacon roasted, and supper eaten, when the rain began to pour, as it knows so well how to do in this part of the South, and it being accompanied by a fierce, howling tornado of wind, away went

our tents in all directions in double-quick time, and we were all exposed to the violence of the storm. All were served alike—officers as well as men—not a tent was left standing in the whole camp, but all lay sprawling in a promiscuous and uninviting pile and as wet as water could make them. The scene was, indeed, ludicrous in the extreme to see the different methods resorted to by the boys to keep themselves dry, and notwithstanding we got wet to the skin, we could not help having a good hearty laugh at the situation and the general discomfiture of all. As darkness was already upon us, the reader can imagine how we must have passed the night, the rain not for one moment ceasing until 3 o'clock next morning. As soon as it did stop we rekindled our camp fires and commenced the process of drying our blankets and clothes, and warming our chilled and almost frozen bodies. As soon as dawn we set ourselves about preparing breakfast, feeling, of course, like the last rose of summer, almost faded and gone, not having slept a wink during the whole of that terrible night. We soon had our meagre breakfast of hard bread, coffee and bacon swal-

lowed, and 8 o'clock found us on our way to New Madrid. The next day, the 10th, was a very pleasant one, the roads tolerably good, notwithstanding Noah's deluge of the night previous, and we jogged merrily along all day with spirits buoyant with the hope and prospect of fun before us. We went into camp about 5 o'clock, in a beautiful, clean piece of woods, about three miles to the rear of New Madrid, but on the next day we moved forward and took up a position on the left flank of the "Grand Army of the Mississippi," under the immediate command of General John Pope. The evening of the 11th found us in our new and present camp, very comfortably provided for, so far as the temporal things of this world are concerned. It now seemed to me for the first time since we had been in the army of Uncle Samuel, that we are in a position to render him some real and lasting service. Subsequent events confirmed me in the belief. On the following day we all busied ourselves in rendering our camp and quarters more pleasant and homelike, not knowing but that we might remain here for some time; but in the midst of our operations orders were given us

by Adjutant Mann to provide ourselves immediately with twenty-four hours' rations and get ready to march. This order was also given to the 16th Illinois, and the two battalions (Morgan in command) were soon in line and ready to move. We now realized that there was fun ahead, and marched directly to General Pope's headquarters, which, by the way, was on a direct line to the scene of the following day, which I am now about to relate. But before resuming our march every man in the entire command was strictly enjoined to keep the most profound silence for the night, and not a word above our breath was allowed to be spoken. By this time the darkness of night obscured us from the enemy, and the "forward" was whispered along the column.

After a quarter of an hour's march we entered the woods away over to the right of the headquarters, feeling somewhat of a relief that we had at last got off on our way. The night being considerably dark we were obliged to proceed slowly, picking our way the best we could. An hour's circuitous march brought us to our outposts, where we were halted and the word whispered

from mouth to mouth down the line to load our pieces. When this was done "forward" was again whispered along the line, as before, and we were again under motion. We marched forward until we struck the main road running south from New Madrid; then filing to the left into a large corn-field, the Colonel ordered us to come to a halt. He then informed us that we were within eighty rods of the enemy's pickets; that it was his intention to advance within fifteen rods of their line and throw up a breastwork of earth for our protection; that in the event the rebels should fire upon us we should not return their fire, thereby concealing from their pickets the fact of the presence of so large a body of troops. I do not deny experiencing some very strange sensations and emotions at this juncture of affairs, but I kept my nerves as quiet as possible and my determination firm, and flattered myself that I was as brave as the bravest, but I doubt very much whether I was, as I certainly did feel as if I would have given all my old shoes to have just had the thing over with. Everything being ready, we were ordered to advance through the corn-field in line of

battle, and on arriving at a certain tree, which was just visible through the darkness, we were to halt and make a stand. We pressed forward as quietly and stealthily as possible to the goal, not knowing what minute the rebels might discover the march we were stealing on them and give us a volley in our faces from their hiding place in the darkness, but as good luck would have it not a shot was fired, and we took up our position undisturbed and undiscovered. At this time we were ordered to lie flat upon the ground, and two companies (A and B) were thrown forward as pickets and skirmishers, they passing directly over our prostrate forms and moving up near the rebel line, where they halted to watch the enemy and guard us against any surprise while we were fortifying our position. As our skirmishers did not at that time draw the enemy's fire our lines were quickly established, when we rose from our recumbent position and immediately went to work like so many beavers carrying rails and throwing up a breastwork of earth, logs and stones, and everything else we could get our hands on, for our protection. By midnight our works were

complete, and our experience on the following day showed it to be a formidable, and I might say, almost invulnerable against their shot and shell.

But we did not get off so easily after all, for about the time we commenced to throw up our works, the rebel pickets had made the discovery of our presence, and opened on us pretty lively, but our two companies in front made it warm for them. We went forward with our breastworks with as much speed as possible, the rebel bullets meantime whizzing very uncomfortably near our ears, but fortunately none of us happened to get hit until about 10 o'clock, when Captain Carr, of Company H., of our regiment very rashly advanced to our out posts in the act of smoking a cigar, when bang went a rebel rifle, and poor Carr fell dead in his tracks, a victim of his own carelessness and folly. We all felt sad and profoundly sorry for poor Carr, but it almost seemed by the recklessness of his act, that he fairly courted and invited the messenger of death so quickly and so unerringly hurled at him. By his act he seemed to defy the enemy, and the poor

man's apparent bravado was very naturally resented by the enemy, as he might have been morally certain would have been the case. It was not a test of true courage for the captain thus to throw away his life, but it seemed to partake more of a wanton disregard of consequences.

While we were thus engaged fortifying our position, a battery of the 1st United States artillery moved forward and took up position in the center of the brigade, at the right of our regiment, and the left of the 16th, and planted four heavy siege guns, which proved to be terrible instruments of destruction to the poor rebels on the following day. By 1 o'clock the siege guns were in position, and the necessary fortifications and embrazure for their successful operation provided, when all rested from their labors, and awaited, with almost bated breath, the dawn of the coming day. Not an eye was closed in sleep that night, so anxious had the boys become for the fray. As soon as it had become sufficiently light so that our gunners could get the exact range of the rebel gun boats in the river, and

their battery on the shore, we opened fire on them from our four large siege guns simultaneously, which were immediately responded to from the rebel side. The ball was now fairly opened and the fight at long range for awhile grew furious. The shots from the enemy did no damage for the first few rounds as their range was many feet above our works, but they however soon remedied this and they began to send their shot and shell in unpleasant proximity to our works. They played upon our works from their forts—two in number, and from their gun boats, three in number—but up to 10 o'clock in the forenoon we had sustained no loss or damage. The firing was kept up briskly on the part of the rebels all day, but on our side it was diminished to an occasional shot, by order of General Pope. Our fire was directed against the rebel gun boats almost exclusively. Occasionally, however, our artillerists would drop a shell into their fort just for the fun of the thing, which we afterward learned did most terrible execution. The rebels only made one effectual shot on the 13th as regards accuracy and precision of range, and that

was presumed to be wholly accidental on their part. Nevertheless, it was a good one for them, and a very destructive one for us—their ball, a hard shot, striking one of our siege guns, in the right hand battery, fair in the muzzle, breaking out a large piece, silencing and disabling the gun, killing two men instantly and wounding four others seriously. It was a good shot and no mistake, and the rebels watching its effect from their fort sent up a loud cheer of satisfaction and delight at the mischief it had wrought.

Our boys soon became accustomed to the new business of long range firing and would stand upon the breastworks and wave their hats, handkerchiefs and the stars and stripes at the rebels, in defiance, but would carefully watch for the flash from the rebel guns, when the word down would be sung out by one of the boys and all would make for the trench behind the breastworks in double quick time, before the ball could reach us. However, once in a while we could not perform that feat, as occasionally the rebels would fire a shot from a rifled cannon, which was entirely to lively for us and gave us no time for

dodging the balls, but would be on hand almost simultaneous with the flash. We soon located this gun in their fort and kept a sharp watch of the movement of the gunners, and when they were ready to fire not a yankee would be in sight.

During the early morning, before the boys had got fairly used to this new kind of warfare, Col. Morgan, being a most rigidly strict disciplinarian, would chide us for our very natural disposition to juke and dodge a little when a rebel ball would come whizzing past pretty near our person. The Colonel would sing out to us to "stop that dodgin," and reminding us that it was not soldier-like to do so. Our turn came next, for it was only a short time before the rebels sent us their compliments from that rifled gun of theirs in the fort. The Colonel at the time was walking leisurely along in the rear of the line with his arms folded behind him as was his custom, when the ball whizzed past his ears, almost sending him to kingdom come and he dodged right lively. We all laughed heartily, he joining in with us.

This indeed was a grand artillery duel—not a tree nor a bush nor a stump to obstruct the view

from either side—the distance being about three-fourths of a mile, and in plain sight of each other, so that every movement could be easily observed from either side.

I might here add that Joseph Blocksom and two or three others of Company G, were slightly wounded by the explosion of a shell immediately over our intrenchments, on the afternoon of the first day's engagement. The reserve corps in our rear suffered most, as the rebel range was as a general thing very high, the 500 or more balls passing through the timber with most frightful velocity, knocking into smithereens everything in which they came in contact.

After the day's engagement was over, we seemed to have suffered a loss of fifty in killed and wounded, and it is thought the rebels must have sustained an equal or greater loss than our own, but of this we have no reliable means of finding out.

Night came on at last and the mantle of darkness closed in over the scene, and firing ceased on both sides, except now and then a random and desultory shot between the pickets of the

two armies. Col. Morgan, however, with his usual precaution threw out Company E of our regiment and a detail from the 16th as a picket to guard against surprise in the event of an attack by the rebels.

It was now you could perceive the effect that the long continued mental and physical strain and hardship and loss of sleep had upon our poor weary boys. But really the worst was yet to come; we were ordered, however, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and get what sleep and rest we could by sitting flat upon the ground in our trenches, with trusty rifles at our side, and thereby hiding and screening ourselves from the enemy's pickets. Many of us got no sleep in the fore part of the night at all, as the pickets of the two armies kept up a ceaseless skirmishing fire until about 12 o'clock at night, and about the hour of two the heavens became suddenly overcast with dark and portentious clouds betokening a severe storm. Such terrible peals of thunder and lurid flashes of lightning I never before witnessed in my life, save at Sikeston on our way here. That however betook

more of the nature of a tornado or hurricane, and this of the old fashioned thunder storm unaccompanied by wind. The atmosphere was so surcharged and charged with electricity that every time a flash of lightning would come it would be almost blinding in its vividness, and that fluid would dance and twinkle and bound along our gun-barrels and bayonets like a thing of life, and they fairly felt warm from the presence of the heat. This was a new element of danger not on the program, and between this fire and the one in front from the rebels, we did not know but we should have to be sacrificed anyway. But this was not all our trouble, for presently the very heavens seemed to open, and the rain began to pour in perfect flood upon us and around us, and in a few minutes our trenches began to fill and we were soon driven out by the inflow of water, and they were soon filled to the top. But nothing daunted we proposed to fight for our position and to hold it if among the possibilities. So we went to work with the ditching and bailing process, and after the rain ceased falling we were masters of the situation, and again resumed

our places in the wet and muddy trenches, the very picture of a lost race. But while this was going on on our side the enemy were by no means idle, for under the cover of darkness and amid the terrible peals of lightning, and through a fear of a hotter and more close and terrible environment of lead, iron and steel on the following day, they were hurriedly evacuating New Madrid. I could plainly discern by aid of the lightning flashes through the darkness, their transports rapidly plying up and down the river, but we little thought they were yielding without hardly a blow. It nevertheless proved to be a fact. They fled precipitately, leaving behind them everything they could not conveniently carry with them. So great was their hurry to get away that they left upon their tables, in the officers' quarters, their suppers uneaten. Many of the officers even left behind their official papers and private property of every kind, such as clothing, trunks, revolvers, swords, etc. It is estimated that about one million dollars worth of property fell into our hands, consisting in part of twenty-five pieces of cannon, a large amount of

ammunition and small arms, 300 mules and horses, a large number of wagons and other supplies, together with a sufficient number of tents to accommodate 5,000 troops.

Their fort and outer works were very strong, and could have been held by them much longer had they only showed the determination and disposition to do so.

As soon as daylight appeared our pickets pushed forward and occupied the fort just as their last transport was leaving with the remainder of their garrison on board, bound up the river to join their allies at Island No. 10. As soon as our boys entered the fort that well-known Union yell went up from a hundred throats, which good news was caught up by regiment after regiment until the whole army was shouting over the splendid victory we had so easily gained. This position gave us great advantage as will appear by our subsequent operations. But the army being in great need of rest and sleep we returned to our camp, which we had left only a few days before. We remained until the morning of the 5th of April, when we again received

orders to move at 5:30 o'clock in the evening with two days' cooked rations in our haversacks, and in light marching order—that is to say, with overcoats and blankets only.

In order to make the situation plain to the general reader and to give an intelligent idea of the situation in and around New Madrid it will be proper to state that the Confederates occupied Island No. 10 in large force and held the adjacent country on the Tennessee side of the river. Commodore Foote with his fleet of Union gun boats occupied the river north of and immediately above Island No. 10, so that there was no escape in that direction. Our forces occupying New Madrid and commanding the river from below there was no escape by water to the southward, so there was but one avenue only of escape left open to them, as the water had suddenly risen and had overflowed the country to the eastward of the island and shut them off in that direction. Their only hope and last chance then of saving themselves was to make a bold push down the high land over the ridge road leading to Tiptonville. General Pope was not slow in

taking advantage of their desperate situation, as will soon appear. To make the situation more perilous and desperate Commodore Foote on the night of the 4th of April had determined to run the gauntlet of their batteries with one of his gun boats, and accordingly did so successfully and without injury to his boat in the least, or the loss of a single life. The Yankee trick was played in this wise. A flatboat, or barge, was loaded with baled hay and brought along side the little plucky iron-clad Carondolet and fastened firmly at her side. The hay, of course, being next to the rebel batteries, formed a perfect shield and barrier against their powerful shot and shell. At about the hour of twelve, when profound quiet and slumber rested upon friend and foe alike, and not a sound was heard save the measured tread of the ever watchful sentinels, our gallant Commodore had given his last order, when the little craft boldly and defiantly steered for what seemed to be the very jaws of death. The moment the enemy discovered the object in the river floating so saucily past them, fire was opened almost simultaneously from a hundred

cannons, and for fifteen minutes a perfect shower of shot and shell was hurled against the barge-load of hay, doing no damage except to the hay, and that was literally pulverized. On the following night another iron-clad was sent below in a similar manner and with perfect safety.

It was known by the army generally that a bayou leading around to the west of the island was being cleaned out and deepened by our pioneers for the purpose of sending to us at New Madrid at the proper time, a few transports to enable Pope's army to cross the river. The next day after the gun boats ran the blockade, four transports steamed around through the bayou—the new channel—and dropped down to us as quietly and as independently as if there had not been a rebel within a hundred miles. The enemy was completely baffled and confounded and beaten by the new move on the part of the yankees, and declared we must have sent those boats around by land, as they were "right sure" they did not pass their batteries. This now placed in our hands the means by which we could effect a crossing of the river, besides two gun boats to

aid us in the important work we had in hand as will now soon appear.

The final order for us to move was not received until 4 o'clock on Monday morning. All was ready at 5:30, and the 10th, 16th, 22nd and 51st—all being Illinois troops—were promptly in line, with sixty rounds of ammunition to each man, and two days rations in our haversacks ready for the work General Pope had in hand for us to do. The 10th, as the head of the column, followed by the other regiments named, moved out promptly and rapidly, taking the main road leading to New Madrid, where we found our transports which had only a day or two before dropped down to us by way of the new channel before mentioned, all ready steamed up awaiting to convey us across to the Tennessee shore. It took us until half past ten to embark, but while we were thus engaged our gun boats had dropped down the river a couple of miles opposite Point Pleasant, where the rebels were strongly fortified. Without ceremony both little iron-clads steamed down within half a mile of the rebel battery, not firing a shot in response to the rebel fusilade, un-

til they had approached near enough to satisfy them, when they boldly turned their broadside to the enemy, and in a brief moment the sharp ringing report from their rifled guns, and the puff of blue curling smoke told us they had received no injury, and were already engaged at the work they were sent to perform. A brief ten minutes' work of the two iron-clads had dismounted and silenced the rebel guns, after which a signal gun was fired from one of the gun boats, when our little fleet hastily steamed down and we at once disembarked and took possession of the rebel works and were ready to pursue the enemy who were then in full flight in the direction of Tiptonville.

The road along the route taken by the enemy was literally strewn with clothing, knapsacks, blankets, tents, guns and camp equipage generally, to enable themselves to make better time in their effort in trying to get away. But as soon as we landed we took in the situation and immediately moved out on the Tiptonville road in hot pursuit, we being less than two hours behind them, and were soon pressing them closely as we

could very readily see by the number of stragglers dropping out of their ranks and falling into our hands by reason of their inability to get away fast enough, so closely were they being pressed.

CHAPTER VI.

Commodore Foote Runs Past Island No. 10 With Two Gun Boats.—Transports Sent Through a Bayou to Enable us to Cross the River.—Rebels Fall Back on Island No. 10.—The 10th, 16th, 22nd and 51st Illinois Cut Off Their Retreat.—The 10th and 16th Illinois in a Tight Place at Tiptonville.—Sixteen Hundred Union Men Confront the Rebel Army 5,000 Strong.—Gen. Paine Demands of Rebel Gens. McCall and Gantt Unconditional Surrender.—Terms Accepted.—Rebel Army Lay Down Their Arms.—Prisoners of War.—Sent to Northern Prisons.—A Heavy Rain Storm.—Pity for the Poor Unfortunate Fellows.—Campaign Ended.—Return to New Madrid.

We proceeded quietly on our way until we had reached a point just south of Island No. 10, when we were suddenly brought to our senses by a sharp volley of musketry, and then a brisk running fire on our left between our skirmishers and the rebel rearguard. Our column was halted, and ordered to close up, a line of battle was at once formed and was ready for an engagement, but the enemy had fallen back, when we again pushed forward in rapid pursuit. We had proceeded but a short distance when we were again

"brought up short" by a heavy volley fired at our skirmishers. They at once returned the fire. We were again formed in line of battle, and our two Regiments—the 10th and 16th—marched forward in line, expecting momentarily to engage the enemy in force, but they, as before, retreated. This now appeared to be the enemy's out-posts near Tiptonville. Our line of battle was prepared and we marched forward until we arrived at a high board fence, when we were ordered to come to a halt, and could plainly see away over to the right the rebel encampment and works. We thought we had important business on hand just about that time and began to feel a little streaked, but nothing daunted, we pushed on, clambering over the high fences the best we could, expecting the rebels would open on us every minute, reformed our line and again bore down upon the enemy, but on arriving within about eighty rods of the works, the column was halted, and A and B of our Regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers to reconnoitre and to find out the lay of the land. They had been gone but a short time when, to our surprise, we heard them cheering

lustily, and it was now evident that the rebels had fled. The command "Forward" was then given to the two battalions—the 22nd and 51st for some reason not having arrived. On arriving at the Camp and fort, sure enough, we found they had fled precipitately, leaving behind them everything in the shape of tents, clothing, guns, commissary stores, trunks, and, in fact, everything they could not conveniently carry away with them. We also found four large siege guns mounted in a strongly built fort, besides infantry breastworks sufficient for the protection of a division of men. Had the rebels only made a stand here our two Regiments would indeed have been in a pitiable condition, for, as it turned out, we were wholly unsupported. It was now in the edge of the evening, but we continued our course down the river bank about half a mile farther, when we came to a halt and encamped for the night in the tents the rebels had an hour or two previously occupied and had now deserted. By reason of our rapid march we were all nearly exhausted, having traveled something over a dozen miles over a very heavy road since 12 o'clock.

Our pickets were immediately thrown out and we laid ourselves down, our trusty guns by our side, to get a little much-needed rest and sleep, knowing that if the rebels had the boldness to attack us we would give them the warmest sort of reception. The 10th and 16th Regiments only were on the ground—the 22nd and 51st not having yet arrived. On account of the darkness of the night they had lost our trail and were unable to find our whereabouts. So they encamped for the night away back of Tiptonville, and were unable to find us until the following morning. The two Regiments, therefore, were away down here at Tiptonville, in the enemy's country, unsupported either by artillery, cavalry or infantry. When the rebels evacuated this place they retreated northward, singular as it may seem, to enable them to join the forces at Island No. 10. During that afternoon, after a consultation had been held by the officers in command of the force on the Island, it was decided that they would make an effort to escape, with their army, by way of the ridge road and Tiptonville, their last and only chance, during that night. But General

Pope, it seems, had anticipated that movement on the part of the enemy, and had on that very day provided against it by throwing us into the breach, as a barrier of muscle, iron and steel, to check, and, if possible, prevent it. We were now in a position so that we must either fight and conquer the rebels or be conquered by them; and there was no other way, as we were now surely in for it. This is the way matters stood in the neighborhood of Tiptonville on the night of the 8th of April. While these movements were going forward on our side, the rebels had become uneasy and anxious and concluded that Island No. 10 was becoming too hot for them, and they were busily evacuating the island and were on that very afternoon and evening making their way, in force, for Tiptonville, little suspecting that they were marching right into the enemy's camp. On their arriving at our out-posts they were fired upon by our pickets, when they found to their utter surprise that they were caught in a trap from which they could not easily extricate themselves. They, of course, ascertained from their rebel friends—the natives—that the whole

of General Pope's army was confronting them to dispute their further advance. (Our force on that night in their front would hardly reach 1,600 men, all told.) Their last hope of escape was now blasted; they either had to fight or surrender, and after a council of war held on the spot among their Generals—McCall and Gantt—it was finally decided that the best thing they could do under the very trying and embarrassing circumstances under which they found themselves, was to comply with General Paine's demand, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. Accordingly a little before 4 o'clock on Friday morning a flag of truce was sent to our commanding officer. General Paine, complying with his terms, which were "unconditional and immediate surrender" of their entire force, amounting to a little over 4,200 men, rank and file.

During the night hundreds of the enemy were picked up by our men and brought into our lines, while many others came in of their own accord, some of them appearing well pleased and jolly with the change in their condition, while others were exceedingly bitter and abusive in

their talk toward their captors, the Yankees—the Government in general and good old father Abraham in particular. It was hardly possible for them to find language vile and mean enough to apply to our idolized and dearly beloved President. The hour finally fixed upon for the surrender to our forces was 10 o'clock, Tuesday morning, the 8th. Up to this time our boys continued to bring in large bodies of stragglers from the rebel side who had become separated from their night's march through the wilderness. A short time before the hour arrived fixed upon for the surrender, our forces began to form preparatory to carrying out the program agreed upon. Everything being ready, our Light Artillery in advance, we proceeded in the direction of the rebel lines. On arriving before their works—they having thrown up a temporary barricade during the night—we came to a halt and formed in line of battle, the 22nd and 51st, having arrived in the meantime, formed on our left, the Battery taking up a position to the front and center, their guns heavily shotted and turned upon the enemy, ready, if in the event of refusal to surrender at

the last moment, to deal death and destruction among them. Thus the two armies were drawn up face to face in battle array. Not a word was said from either side for some minutes, but a silence as still as death itself hung like a pall over all, when at last it was broken by the enemy throwing up their hands in token of their willingness to surrender. Their officers at once caused their arms to be stacked, a strong guard was placed around their encampment, and they, poor fellows, were from that moment prisoners of war.

In personal appearance they were as fine a looking body of men and boys as you would often see, but in dress they almost vied with the rainbow in variety of shades and color. Butternut brown, however, seemed largely to predominate. Their arms and implements of war when gathered up and placed upon a large pile was certainly a very curious and interesting study. You could find anything there from the finest Henry repeater down to the long, ugly, rude "Arkansaw tooth pick" and "Pike pole and hook" of the dark ages. It was indeed a motley collection. The Enfield and Springfields, and Belgian's and Henry's were

all assorted out for Uncle Sam as his share of the plunder, and the squirrel rifle, the shot guns and muskets, and the "Tooth picks" and "Pike poles" and the other outlandish things they had there were dumped in another large pile by themselves. We did not wait to be told to help ourselves to anything in that big pile our fancy led us to believe we would like as a souvenir, and we secured a very fine double barreled shot gun and sent it home as a relic of the bloodless field of Tiptonville.

The surrender had no more than taken place when a good, old-fashioned rain and thunder storm set in; the rain continued to fall all day to the discomfort of us all, and especially so to the prisoners, as they were as a rule poorly clad, and had no covering whatever in the way of tents excepting a few pieces of old tent cloth and blankets to protect them from the cold, driving rain storm. We shared what little we had with them—and that was but little—as we were in light marching order ourselves, and our supplies were away off on the west side of the Mississippi, eighteen miles away. However, we gave them

plenty to eat, and they kept up good rousing camp fires during the day, and seemed to be as cheerful as the extraordinary circumstances under which they were placed would admit of.

I could not help feeling profound pity for the poor unfortunate fellows since the fortunes of war had been so fickle with them. I contrasted in my own mind, how terribly desperate I should have felt had our situation been changed and we prisoners—as we might easily have been—in their hands. The thought of it fairly made me shudder, so great was my dread of the horrid prison pens of the South.

On the next day after the surrender they were all put aboard transports and sent up the river to some one of our rebel prison camps in the North, and thus ended the New Madrid and Island No. 10 campaign. After the prisoners were safely gotten off and the supplies and ammunition of war which fell into our hands cared for, our good old Regiment embarked on the steamer F. V. Wilson and returned again to our Camp near New Madrid.

CHAPTER VII.

The Act of a Foolish Recruit.—Terrible Explosion and Loss of Life.—New Movement.—All Aboard, Transports Headed Down the Mississippi.—Destination Fort Pillow.—A Grand Spectacle.—Thirty-four Vessels Loaded With Troops in Line.—An Inspiring Scene.—Arrive Before Fort Pillow.—An Artillery Duel.—We Disembark at Osceola.—Waiting for Something to Turn Up.—An Accident.—The "Heavenly Gates Ajar."—Order to Join Halleck at Pittsburg Landing.—Trip up the River.—Safe Arrival.—Take Up Position on Left Flank Army of the Mississippi.

A few days after the return to our old Camp a very serious calamity occurred, by which five men lost their lives, by reason of the inexperience and downright foolishness of a new recruit who had just been sent to the 52nd. He had picked up a rebel shell upon the field, the cap of which had blown out but had not exploded. In the midst of the Camp, with several standing around him, he deliberately struck a match, and, stooping down over the shell, applied it to the cap "to see if it would go off." The poor, ignorant soul, I guess, never knew what ailed him. His re-

mains, together with the other four unfortunate men, were scattered all over the camp ground, and he himself blown into a shapeless, fragmentary mass. How strange it is that a full grown man, as he was, could do so childish a thing! But the fools were not all dead, hence the brainless and suicidal act.

We did not, however, remain long in idleness in Camp, as there was another grand movement on foot which had just been planned against the rebels at Fort Pillow, a short distance above Memphis, on the Mississippi; so Saturday, the 12th of April found us on board the steamer Polar Star, headed down the great river once more. The movement was a general one, embracing, as it did, all the available infantry and light artillery forces of General Pope's army. The fleet consisted of fifteen transports heavily loaded with troops, together with seven gun boats and twelve mortar boats, making a grand total of thirty-four in all. When all were aboard and ready for the start a signal gun was fired, the gun boats slowly and gracefully steamed down the river, Commodore Foote's flag ship leading the

way. This was followed at intervals of twenty or thirty rods by the other twenty-seven vessels of the fleet, with flags flying and drums beating, and wild cheers echoing and re-echoing from end to end of the Grand Armada. It was a sight and an occasion that inspired one to the very utmost, and the recollection of its beauty and grandeur will never fade from my memory until the last "Camp fire shall have burned out" and the great battle of life ended.

The gun boats, being in advance, proceeded very cautiously, feeling their way, as it were, to guard against any mishap of running into obstructions placed in the river by the enemy, or into a masked battery, which, perhaps, would have been still worse. On arriving at a point in the river about fifteen miles above Fort Pillow, the gun boats halted and anchored to enable the fleet to close up and give the general officers an opportunity to look the ground over a little and to estimate the size of the monster we had come down here to throttle. Judging from the great height of the river and the overflow of the country generally, it will be difficult to operate very success-

fully by land, as the whole surface seems to be completely submerged. At this point there is a great bend in the river and we could see, way off to the right of us across the bend, what we believed to be the smoke from the rebel gun boats. As soon as the fleet came to an anchor, our gun boats—the "seven iron-sided devils" as the rebels were pleased to call them—pushed around the bend and steamed rapidly down the river in pursuit. They had not been gone long before a tug boat returned bearing orders to the fleet to follow. Accordingly we were soon on our way down stream, and within an hour came in sight of the gun boats, which we found lying in the river opposite the little town of Osceola, Arkansas, and about five miles above Fort Pillow.

The troops now having been on board the boats since Saturday—three full days—this being Monday, it was decided to have us all disembark to afford us a little recreation and change, and to allow an opportunity to renovate and clean up the boats and to put them to rights again. So we steamed over from the Tennessee side, where we were at anchor, to the Arkansas shore, and in a

short time we were stretching our cramped limbs and enjoying the freedom of the woods and the fields and "taking in the sights" of the great Osceola, which town was about two miles above our encampment on the Mississippi. Osceola is a small town of no significance or importance, it being simply a wooding station or landing for the steamers. The country thus far along the Mississippi, I must say does not impress me at all favorably, as miles upon miles along either side its banks—if, indeed, it has any at all—would be so low and wet that it could not be inhabited, and, of course, is utterly worthless. However, we will give credit where credit is due. Right here near our camp, up on the bluff, is one of the finest Southern homes I have seen in all the South. It is not magnificent, or grand, or stately, but it has an air of cozy, home-like comfort about it that makes one almost forget that he is in the land of the crocodile, the shark and the rebel. I could not believe it was the home of a Southerner, differing so widely, as it did, from the general run of the homes of the natives, and was led by curiosity to make inquiry and found that my

suspicion was well founded. It proved to be the home of a family who had settled there from the North many years before. This explained it all.

Our gun boats and mortars dropped down around the bend in the river and would amuse the rebels by occasionally dropping a hard shot or shell among them. The mortars seem to be getting in their work from the appearance of things—sending their compliments in the form of a 200-pound hard shot, which fairly makes the little craft bound out of the water from the effect of the recoil. But judging from the effect the enemy's fire has upon us I opine little damage is being done them by this firing at long range. We have come so far to pay our compliments to the Johnnies, I trust we will get down to business before many days, to see what they are made of away down here in the heart of their country, where they are supposed to be unadulterated in their treason, and of the simon pure quality in hatred of the Union and of the old flag.

Just before leaving the boat yesterday a serious accident occurred to one of the members of Company E, of our regiment, by reason of which

the poor fellow will most likely lose his life. Some heedless fellow placed in his "mess-chest" an uncovered can of powder, and upon his going there with a lighted candle in his hand, a spark accidentally dropped into it, igniting it, and the whole force of the explosion, and the flame together striking him full in the face, burned him in a most shocking manner. His groans of suffering and of agony were truly heart-rending, and he begged of us all in the most pitiful manner, to put him out of his misery, or in some other way to speedily relieve him of his great suffering.

Well, we have often read of, and heard others tell, of the beautiful sunny South, but we never fully appreciated it ourselves until to-day in our rambling back among the plantations along the river banks in the vicinity of our encampment. The day itself was a gem of loveliness, the air as pure and balmy and as bracing as it well could be. As we wandered along among the beautiful green fields of growing crops, and the ever welcome fruit orchards loaded down with their rich promises of abundance, and the wealth of natural

and cultivated flowers growing almost spontaneously on every hand, filling the air with their fragrance and aroma, we almost wondered if the entrance to the promised land through the "Heavenly Gate Ajar," was not by way of Osceola. The climate here, and the natural advantages it affords, seems to be all that heart could wish, but the south as a whole is so undeveloped in its great natural resources, that to look it all over, and think of it, reminds you of a diamond in the rough.

The day we hope will come in "the sweet by and by," after this "cruel war is over" when Northern capital, energy and enterprise will transform those waste places of the South, which are now so utterly neglected, into perfect gems of beauty, as might so easily and profitably be done. Of the native Southerner we have no hope. His ambition does not seem to run this way. Work and the Southern lords of creation have had a quarrel, and I believe have become divorced, and the darkies, they say, since the war, cannot be depended upon, so the poor aristocratic proud-spirited gentlemen are in a bad fix, sure enough. It

is to be hoped that the war may prove to be a blessing in disguise to both the master and his slave. Some times the ways of Providence are mysterious and past finding out, but I have all along believed that some great good to the Nation and its people would ultimately result from this great bloody offering of its loyal sons. The end of the struggle is by no means at hand, and we must fight hard and valiantly if we conquer, and when the blessing does come we trust it will be overwhelming in its fullness.

Our stay at Osceola was very agreeable and pleasant, and the few days we were obliged to stay there were spent in satisfying admiration of everything connected with the little hamlet and nature's loveliness found so prodigal on every hand, and there was nothing to mar our supremest happiness save the occasional bursting of those horrid rebel shells which they persisted in continually tossing over at us from Fort Pillow.

On Wednesday evening, the 16th of April, quite a buzz and commotion was noticeable among the officers at the general headquarters. General Pope was hurrying off his orderlies at a

lively rate, and we knew at once something of importance was upon the boards again. We did not have to wait long for a solution as to the cause, for immediately an order came to Col. Tillson, and to all the Regimental Commanders, as well, embodying an order from General Halleck, commanding department, to join him at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., without delay. Everything around the camp was bustle and excitement, and in an hour's time the little army was again aboard the transports, a farewell round from the mortars being ordered by Gen. Pope for the benefit of the rebels in the Fort, and we were off again toward the land of the free.

Our progress up the river was laborious and slow, as the water was exceedingly high, and the current swift and rapid, and the rain constantly falling to render it still worse. It took us three whole days to reach New Madrid, where we made a short halt to take aboard a lot of supplies. As we steamed past Columbus, that once famous rebel stronghold, we could not help contemplating how the very name and thought of Columbus used to terrify us. But we had learned more of

the arts of war, and had found that by attacking some place other than the one we really wanted to take, the rebels would generally oblige us by evacuating the place we most wanted, as was the case when we attacked New Madrid, they forthwith abandoned Columbus.

We also made a short stop at Cairo to take aboard additional supplies, after which we pushed on and up the wild muddy stream, past Mound City, which seemed almost like home to us, and we felt as though we really ought to stop to call on the good friends once again, but on we went, making no halt until our arrival at Paducah. As soon as the fleet closed up, and more supplies taken aboard, we continued up the Tennessee river, the rain meanwhile pouring down in torrents, and on arrival at Pittsburg Landing at once disembarked, marched forward about four miles and took up a position on the left flank of the Grand Army of the Mississippi, under the general direction and command of General Halleck.

CHAPTER VIII

Impressions of a Battle Field.—Evidence of a Terrible Struggle Between Grant and Beauregard.—Earth and Trees Torn and Pierced.—New-made Half-covered Graves Everywhere.—Cheers and Hearty Welcome Greets Our Coming.—Generals Grant, Sherman and Buel have a Happier Look.—The Dead Buried Just Where They Fell.—What Mike had to Say About the Dead Rebel.—Very Cautious Advance on Corinth.—Fortifying all the Way to Corinth.—A Reconnoissance in Force up to the Enemy's Works.—Major Appleton, of the 7th Illinois Cavalry Killed.—Next Morning the Rebels Evacuate Corinth and Blow Up the Arsenal.—Pursuit and Return to Camp Big Springs, Mississippi.—Pope's Report.

Well, here we are at last as part and parcel of that glorious army that fought so heroically and gallantly over these bloody and stubbornly contested fields on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of this present month, the marks of the surging, maddened, sanguinary desperation of the combatants are painfully visible on every hand. New made graves and trenches filled with the dead heroes of both armies meet you on every

hand, and the scarred and broken and twisted and mangled undergrowth, and the splintered and shivered timber, together with the shot-riddled, plowed up and furrowed earth—all too plainly tell of the frantic desperation of Beauregard and his men, and of the equally determined resistance of General Grant and the gallant boys in blue.

As we alighted from the boat and marched up from the landing, and out past the different encampments we were greeted by the troops generally with a hearty welcome, and I am sure they wished in their hearts that we had been with them on that almost fatal and disastrous Sunday, before the arrival of Buel's command, when they came so near being overwhelmed and crushed, and nearly driven into the river, by the resistless Beauregard. We could also notice a twinkle of satisfaction in the eyes of Generals Grant, Buel and Sherman, and the other heroes of the two day's fight, as our long column marched up into position on the field. On our arrival here the army of General Halleck occupied a position about four miles from the landing on the main

road leading to Corinth, where they were strongly intrenched behind breastworks.

To look that field of battle over, twenty days though it was after the fight, was truly a sight I shall not soon forget. At least 4,000 dead, of both armies, were buried on that field, and of course in the hurry and magnitude of so great a job, much of the work of burying the dead was very imperfectly done. Many of the poor fellows—both friends and foes alike—were imperfectly covered just where they fell, and it was not long until the rain had washed the earth off and they were again exposed. But the work of reinterment went on until all were as decently buried as could be expected. But even in the presence of death the average soldier will jest and have his little joke even at the expense of the dead. I remember as we were marching into our position on the day of our arrival, as we were passing a partly covered trench of Confederate dead, one of whose hands stuck up out of the earth in an extended, imploring manner, some wag had placed in it a large sized "hard-tack." The sight was so ludicrous we could not repress

a smile as we marched by, and of course our "Mike" had to insinuate that "that fellow was not going off hungry if he could help it."

And so it was. Our constant association and familiarity with scenes of danger and of suffering and death had had a tendency to blunt the finer sensibilities and feelings within us, and when one of our comrades would fall at our side we would simply think, or perhaps remark that poor so and so "had got his discharge papers," and in the whirl of excitement rush on to new scenes of danger and of duty.

From the time of our arrival until the evacuation of Corinth, which occurred on the morning of May 30—about one month was spent in slow and cautious approaches, fortifying in the strongest possible manner each successive position, by erecting long lines of breastworks for the protection of the infantry and strong forts and bastions for the use of the artillery. From these various positions we would sally out occasionally on a reconnoissance in the direction of Corinth to see if the enemy were safely there. And to vary the monotony of the thing the rebels would oc-

casionally make a reconnoissance in force, driving our outposts in upon the main body, to see what in the world the overcautious, slow, and apparently timid Halleck was about. It is no wonder the rebels were astonished at our hesitancy and slowness in going forward, as was certainly the case with every one of the whole army, save perhaps, General Halleck himself. Our actions, as an army, appeared to me to be most thoroughly timid, yet having the most ample strength without the boldness and nerve to push on and up before the rebel works and offer them battle. Thus a month of valuable time, and of toil and labor and suffering was worse than wasted in seesawing back and forth between our position and the objective point, the rebel position at Corinth. But so it was and we had to obey orders.

From the experience our army had with the rebels in that neighborhood lately, General Halleck I believe has made up his mind that they are a quarrelsome set any way, to make the best of them, and that a Beauregard or two are lurking behind every bush.

I do not know that this criticism is entirely

just to General Halleck, as of course he may have had the best of reasons, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, for his extreme caution, but it was not at the time apparent to us, nor has it been since.

After many slow advances we reached Farmington, a little hamlet two and one half miles back of Corinth, on the 24th day of May, and of course commenced at once to fortify our position. From here we could look over into the invested town, and see very plainly the church spires and the smoke arising from the rebel camp fires, and it now began to seem as if it might be possible, if the rebels were good enough to wait for Halleck's much fortified army to move up, to make matters interesting all around in a few days.

On the 29th General Pope's wing of the army was ordered forward to feel of the rebel position. We moved out of camp in line of battle, striking the rebel videts immediately, so watchful were they of our movements. They of course fell back like chaff driven by wind on the approach of our twenty thousand men, to their main line and works, our forces following up rapidly. On arriving within half a mile of the rebel works,

their batteries opened furiously upon us with a raking cross fire, and continued to do so until we had driven them behind their main line. We found we were within 200 yards of their works, and that they were there in force from the manner in which they were giving us volley after volley of musketry, and raking us in a fearful manner with their harrassing and most destructive enfilading artillery firing of grape and cannister.

This was a trying position for us, as we were instructed not to fire a shot unless the rebels moved out of their main works and attacked us, as a general engagement was not desired on that day, so we just simply had to stand and take it. Every soldier knows how hard a thing it is to remain inactive under fire. This is certainly a true test of courage, and the soldier that will not flinch under such circumstances will do to bet on in every spot and place. It was right here in front of our Company that the Major of the 7th Ohio Cavalry was shot through the head, and his dead body was carried off the field by four comrades, each one taking an arm or a leg, his bloody

disfigured head dropping back, and swinging as they walked—a most ghastly sight. I was not personally acquainted with the Major, but he was a magnificent specimen of manhood, being large and portly and well formed, and in courage as bold as a lion.

Our loss was quite severe in killed and wounded, many others as well as the gallant Major paying the penalty of our rashness in stirring the Johnnies up on that 29th day of May.

The object of the reconnoissance having been accomplished, the order finally came—but it seemed like an age of waiting—to about face and retreat, but to do it gracefully and in good order was about the hardest thing we had to do that day. The rebels were pouring it into us lively from all quarters, and to get shot in the back was fearful to think of, and our legs could hardly be persuaded to carry our bodies off that field decently and in good order, and our steps were the longest and the most willing ones we ever took in our lives before or since.

In speaking of courage in the face of danger reminds me that the true soldier, as a rule, is the

silent unostentatious determined one, and one who is never bragging or boasting for his great desire for gore on the bloody field of battle. Our B. and R. were of this latter class, and to hear them talk one would suppose they could "whip their weight in wild-cats," but to-day when opportunity seemed favorable to afford a chance to do what they had so many times expressed a desire to do, they both ignominiously skulked from the field—arrant cowards as they were—one with an alleged sprained ankle and the other with a bad case of colic.

After getting out of range of the rebel fire we felt a little easier, the desire to walk fast gradually left us, and we leisurely wended our way back to our camp at Farmington, and felt gratified on arriving there that we came off from that field down at the rebel front with as much honor and dignity as we did. One reconnoissance certainly demonstrated one thing very clearly, and that is, that the rebels had not abandoned the town, and were still there in force, and that as fighters they can be set down as first class.

On the next morning after our visit to the

enemy's lines we were awakened about daylight by a terrible explosion off in the direction of the beleaguered town, and could see rising high over the tree tops a dense volume of black smoke, and in a moment more the earth fairly shook and quaked from the effect of the explosion of the magazine. This, of course, said to us in plain words that Corinth was evacuated, and lines were at once formed, and the whole army moved forward, cautiously and carefully, but meeting with no resistance whatever. We pushed on until we came in sight of the enemy's outer works, but seeing no enemy we occupied them, and again moved forward toward the town which we occupied ten minutes later, finding the bird had flown, taking with them or destroying everything of value which might fall into our hands. We certainly must confess that we felt rather chagrined at allowing the rebels to escape us so easily, but they had gone and there was no help for it.

We had heard so much said about Corinth that we expected to find a thriving, go-ahead modern town, but instead we found a mere de-

serted tumble-down village, with only an occasional inhabitant in sight, and they were as shy of the yankees as a wild deer would be of his pursuers.

We had been in the town but a short time when orders were received to at once return to Camp and prepare three day's cooked rations and pursue the enemy, and we at once retraced our steps in the direction of Farmington, feeling that at least for the present, that the great mental and physical strain was over.

On our return to camp everything was hurry and bustle in busy preparation for the pursuit, and in two hours' time we were again in ranks ready for a start, and the column moved out, passing again through the evacuated town, taking the main wagon road leading toward Boonville. Our column moved out rapidly, yet with great caution, over the same route taken by the retreating foe, while the other corps of the army moved on parallel roads. We must have followed their army ten or twelve miles before striking their rear guard; but when we did come up we pitched into them pell-mell and had quite a lively little

running fight, pursuing them in this manner as far south as Boonville, when the chase was given up. Our loss was quite severe in killed and wounded, as the rebels had the advantage over us in concealment, while we had to fight in open ground mainly. Our probable loss in killed and wounded was something near 100, while the enemy's loss must have been equally as great. We captured about 100 prisoners, but General Pope, in his report to the department, I notice, places the number captured by his command on this occasion very much in excess of the actual figures. The General was simply mistaken, as there was no such number taken, as we were in the advance of his column during the entire pursuit, and if any such number of prisoners had been taken we, or some other portion of his army, would be as likely to know something about it as General Pope himself. The fact of the business is, no such number was taken, and the figures given by me above are virtually correct. I do not wish to cast reflections upon General Pope's integrity, but his official statement in this matter is exceedingly wide of the truth.

We followed the retreating army of General Beauregard a short distance south of Boonville, Miss., a small town twenty miles south of Corinth, located on the Ohio & Mobile Railroad, when orders were received to abandon the pursuit, and the whole pursuing force bivouacked for the night. We finally encamped for a day or two in the vicinity, while our cavalry force made a reconnoissance to see what the enemy intended to do and what point they were making for, and it was found they were headed in the direction of Jackson, when they also abandoned the chase, returning to camp at Boonville.

CHAPTER IX.

At Camp Big Springs.—General Scarcity of Water.—The Army Digging Wells.—Baking Bread.—How an Oven Is Made.—Gambling Among the Men.—General Grant Sent to Memphis.—Halleck Relieved of Command.—Rosecrans Takes Charge of Affairs.—Captain Mitchell Resigns and Goes Home.—General Régret at Having Him Leave.—Three Promotions.—Orders to Move Fast on the Charleston and Memphis Road.—Arrive at Tuscumbia, Ala., July 25.—Go Into Camp.—Beautiful Springs of Water.—Mike and Freem Capture a "Billy Goat" and Come Very Near Being Captured by the Bushwhackers.

On June 8, the campaign being deemed at an end, general orders were received to fall back in the direction of Corinth, which we accordingly did, taking up our quarters about four miles south of that place in a large piece of woods, which was termed "Camp Big Springs," taking its name from a monster spring of ice-cold water which gurgled from the hillside in that vicinity. Aside from this one lone spring, however, water was exceedingly scarce and very difficult to obtain. Many of the different encampments remote

from the big spring had to resort to well-digging as a means of supplying them with the necessary water for drinking, cooking and washing purposes. Many of the wells the boys dug were a total failure, and were as dry at the depth of twenty or twenty-five feet as a powder house. We could not go deeper, as we did not have the means by which we could remove the dirt at a greater depth, as our only mode of windlassing it up was to tie a camp-kettle on the end of a long pole and elevate it in that way.

"Witching for water" and digging wells was one of the prominent features of our camp life while in this portion of Mississippi. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention, and that was pretty well illustrated in many ways while at this camp. At one time the army became, for some reason or other, extremely short of hard bread, and having a lot of flour on hand issued that to the army instead. The question at once arose as to how we were to bake it, but the boys soon solved the difficult problem, and in less than three hours hundreds of old-fashioned bake ovens were in full blast, turning out nice hot bread and

biscuit for the multitude. The ovens were made by digging a square hole in the earth three or four feet in diameter and about four feet deep. Then dig in the bank and fashion your oven and flue and chimney in the solid earth, build your fire and put in your batch of bread and the problem is solved.

After being in Camp a week or two pay rolls for the army were prepared and we for the second time received two months' pay. A proper use of money can be made a blessing in the comforts and cheer and happiness its legitimate outlay brings us. To many of the thoughtless and mercenary here who are given to gambling as long as a cent is left to gamble on, money is to them a curse. This great vice in the army here I am pained to say is most wonderfully prevalent, not only among privates, but those in official positions as well. The favorite game among the privates by which their money is lost is known by the significant name of "chuck-luck." The officials, as a rule, lose theirs in "poker" and "seven-up"—a little more aristocratic way in losing it, but the loss is as certain one way as the other.

All can not win that gamble, and it is a few of the downright dishonest and professional sharpers who finally get the hard earned monthly stipend of the poor silly soldier at last instead of his family at home, who are so often entirely dependent upon that soldier boy or the charity of friends at home to keep the wolf of hunger from the door.

And another great evil pervades the army almost universally, but one not so direful and pernicious and far-reaching in its effects, nor so destructive and blunting to the finer feelings of the youthful, innocent boy, as the vice of gambling, and that is the obnoxious and filthy habit of smoking. The practice is almost universal, with scarcely an honorable exception. This practice is bad enough, the good Lord knows, but in comparison is as sun light to outer darkness.

In a few days after payment was made the troops—this grand old army—was divided and scattered almost to the four winds, a portion of it going to Memphis under command of General Grant, a part going east, and the balance remain-

ing at Corinth to keep in tact our line, and the Memphis and Charleston road, from Huntsville, in Alabama, held by the gallant Mitchell, westward through Corinth as the center and Memphis as the extreme right, looked after by the ever watchful and aggressive General Grant.

About this time General Pope was called up higher—to the command of the Army of the Virginia, and left us for the east—probably largely on account of his famous report of the wonderful capture of prisoners after the evacuation of Corinth. Probably good President Lincoln thought, as he had done so remarkably well in capturing men here, he might be enabled to capture the whole rebel army of Virginia. At all events, the President, it seems, is disposed to "give the old man a chance" and see what he can do.

It was about this time that General Rosecrans came to us and assumed command and reviewed us and took charge of the direction of affairs on this part of the line, and General Halleck was assigned to duty elsewhere. General Halleck, I fear, is too old for the demands of an army com-

mander in the field, lacking those two great essential qualities of vigor and push which are so indispensable in the speedy crushing out of this great rebellion.

On the 16th day of June, 1862, our Captain John D. Mitchell, by reason of failing health, resigned his position in our Company, and left for his home in Clark County on the 19th. We regretted exceedingly to have him leave us, as we had become wonderfully attached to him personally, notwithstanding his retirement afforded the writer promotion. At this change in our Company affairs, Lieutenant Waters was made Captain and Lieutenant Blanchard and myself advanced in rank.

The country generally in this part of the South is God forsaken in its general appearance, being extremely flat and level, and much of it covered over with a thick, scraggy undergrowth of brush and small timber and a perfect network of vines, so that it was almost a matter of impossibility to get through it only by the utmost exertion and a great risk of having your clothes torn off your body and your flesh lacerated by the thorns and

briars everywhere abounding. Truly a fit place for rebels. The soil is so poor that they can only raise one stalk of corn to the hill, and that even looks wonderfully sickly and dwarfed. Wheat is also very short and thin on the ground, and I should think it would hardly average over five bushels to the acre. The harvesting and field work is mostly done by slaves—and female slaves at that. Truly a hard sight in a reputed free country.

In a former letter, in speaking of our reconnoissance of the enemy's works in front of Corinth on May 29, in referring to the incident of the Cavalry Major's death, I stated that he belonged to the 7th Ohio Cavalry. I should have credited the gallant Major Appleton as belonging to the 7th Illinois Cavalry instead.

On July 19, General Morgan's Brigade received orders to be in readiness to move on the following Monday, our destination said to be a small town on the Tennessee River about thirty miles east of Corinth by the name of Eastport, and near the Charleston & Memphis Railroad. Our march there was under the heat of a scorching July sun,

and, having been virtually idle for a month previous, the march bore heavily upon us, and many of the weaker ones fell out of ranks by the roadside utterly exhausted and overcome by heat, and were picked up by ambulances and the wagon train and kindly brought forward.

Instead of halting at Eastport, as we supposed was the intention, we pushed on east to Tuscumbia, Ala., a distance of fifty miles from Corinth, where we halted and went into Camp on a beautiful little island formed by the branching of the Tuscumbia River, in the edge of the village, on the eve of July 25. Here was a lovely spot amid lovely surroundings, and Tuscumbia is famous throughout the whole South, and the North as well, for its natural beauty, and for the finest and coldest spring of pure water in all the world. There were many beautiful springs here, but there is one in particular that is a perfect wonder in the volume of water it produces. It is a great river of itself the moment it issues from the ground, and is as cold as the frozen regions of the North.

The springs farther back at Iuka are more

numerous and diversified as regards minerals and variety of flavors—there being eight or ten different varieties—but Tuscumbia is a perfect wonder, and one is almost at a loss to know where such a vast volume of water comes from that gushes forth from this spring.

Part of the country through which we passed yesterday and the day before on our way here is as beautiful as heart could wish. The planters in this region are all very well to do, and, of course, every man, woman and child you meet is a downright secessionist and rebel.

The soil and the country generally in Alabama is a vast improvement over what we found in Mississippi, and foraging we found to be first-class, and we are, of course, living in high clover, and from the top shelf on the fat of the land, it now being in the height of the season here for green corn, peaches, apples, blackberries and all the smaller fruits.

Our boys, after a while, tired of the good things of the valley and thought they would go up on the mountain and secure a fresh porker for a change; so "Freem" and "Mike" and two or

three others slipped out of Camp and went up a mile or two on the mountain among the old planters, searching high and low for a good hog, but their vigilance failed to find what they were after. The only thing in the animal line that they thought would do to eat at all—and that was rather a debatable question—was an old-time "billy goat," and they downed that and had it partly skinned when the bushwhackers came on to them, but they stuck steadfastly to their goat, retreating and skirmishing until they were safely inside our lines, when they finished skinning it, and arrived in Camp safely with what they said was a very nice fat sheep. It was divided up among the boys—the officers' mess by no manner of means being left out—and all seemed to heartily enjoy it. Next day Mike "let the cat out of the bag" by saying, "Well, boys, be Jasus, how did ye enjoy that old billy goat ye ate yisterday?" All gave Mike one look, and such a look of blank astonishment no mortal ever beheld before. But it was too late. Jonah had been swallowed. Some of us passed it off as a good joke, while others were hopping mad, and expressed the

wish that the rebels had gobbled Mike and Freem before serving them up with that horrid mess of billy goat and palming it off on them for first-class mutton.

CHAPTER X.

Order to Go East.—Pass Through Decatur.—Terrible Heat.—Turning North Toward Nashville.—How Turchin's Men Went Through the Inhabitants at Pulaski.—Our March Northward.—Passing Through Franklin.—The Guerrillas Fire on us While at the Big Spring in the Gorge.—Badly Frightened but Not Much Hurt.—"Grab a Root."—Arrive at Nashville.—Hold the Garrison While Buel and Bragg are Racing Northward.—Hard Times and Little to Eat.—Battle of Mill Springs.—Rebel Army Commanded by Hardee.—Union Army by Rosecrans.—Battle of Stone River.—Both Defeat and Victory.—Heavy Losses on Both Sides.—The Wounded Sent to Nashville.—A Token of Affection from Home.—What the Box Contained.—Thankful Hearts.—Resignation of Lieutenant Blanchard.—His Marriage.

The month our Brigade staid at Tuscumbia was a very agreeable one in many ways, and we were not called upon to do very much duty save the necessary guard and picket duty of the encampment, excepting an occasional detail to guard the railroad train down to Decatur and back. But a good thing will not always last, so on Aug. 21st along came Gen. Murphy's Brigade from Corinth and relieved us and we were at once under orders

for the east, and held ourselves ready to move at any time. On the 25th the order to march was received and we at once pulled out of our beautiful home-like surroundings at Tuscumbia, bidding a hasty adieu to new-made friends there and turning our footsteps in the direction of Decatur, under the scorching rays of the hottest sun and amid the thickets and most stifling clouds of dust I ever experienced in all my life. It had been several weeks since we had any rain and everything was burning up for the want of it, and the roads had become worn into deep dust and were as soft as an ash heap, the cavalry, artillery, wagon trains and infantry passing over them would cause a cloud of that light dust to rise which was perfectly stifling. And to add to this great discomfort was a lack of water over the route which we had taken, both for man and beast, which caused very much suffering.

On arriving at Decatur and Pulaski it very soon became evident to us that our destination was Nashville. Under some circumstances it would have been a real pleasure to us to have steered our course by the North Star, but we all

felt morally certain that at some future time this ground that we were now abandoning would all have to be fought over again and conquered from the enemy, and every step we took in the direction of Nashville was with extreme reluctance. On our arrival at Pulaski the natives flocked to our lines to tell us what a terrible man that Colonel Turchin was, and how his men so wantonly "went through" the inhabitants on their way north a few days before. We took considerable stock in what they said, as we knew the old 19th pretty well, and knew them to be a lot of Chicago boys who would fight like wild cats if necessary, but, like all the rest of us, did not believe in guarding rebel property. Our Brigade Commander, General Morgan, however, believed strictly in military methods in doing things, and was considerably wrought up at their alleged bad treatment by Col. Turchin's men, and gave strict orders that no one should leave the ranks in the passage of his command through the town.

From Pulaski our course was north by the way of Franklin to Nashville, where we arrived about the 1st of September, 1862. While en route at a

point a little south of Franklin, the main road leads down through a deep gulch or ravine, and high bluffs rise almost perpendicularly on either side. About midway through this gorge was a beautiful spring of fresh, cool water, where the troops as they passed quenched their thirst and re-filled their canteens for service while on the march. While our Regiment was engaged at this most pleasurable undertaking, all at once bang! whiz! bang! bang! came a volley right in our midst from a company of guerrillas from the high bluffs to the west, throwing us for the moment into the most utter confusion. However, we soon rallied and quickly took in the situation, when a Company was at once sent up the hill after them, but the Johnnies were nowhere to be found. Their volley did us but little damage—one or two being slightly wounded—but there was a whole Regiment of us quite severely frightened that I distinctly remember of, and we often referred to the circumstance afterward and joked each other about a few guerrillas scaring the wits out of a whole regiment. The Johnnies thoroughly surprised us, as we felt very sure

there was no large body of rebels near us and felt perfectly secure.

It was about this time that I first heard the familiar army phrase of "grab a root," and I think some fellow, in his excitement, must have grabbed one instead of his musket. We had lots of fun out of it anyway, and dubbed it the "great battle of the gorge." R., in excitement, forgot all about his rheumatism, and B.'s colic was too slow this time for service. So you see, as no one could get away we all stood our ground.

The letter written home on the 24th of August, 1862, from Tuscumbia, Ala., was the last communication we were enabled to send or receive from friends in the North until the 7th of January of the following year from Nashville—a period of about four months and a half—a period of anxiety both deep, earnest and solicitous to our friends at home, and, no doubt, equally shared in by the isolated and beleaguered soldiers at Nashville during those trying months.

The reader will remember that in the latter part of August, 1862, the rebel General Bragg, then in command of the Confederate Army in the

vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn., made a bold push northward, seriously threatening the rear of our army, and the city of Louisville, and our communication with the North. A strong Union column, under General Buel, was immediately put in motion, marching on a parallel line, and both at break-neck speed, in a race, as it were, for life, to see which would reach the goal first. The race was about an even thing, neither army gaining very much advantage over the other in strategy or fleetness, but finally, as both armies neared Louisville, the rebels showed a disposition and desire not to attack her, but moved off to the eastward in the direction of Mill Springs, Ky., where a general engagement was brought on and the enemy worsted.

It was after this engagement that General Buel was retired and General Rosecrans placed in supreme command of the Army of Tennessee. It was while this movement of two months or more was taking place in Kentucky and North Tennessee that our division under General Negley was holding the beleaguered city of Nashville, and being daily and constantly harassed by the

enemy, who were hanging like vultures at our throats and ready to pounce down upon us at almost any time. During the few months of our isolation and occupancy of Nashville rations grew alarmingly short, and we were largely dependent upon foraging off the country for a large portion of our subsistence, until such time as communication was again opened by river or by rail. From the first all the troops at the post were placed on fourth rations, and for the other three-fourths, as the saying goes, "we had to root hog or die." We ate almost everything here at Nashville excepting "billy goat." The boys, in rummaging around the city, would occasionally find where it had been concealed by the citizen rebels, what we used to term bacon, or the army phrase, "sow-belly," packed away in large hogsheads, being often very old and rank, but we "pressed it in" and made it do duty to tide us over the crisis.

When foraging day came we knew to a moral certainty what it implied. It meant a battle for bread, and we hardly ever failed to have it, and sometimes it was most lively and spirited, but

we usually went in such forces that we were, as a rule, too much for the Johnnies, and would always get our "provender" and return—sometimes with safety and sometimes with serious loss in killed and wounded.

When we were not engaged in finding something to eat, our time was spent in doing camp, garrison or picket duty upon the lines, and this sort of life was lived over and over and repeated day after day, and week after week, and dreary month after month, until it grew monotonous, and we almost wondered if we really were not prisoners after all.

From late in August until late in December, not a reliable word did we hear from the grand old army, but we knew from rebel sources and an occasional Union spy which reached us, of the general movement of the two armies, and as they again moved Southward our hearts bounded with joy at the prospect of an early deliverance.

As the two armies moved Southward, General Bragg's army, now commanded by the Rebel General Hardee, took up a position on Stone River, near Murfreesboro, where General Rose-

crans fought that memorable and sanguinary and ultimately victorious, but yet most hotly contested battle of the war on December 31, 1862, and January 1, 2, 3, 1863.

On the first day of the battle it did seem as if General Rosecrans would be crushed to powder, and finally driven back upon Nashville, by the great superiority of numbers and the decisive odds against him every way, and inch by inch the brave yet helpless Union division of General McCook was forced back about four miles, when re-inforcements were sent him from the two wings of the army, and the lost ground was regained.

The rebel army numbered about 62,000, while that of General Rosecrans was only about 42,000 all told, and it was the greatest wonder in the world that our army was not helplessly crushed. The enemy, having spent their fury and force during the first day's engagement, filled as they were with whisky and gunpowder, when they threw themselves with such energy and power against General McCook's division—the center—and having in part failed of their ob-

ject, were somewhat discouraged, when on the second day the tide of battle was changed, and on the three subsequent days victory, though dearly bought, seemed to perch upon the banner of the free.

On the night of January 3d the enemy retreated in the direction of Tullahoma, leaving General Rosecrans in full possession of the field. Our loss in this battle in killed, wounded and missing was about 12,000, and that of the rebels about 10,000.

During the progress of the battle we momentarily expected orders to leave the garrison at Nashville and proceed to the rescue of the almost beaten army at Murfreesboro, but none came.

On the second day after the first battle streams of wounded, suttlers, stragglers and attaches of the army generally, poured into Nashville by way of the Murfreesboro pike, with the united intelligence that Rosecrans' army was all "cut to pieces." But the following day brought us more hopeful news, and better news still followed later.

The long ambulance train of wounded arriving from the field of battle after their long ride of

over twenty miles, was a sight and scene that would almost affect the heart of a stone. The groans of suffering could be heard on every hand. Eight thousand wounded was a large number to provide for, but the surgical and medical departments were eminently equal to the task, and about as fast as the wounded arrived they received care, attention and treatment. The sanitary commission did a noble work, and the aid they rendered and the dainties and bandages and lints they furnished the poor wounded boys day in and day out, will ever be treasured up with the most grateful remembrance and thanks.

About this time communication by the river had become possible, and one day a large box filled with delicacies by the hand of affection—by dear friends at home—was left by the express agent at Company Headquarters for the writer. The box was hastily opened and an inventory of contents taken, when the whole was divided up equally among the boys of the Company, and the hearts of all were made glad by what we had not seen before in a whole year. Besides the pies, and cakes, and biscuits, and jellies, and the thou-

sand and one other things a wife only would think of, a nice large baked turkey and chicken, a huge cheese weighing thirty or forty pounds, and a three gallon crock of sweet, golden butter greeted us. When we got the box unpacked and looked the lot over we could hardly believe our senses. But there it was, and our hearts were brim full of thankfulness, feeling that, though absent, we were not forgotten. What a contrast between the present supply and the meager fourth rations of hard bread and salt of a few weeks before. This, however, made us forget how we subsisted for days together in Missouri on pounded corn, which we boiled to a mush in a pint cup and ate without salt; of the innumerable pounds of raw bacon we were obliged to eat during the Corinth campaign for the lack of time and opportunity to cook it; of the almost unnumbered times the pangs of hunger would cause our eager hand to clutch at our empty haversack and hunt even for the smallest crumb it contained, to say nothing of the almost daily and hourly fight for bread while at this post for several months past, not to refer even in the slightest degree to the extraor-

dinary diet at Tuscumbia. All, all, of course, was now forgotten in the fullness of our hearts and in the thankfulness of our souls, knowing that there was a God's country, and feeling that their loving hearts of sympathy and strong arms of love would bear us up and on through this struggle to its successful end, let it be near or remote.

During our eight or nine months' stay at Nashville doing camp, patrol, fort and picket duty on the outer lines, mostly on the east, south and west sides of the city, we became as familiar with those localities as if we had lived there for years. For several months our command occupied Fort Negley. Afterwards the companies performing this duty had to take their turn in guarding the contraband camp on the Franklin Pike, having our headquarters in the well-known and famous brick residence of the rebel General Zollicoffer. Here we spent several months pleasantly. It seemed strange enough to us at first to get into a house once more, and for a long time we could not become accustomed to the change, and, of course, felt like a cat in a strange

garret. We, however, soon got used to it and liked it better.

Captain Race and Lieutenant Dick Wolcott of Company F, and Captain Waters, Lieutenant Blanchard and myself of Company G, constituted a "mess," and very frequently a lively mess we had of it. All hands were pretty full of fun, and if that old Zollicoffer building could only talk what a story of innocent fun it could relate. It was at this camp all the colored employes of the Government and refugees were kept and provided for. All that came to our lines were placed in this camp, and those who were able were set to work on the defences and works surrounding the city. Here you could see plantation manners in all its native purity and simplicity. Their dress was unique, odd and peculiar; the females invariably having their heads tied up, turban fashion, with a red bandanna, and wearing a sack and waist of some coarse material. There was nothing peculiar about the dress of the men, as they were all commonly clad. The children—little curly-headed things—usually went shoeless and hatless the year round. As a rule, they are

a light-hearted, cheerful people, and while in camp spent much time in singing their weird, wild, peculiar chants, and in dancing and "patting juber."

We learned early in the war to confide in their friendship and loyalty, and always found them, as a race, true and steadfast friends of the Union, and they were ever ready to aid the boys in blue with hearts and hands, and always blessed and venerated the name of Mr. Lincoln as their benefactor and savior. As ignorant as they were as a race, they seemed to understand well the drift of the war, and that if the North was successful their freedom was assured.

Lieutenant Blanchard, my bachelor friend and brother officer, resigned his position in our Company about this time, and on the following week married a beautiful and highly accomplished Southern lady of French extraction, a resident of the city of Nashville, and settled down apparently a happy and contented Benedict.

We parted with Guy with many regrets, as he was a most royal good fellow, and we hoped what was our loss would prove to be his gain, at least

in happiness, in the new relations he had so recently assumed.

His resignation made a vacancy which the writer was at once promoted to fill, and Sergeant J. W. Anderson was made Second Lieutenant.

While in idleness at Nashville our boys would amuse themselves by the hour by working out of huge brier roots fancy pipes of all styles and shapes the imagination could possibly conceive of. Others of an ingenious turn, but of different taste, would manufacture rings and other devices from mussel shells for their sweethearts at home as mementos of affection and souvenirs of the war.

It was now for the first time that our little wiry but frail and fragile Captain Waters had to yield to the insidious inroads of disease, and was taken to the hospital for treatment. Upon his partial recovery he was granted a leave of absence of thirty days to recuperate his wasted energies among the green hills of the old Keystone State. The bracing sea breezes of Jersey shore and the tender nursing and watchful care bestowed upon him by "Alice" soon restored

him to his usual good health, and he returned to us at the end of his thirty days as vigorous and as warlike as a Comanche.

After the Captain's return he did but very little more duty with his Company. Being a lawyer by profession, he was almost constantly on detached duty as Judge Advocate of Court Martial, a position for which he was by education and training most eminently fitted.

CHAPTER XI.

The Social Evil at Nashville.—A Train Load of Objectionable People Sent to Louisville.—Nashville a Beautiful City.—Fine State House and Grounds.—An Interesting Letter, Which Was Written on a Table Formerly Owned by the Rebel Gen. Hindman.—General Officers in Command at Nashville During Absence of Our Army.—Generals Gordon Granger, John M. Palmer, James S. Negley and James D. Morgan.—All Fighting Men.—Personal Appearance and Habits of Gen. Morgan.—A Good Officer.—Our Loss at Franklin.—Desertions from the Army.—Copperhead.—Vallandigham Influence the Cause.—A Deserter Court Martialed and Shot.—Desertion Checked.

During the winter of '62 and '63 the army had a social enemy to contend with which seriously threatened its very existence and usefulness, and the matter became so seriously alarming that the military authorities at the Post had to interfere to save the army from a fate worse, if possible, than to perish upon the battle field. I refer, of course, to the demi monde, or, in other words, the women of the town.

Their influence and presence became so an-

noying and destructive to the morals of the army that fifteen hundred of them at a single time were gathered up and placed aboard a train and were compelled to leave, and conducted under guard to Louisville. Louisville at first objected to receiving such a formidable array of unwelcome guests, but finally consented to do so, and Nashville was afterward all the happier and better off for their conspicuous absence.

The city of Nashville, before the blighting and devastating hand of war was laid so heavily upon her, must have been a beautiful place, lying, as it does, so snugly and cozily among the beautiful undulations and green hills on the banks of the winding and swift-running Cumberland.

Many of the buildings, both public and private, were grand and stately in their architectural beauty and design, and would have been a credit to any of our Northern cities. The Capitol building, although not yet finished, was a magnificent pile, it being constructed almost entirely of the native Tennessee marble, celebrated the world over for its great richness and beauty. In prosperous times, and in time of peace, a more

attractive, go-ahead young city would be hard to find, but the temper, and tone, and bias of the inhabitants leaned heavily to the side of the "bonnie blue flag of the stars and the bars." Of course, this was to be expected. Yet there were honorable exceptions to this rule, and many good and true loyalists were found.

In looking my old letters over I find one bearing date February 11, '63, written to a very dear friend who has since crossed the dark river to the other shore, which seems to express our feelings pretty well, and the situation generally at the time, and will take the liberty to copy it entire, believing it may be of interest to the general readers:

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY G, 10TH ILLINOIS.
NASHVILLE, TENN., *Feb. 11, 1863.*

DEAREST FRIEND: This is Wednesday, and I have been looking and watching the mail every day for almost a week past for a letter from you, but none has come. However we are used to these disappointments and make the best of them. Mud! mud!! mud!!! Oh, what horrid weather! We have had constant rain for the

past few days and the consequence is, it is so muddy and sloppy we can hardly get out of doors, to say nothing of the impossibility of armies moving at this time. But there is one good feature about this portion of Tennessee, and that is, that mud dries up quickly. The soil is gravelly and is much the same as that of Illinois, except it is nothing like as good. The climate is delightful—but the inhabitants—I do not admire them so much, still there are some good people living here—but hardly good ones enough to save the city if the trumpet was suddenly sounded and the call unexpectedly made. The inhabitants are mostly secesh, but take notice they are not very boisterous about it. I mentioned the other day about the large reinforcements that arrived here a few days ago for General Rosecraus' army. It is said the number will exceed thirty thousand. This will enable him to move upon their works at Tullahoma. The railroad is now in running order through as far as Murfreesboro, and the army will now be supplied at once with everything, preparatory to another forward movement. Rosy wont attempt

to move until he gets ready—when he is once ready he reminds us of an irresistible resistless avalanche sweeping and crushing everything before him. I admire his style, don't you? I really feel more encouraged over the present prospects of the war than I have for a long time. The government now acts as if it really meant to do something. If the hard knocks and severe blows we have given the rebels lately are followed up smartly before they get time to recuperate and replenish their thinned ranks and retrieve their waning fortunes, I think it will not be long before the vilest of the traitors will be crying for peace. Now if the Eastern army could only be made to do something it would really be cheering to us here in the West. With all their unstinted outfit in men and munitions of war nothing seems to be accomplished. This Western army needs their aid and co-operation. The Army of the Potomac has been deviled almost to death, and I can't blame them for not fighting better and accomplishing more favorable results. So far the Western boys have never been whipped, and when they get an order to go, they rush

off with a bound, feeling that the order must be obeyed at all hazards, and have not yet realized fully what defeat means. I heartily wish, as I suppose everybody else engaged in this war, that it would come to a speedy yet honorable close. I am tired of war. Peace and domestic comforts suit my taste much better than war, still, my dear friend, I never will abandon the cause of my country in this her hour of great peril and time of need. I could frame no good excuse to my own conscience for doing so. As you say it would be pleasant to be at home among friends. That is all very true, but what would be a man's life, his home, his comforts, his fireside, without a country. Everything in fine, that we hold dear and sacred to us all, depends upon the suppression of this rebellion and the restoration of the Union. You may think it strange that I continue in the war, or that I entered it at all. But what else could I do? My country was calling loudly upon her sons to maintain her nationality and honor; I was sensible of her danger and could no longer resist the duty every good citizen owes his country, and freely placed myself in the ranks

of her defenders, and at this moment, God knows, I feel proud that I had the courage and sense of right to do so. I have not even for a moment regretted it; I am willing to fight both armed rebels and Northern traitors, if need be, to maintain our noble country. A divided Union —think of it—I would feel humiliated to live in it. If the South should succeed and the Confederacy be established we would then only be at the beginning of our troubles. Other States would have the same rights to withdraw from the Union, and the consequence would be we would have a divided, broken and distracted country. If the right of a single State to withdraw from the Confederation is established, then that very moment our glorious old Government falls to atoms.

If one State or a portion of them have this right, all have, and where would the thing end? I should be pained and mortified to see this glorious structure broken and torn asunder by treason's bloody hand. May my eyes and senses never witness it. The more I think of it the more I think the rebellion must be crushed out.

The North is able and will do it. It will take time, but it will be done. Out upon the Copperheads and peace men of the North. Everything is at stake in this contest, and the South must be conquered and humiliated, or we are a Nation of vassals and slaves. The Administration foresees this and are now straining every nerve to make sure work of it. We have great confidence in Mr. Lincoln, but sometimes get impatient and think he moves too slow, but we all know his great honest heart is right, and of course know he will do everything for the best in his own good time. I have never wavered in my belief or doubted for a moment but that we would finally whip and conquer the rebels, but you must remember that we have a strong and wary enemy to contend with. Besides they have the advantage at all times and choice of position and are fighting upon their own chosen ground. I firmly believe another year will find them nearly exhausted if not entirely so. It may be sooner, but I have serious doubts of it. There is no division of sentiment among our soldiers—they are all in favor of a doubly vigorous prosecution of the

war to its bitter end, with no compromises or patched up agreements to be broken hereafter. This should put to shame our traitors at home. When I commence to talk of these things I don't know when to stop. I have already said more on the subject, perhaps, than you will care to read, but a remark in your last letter is my excuse for covering all the ground I have under this date, as you know my whole heart and energies are absorbed in this work, and I can think of, nor can talk of much else. I am tired of the service the Lord knows—it's unnatural—it's not my calling—and I don't like it; still somebody has got to do it. I never want my little boy to say of me, or think of me, that his father abandoned the cause of his country when his services were most needed in its defense. Never! Never!! Never!!! With many kind wishes to absent friends, I am as ever,

Yours affectionately,

E. A. W.

The little round center table on which the above letter was written has a history. It was formerly the property of the rebel General Hind-

man, and was used by him for a year or more, no doubt having been junketed by him all over the Confederacy, but the "fixin" is now in our possession. It having fallen into our hands on our entry into Corinth on the 30th day of May. Our "mess" has resolutely stuck to it ever since, and it has served as a dining and writing table for this whole rollicking crowd up to this time, but the little table, I notice, like the Confederate cause, is getting a little weak and rickety about its legs, but with a little propping and bracing it just barely manages to stand alone. Pretty soon the General's old table and the cause he advocates and so stubbornly fights for, will both, we hope, go to general smithereens together.

The general officers remaining in command at the Post during the long and monotonous months of our stay there, were General Gordon Granger, General John M. Palmer, General James S. Negley and General James D. Morgan—all first class fighting men. General Granger was a regular army officer, and the other three were of the volunteers. We used to think that Granger, being the ranking officer as he was, and of course

in command, and of the regular service, felt the importance of his position to an unwarranted degree, and he would often make it convenient to "walk on" the volunteers. However, Granger was a good officer, and afterward did some splendid fighting at Chicamauga, and we freely forgave him his pompous ways for the good work he did there.

General Morgan, our old commander, differed quite materially in his make up from all the rest. In plainness of dress and in simplicity of manner and habits he was most like General Palmer, but in other respects was not at all like him, or like any other man I ever knew. He was as rigid, as unbending as a piece of statuary. Never was social with, nor in any way mingled with any of his officers or men. His manner was pert, sharp, and sometimes bordered a little on the snappish. He was never known to laugh heartily but once, and that was at New Madrid, when the Regiment fairly roared with laughter when he was pointing out to us how unsoldierlike it was to be "dodgin them balls" when he came so near being hit himself. Not that we

wanted to have him hit, but were mighty glad to see him dodge on that occasion, and we just fairly roared and could not have helped it had he lost one of his ears. That was the only genuine old-fashioned laugh we ever succeeded in getting out of him in our acquaintance of over four years. But as a faithful, watchful, prudent and able officer he was by common consent accorded a high place in the army.

However, he was extremely unsocial and reticent, never having much to say or do with others, except in an official way, and was on the whole as "odd as Dick's hat band." Colonel Tillson, his successor in the command of the Regiment, disliked his ways so much and the breach became so wide between them that in August, after the close of the Atlanta campaign, for the sake of harmony and better feeling all around, the old 10th was transferred from the 14th to the 17th Army Corps, and from thence forward we were not under his immediate command. He had a physical infirmity which rendered him a little lame, and he always had the habit of going about quarter-bent, and when in deep thought would march

back and forth in front of his headquarters by the hour, his hands folded behind his back, his head low-bent and his eyes riveted upon the ground, perfectly oblivious of his surroundings. When the boys would notice him they would say "now look out, Uncle Jimmy has got another one of them spells, and he'll have us into another fight in less than two days," and indeed the boys were usually right about it. He did have the faculty of getting us into tight places pretty often. If he ever had an ugly job on hand he used to think no Regiment could do it quite so well as his old 10th. He knew us as well as we knew him, and indeed our trust and confidence was mutual. We always thought the General a little ambitious, and over anxious to add glory and prestige to his own military reputation at the expense of his old Regiment. Human nature is the same in the army as it is elsewhere, and the boys wanted to see the "hard snaps" as well as the "soft snap" passed around, so that all would share alike, and we could not justly blame them for this. Neither could we blame him so very much, as he had spent days and weeks together

in disciplining and fitting us for the very work he was then calling upon us to do.

General Morgan was a small specimen of a man physically, not weighing more than 125 pounds at any time, and was as perfect a little bundle of nerves as you could find in the whole army. During our four years' acquaintance with him, I never knew him to be sick, unable for duty, nor even absent for a single day during the whole of that period. When a boy I used to read the life and exploits of General Marion of Revolutionary fame, and when I would look at General Morgan I would almost involuntarily think of his counterpart, General Marion, as I had pictured him in my own mind when fighting and struggling for the liberty of the Colonies more than one hundred years before.

Along in the early days of the month of March our outlying forces at Franklin met with a little streak of bad luck. A part of three Regiments were detailed to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Spring Hill to see what the rebels were about in that neighborhood, when very suddenly and unexpectedly they were

pounced upon by a superior force of rebels and were taken in out of the cold after a short and spirited, but useless resistance. This, in itself, was a small affair, but yet a very important one for the rebels, and for ourselves as well, for among the many thousands we have here, we have not a single man to spare. A few days before the last occurrence our force took in a Regiment of their men in the same vicinity and very much in the same way, and they probably now think they're even with us, and that honors are easy all around.

As our own army at Murfreesboro was inactive and unable to move on account of the roads, our eyes were eagerly turned toward General Grant at Vicksburg. Judging from the past, we hoped for but little from the East. But we had longer to wait—the time for action had not quite arrived.

Desertion from the army during the six months previous to this time had become very annoying and threatened to be serious, largely, I presume, on account of the Vallandigham and other Copperhead influences from the North, and

something had to be immediately done to check it. So one of the most flagrant cases of desertion in face of the enemy, and in time of battle, whose name I have now forgotten, was arrested, brought back to Nashville and tried by General Court Martial and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was executed with great pomp and ceremony on the Commons, on the West Side of the city in the presence of a large portion of the troops. This summary treatment had a tendency to very materially arrest the evil, and there was very little more desertion during the balance of the service. The remedy was a hard one, but nothing short of the fate of that poor fellow seemed to meet the emergency and danger that then threatened the army.

CHAPTER XII.

An Army Letter.—Longing for Peace.—Camp Amusements.—The Bug Fiend.—The Fun at Seeing a Victim Fooled.—Captains Wilson, McKinny and Wolcott as Jubilee Singers.—Army Songs.—The Inspiration of Music.—Good News of Grant's Victory at Vicksburgh Reaches Us.—We Leave Nashville for the Front.—Glad to Get Away from Garrison Duty.—Off for Murfreesboro.—Go Into Camp at Fosterville.—Another Army Letter.

The following extract from an old letter to friends at home will show how we longed to have the war over and to be free once more.

"You say you sympathize with me because of being so far from home and among total strangers and in a strange land. You are mistaken, I am not among strangers, but on the contrary among very dear friends. There is a warmth of feeling which irresistably springs up which unites us all as brothers. One common danger and one common impulse brings us very close together in friendship, and truer and more steadfast friends outside of one's own family would in-

deed be very hard to find. I have no doubt that time drags heavily with you as you say—it does with me at times—and still it seems to fly away quite rapidly. I have been in the service now very nearly twenty months, yet the time does not seem so very long to me—probably not so long to me as it does to you at home by reason of the monotony of the thing to you and of the ever varying changes to me. A soldier will have diversion of some kind in spite of fate. If it wasn't for this we'd all die off. We only have a little over one more year to serve. The term of service for our regiment will expire in one year from the 28th of next April. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! So in a little less than fourteen months, if we all live, we will be honorably discharged from the service to go or to do just what we please. How the thought makes my heart beat and bound to be free from this voluntary yet enforced exile once more. How I wish the war would close with our term of service. How much I want to be on hand when the last gun is fired and the last stroke for liberty is given. It is possible that I may, but still I do not like the

idea of re-enlisting and serving longer until the "stay-at-homes" have had a hand in it. If then my services are again needed, none, I know, would respond to the call quicker than

Yours truly,

E. A. W.

While in Camp and on short rations at Nashville, the boys took it for granted that to do a little "cramping" from the rebels was not a very bad or wicked thing to do. So one night Freem, Will. Catts and Henry Cansman, I think it was, sallied out to College Hill from Fort Negley at the hour of midnight and confiscated a hive of bees. They carried it into Camp over in the ravine North of the Fort, in a tree top, where they had started a small fire, and were despatching the bees as they came out. They had got their job pretty near done, when Catts began to reflect upon the situation. Said he, "Hello, Freem, I wonder what Colonel Tillson would say if he could see us now?" In a stern voice came the words, "I should say you were three very bad boys." In looking up behold there stood Col. John Tillson, the commander of the Regi-

CONFISCATING THE BEE-HIVE AT FORT NEGLEY.

Will Carey: "Hello, Feeze, I wonder what Col. Tillson would say if he could see us now?"

Corporal Tillson: "I should say you were three very bad boys."

ment. The boys wilted. The Colonel's mess was not forgotten next day.

While in Camp the boys would often become woried almost to death at the tedious monotony of the thing and would amuse themselves in various ways—some by reading the good book—we had two men—Sergeant Henderson and Private Fancher—who never failed in that sacred duty—others, of a less serious turn would scan with eager avidity the daily papers, to keep abreast of the drift of events, so big with interest to the people of the whole Nation, while some others would reel off yarns by the yard of their adventures both here and elsewhere, and build air castles, without number, as to what great things they would do when this cruel war was over. Those who did not seem to care and took things easy, and allowed the world to drift along, and were bound to have a good time anyway, would play a game of cards, or chuck-a-luck for the fun of the thing, or to replenish their depleted exchequer; while over yonder you would see a group of earnest men, a couple of whom were seated flat upon the ground facing each other.

their legs and arms extended, and growing red in the face, in the act of "pulling sticks." And out on the green yonder could be seen as reliable a crowd interested in quoits as ever appeared at "Bascoms." Even checkers had their devotees, and they would serve to while away many a lonely and tedious hour.

Besides this, the boys were up to all sorts of games and tricks upon their comrades, and they would resort to anything and everything for the sake of a little fun. The one that happened to be selected for the victim for the occasion usually stood it like a little man, but watched his chance to get the laugh on some other fellow, and then considered himself even.

We had all sorts of "fiends" in the army, but the "bug fiend," I believe, afforded us more real fun than everything else together. The "racket" was something like this. Some fellow would catch a big, ugly-looking bug, usually a pinch bug, tie a string to it and attach the string to a stick—fish pole fashion. Then he would slip up behind some fellow and reach over and carefully lower the bug down in front of his face just so he

could get a glimpse of it, and would then quickly jerk it back out of sight. You can imagine how the victim would claw and strike at the sight of the horrid monster so near his nose, but on looking up and around would discover nothing. But the fellow would no more than get settled down before the bug would again threaten him, when he would make another tremendous but ineffectual dive at it, only to miss it as before. The "fiend" would stick to him, the lookers-on meanwhile fairly bursting with suppressed laughter, until the victim "tumbled" to the trick, when the next fellow was tackled in the same way and the joke carried on as long as the boys could stand it, when they would fairly roar with laughter, as they had all been there and knew how it was themselves.

Usually after the day's sport was over and the shades of evening gathered in and around us, the grand jubilee singers — Captain Sam. Wilson, Captain McKinney and Dick Wolcott — would fairly make the old camp re-echo with the patriotic war songs of the day.

General Rosecrans at that time was on the

top wave of popularity, both in the army and elsewhere, and some one composed a song entitled "Old Rosey is Our Man," which they sung to the tune of "A Little More Cider," the first verse of which ran something like this, and was wonderfully popular throughout the whole army, and, I am sure, had a splendid effect in electrifying the men and popularizing the already trusted leader, General Rosecrans:

"Cheer up, cheer up, the night is past,
The skies with light are glowing,
Our ship moves proudly on, my boys,
And favoring gales are blowing.
Her flag is at the peak, my boys,
To meet the traitorous faction,
We'll hasten to our several posts
And immediately prepare for action.

CHORUS.

Old Rosey is our man (repeat),
We'll show our deeds where 'er he leads,
Old Rosey is our man."

The song, when once started, would be taken up by thousands of voices, and when they came down to the chorus you would fairly be taken off your feet.

Since those dark and gloomy days I have never doubted the wonderful power and influence there is in song over the minds and hearts of men. There is a certain inspiration in it and about it that reaches down deep and is unexplainable, and that leaves, without a shadow of doubt, a marked trace of good behind.

From the 5th to the 12th of July more glorious news began to pour in upon us from all quarters, and we were fairly jubilant over the achievements and triumphs of our army everywhere. The first good news that reached us was that our army at the front, under Rosecrans, was at last on the move and was in possession of Tullahoma, the rebels falling back without offering battle, and that our forces were following up carefully in the direction of Chattanooga. A few days later the glorious news of General Grant's brilliant success at Vicksburg, and immediately following upon the heels of this came the news of General Meade's victory at Gettysburg, together with our triumph at Port Hudson, which fairly set us wild with delight.

Nothing had been done since the Stone River

engagement to push things, and army and people of the North generally had become a little impatient at the long delay, but this new manifestation of life along the whole line gave us new hope, and we could then almost imagine we could see the beginning of the end.

At last the long looked-for order for our Brigade to proceed to the front was received on the morning of July 19, and on the morning of July 20 we were all in line and on our way to the front. Eleven months is a long time to remain at one place, and we were all as glad as we could be that our order to move had finally come. If there is any one thing a soldier hankers after more than another it is change and variety. No matter how pleasant the camp and surroundings may be, we soon tire of it and sigh for pastures new.

Glancing back over the eleven months of our stay at Nashville, we find many pleasant memories connected with it, as well as many unpleasant ones; but, on the whole, we were most heartily glad to get away, and to the front and in the field again, where we could put in some more effective

blows in putting down rebellion, feeling that we had certainly had our share in guarding and holding the fortification at Nashville during the preceding year. So we turned our backs upon the city with no regrets, excepting that of leaving behind us some very dear friends and comrades whose faces and forms we never expected to see again upon earth.

All being ready, the Brigade filed out of the old camp, which seemed almost like home to us, moving over to the east of Fort Negley, and filing to the right upon the Murfreesboro Pike. Our faces were once more turned Dixieward, and we were again on our way for the Sunny South. Little did we dream, or know, or realize, what difficulties were before us, but we went boldly and cheerfully forward, feeling that whatever trials or difficulties surrounded, awaited or befell us, we would in the future, as in the past, do our level best.

A letter to friends at home, dated at Fosterville, Tenn., July 22, the day of our arrival there, describes the most interesting features of the

trip, so I take the liberty to give it to the reader verbatim:

"DEAR ONES AT HOME: As I told you before leaving Nashville that I would write you at the earliest possible moment after coming to a permanent stopping place, I now proceed to do so, knowing, of course, you will all feel very anxious to know what has become of us. We made a halt at noon to-day at Fosterville, a small town on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad fifteen miles south of Murfreesboro and forty-five miles southeast of Nashville. The other two Regiments of our Brigade, together with our Brigade Commander, General Morgan, stopped at Murfreesboro, where the headquarters were established, while our Regiment, one Company of Cavalry, and a section of Artillery came on down here, to act, we presume, as a sort of outpost, or advanced guard, for our forces at Murfreesboro and a sort of rearguard for General Rosecrans' army, which is now still in our front. Another object, undoubtedly, in our being here is to protect the railroad from marauding guerrilla bands, who are likely to drop down on it at any time for

the purpose of its destruction and to annoy our army, and, if possible, to retard or prevent its advance. This seems to be legitimate warfare, and it is a game we all play at. Whenever we can destroy a railroad, burn a mill or bridge, confiscate a bale of cotton, or even strike the shackles from the wrists of the black man to the injury of the enemy, we are only too quick to do it. Almost anything not absolutely inhuman seems to be permitted and fair in war. We have been a part of three days in coming here, and on account of our having been idle so long, some of the boys did not stand the march so well as they might have done, the weather being so very hot and dry, the roads a cloud of dust, and water sometimes very difficult to get. The first night out from Nashville we camped on very familiar ground to us, as we had been over every foot of it many times before in search of something to keep the Regiment from starvation's door. Every nook and corner, every by-way and highway had been searched over by us and required to pay tribute to the beleaguered garrison at Nashville. About four miles farther on we be-

gan to see the effect of the ruthless hand of devastating war. It was here the rebels captured General Rosecrans' supply train during the Stone River fight, and burned the wagons and raised hob with it generally, carrying off with them the best horses and mules and shooting the inferior ones dead in their tracks. The old burned irons of the wagons are about all that remain to tell of the fate of the ill-fated train, which was bearing to the front the necessary supplies for the boys who were then in a life and death struggle with the rebels at the Stone River battle. The second night out we camped near the old battle ground of the two armies near Stone River, and we took occasion, tired as we were after getting into camp, to go carefully over a large part of it, and study it thoroughly. It had a great interest to me, and I lingered there until nightfall viewing the different positions of the two armies in their terrible struggle for the mastery. The new-made graves which met me on every turn told in words too plain to be misunderstood what that struggle implied. Many of the rebel dead fell into our hands, and our boys, although arrayed against

them only a day or two before in mortal, deadly combat, laid them away as tenderly and carefully as if they had been our own comrades, with a feeling of genuine pity and sorrow. They, too, had mothers whose hearts almost ceased to beat when this sad news of their untimely death reached the old, old home. Rebels against their Government though they were, a mother's love will always assert itself in forgiveness, and have a ready excuse for the erring boy, and love him still. And this is right. Seven months has now elapsed since the terrible clash of arms took place surrounding Murfreesboro, but time cannot wipe out the scars of that awful conflict. To the practiced eye of a soldier he can at once pick out the places where the strife was hottest and thickest and the aim most deadly, and death's harvest most plentiful. These torn, scarred and disfigured trees—the leveling of the brush and undergrowth as with a scythe—the deep rents and furrows in the earth—the leveling of fences and the destruction of buildings, and finally the little tell-tale hillocks and mounds to the right and to the left and in front of you, all denote a death grapple

and struggle the like of which this army has not before experienced since on the bloody field of Shiloh. But we must leave this interesting place; its memories are not pleasant, yet it has a strange fascination and I like to linger. We just arrived in camp here at noon to-day, making the forty-five miles in two days and a half—feeling quite considerably fatigued, and have hardly had time to look around sufficiently to give a complete and intelligent description of the surroundings, or how the place itself looks, or how I like it. Yes, I can tell you how it looks; it looks to me now like the jumping off place, is located in a mountain gorge where you can only see daylight by looking almost straight up. You may call this picturesque, but it is certainly not beautiful. The most that I can say for it now is that it's "trooly rooral." For this time farewell.

Yours ever,

E. A. W."

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Waters on Court Martial Duty.—Scouting and Foraging Parties Attacked by Guerrillas.—A Diligent Search for Apple Jack.—None to be Found.—Sent to Build a Bridge.—Order Countermanded.—On the Wing.—At Columbia, Shelbyville, Farrington and Lewisburg.—No Love for Columbia Citizens.—They Fire on Our Men From Ambush.—Coffee $5 a Pound.—Calico $3 per Yard.—A Good, Common Hat $50.—Confederate Money.—Fifteen Days' March Through Tennessee and Alabama.—Arrive at Stevenson, Ala.—Mountainous but Pretty Country.—The People.—Their Customs and Habits.—"Dipping" by the Ladies of the South.—Stevenson a Pestilential Place.—Dead Mules and Horses.—In 1st Brigade, 2d Div., Reserve Corps.

When our Brigade left Nashville, the Court Martial, of which our Captain Waters was Judge Advocate, was dissolved. He, however, did not join us until the 24th, remaining only two days. The Northern mail of the morning of the 26th brought to him another detail to report himself at Murfreesboro at once as Judge Advocate of a new Court just convened there. This again left me alone in command of the Company, our new-

ly appointed Lieutenant Anderson not yet having been commissioned.

The Captain, when with his Company, never shirked a responsibility or duty in his life, would always brace up to and was always equal to any hardship that beset us. Frail looking and feeble as he was, he would apparently stand the fatigue and hardship of the field or of the march with the best of us; yet we all knew he was really unable to endure it, and were glad to see him get an easier thing, even if it did entail greater labor and more responsibility and care upon ourself, for I knew I was hearty and strong, and in those days could stand any amount of roughing it and thought it mere fun.

After a day or two of rest from our tiresome march from Nashville here, we began to look around the country a little outside of camp, and were glad to find that we had been happily disappointed in the country, finding it much better and more beautiful back a little from the village and line of railroad than we expected, although very sparsely settled and new.

Fruit, and melons, and berries, and green

corn were very plentiful and abundant in the region round about the camp, and the boys did not seem to be slow in "going for it." A change of a most radical nature had been brought about on the part of the Government, as well as on the part of the officers and men, as to their duty in protecting rebel property in the South. Instead of guarding it, as had formerly been the case during the early part of the war, our policy now was to spare not, and to cripple every source of the Confederacy, but, of course, without practicing cruelty and injustice toward individuals. Our policy and object was to subsist, as far as possible, off the native rebels, but to protect and respect the rights and property of all who were known to be loyal to the Government. If this policy had been inaugurated early in the war instead of placing a safety guard around the property of rebels, as was then the case, the war would have been one year nearer its close than we find it to-day. War is in itself cruel, and we can not wage it successfully with our right hand and our left loaded down with peace offerings.

The very hills and mountains round about

New Fosterville seemed to be alive with guerrillas and bushwhackers, and many a lively tilt our boys used to have with them when out foraging. The boys soon learned that it was safest to go in squads of three or four on these expeditions. In this way they were safe from capture, and were likewise, as a rule, masters of the situation so far as the Johnnies were concerned.

There was one thing our lads, with all their ingenuity and thoroughness of search, could not make materialize at Fosterville, and that was whiskey. It wasn't there or the boys certainly would have found it. Lots of 'em searched high and low and made earnest and most diligent inquiry, as they had been so short a time out of Nashville they terribly hankered for a little to taper off with. But it was no go, and they had to do without it.

On the 10th of August three companies of our Regiment—G, H and K—were detailed and sent back to Stone River bridge with three days' cooked rations in our haversacks for the purpose of assisting in constructing a bridge across the river at a point near Murfreesboro. The day was

a perfect scorcher, but we made the trip—twelve long Tennessee miles—by noon. We had scarcely arrived on the ground when orders came to us from General Morgan to return at once to our camp and command at Fosterville. This order pleased us. None of us "knew beans" about bridge building and were glad enough to get out of so unpleasant a scrape. So, after resting a couple of hours and reducing very largely the gross weight of our plethoric haversacks, we set out again on our return trip to New Fosterville, arriving in camp about 9:30 the same night, making a total distance traveled both ways of twenty-four miles. We were a tired set and no mistake, and were not long in finding our little beds, and in a few minutes had forgotten all the cares and troubles of our lives. I have always observed that, as a rule, when the body was most weary, sleep was the sweetest and most restful. On this occasion, then, sleep must have been most precious to us, as we were about as tired as we well could be.

From the 20th day of August forward, our movements became pretty lively and interesting,

as will be seen from the following letters which I give verbatim and which will explain themselves:

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY G, 10TH ILLINOIS.
COLUMBIA, TENN., *August 24, 1863.*

DEAR FRIEND: Here we are encamped at Columbia, Tennessee, on the Nashville & Decatur Railroad. We started from New Fosterville, where we were last encamped, on the morning of the 20th, moving South on the Pike as far as Shelbyville where we effected a crossing of Duck River, after which our course was almost directly West. The little towns on the line of march over which we passed were Shelbyville, Farmington and Lewisburg, the last named being the County Seat of Marshall County. General Morgan's whole Brigade is here and for the purpose, I suppose, of opening and holding the road from this point to Nashville. When the road is once opened it is very probable we shall move forward again, and most likely in the direction of Pulaski, which is not very many miles distant. The boys of this brigade have no very kindly feeling toward Columbia from the fact that, on

our march through here from Alabama last summer on our way to Nashville, as the last of our column was marching out of the town, the guerrillas and rebel citizens gave us particular fits from almost every nook and corner, and place of concealment, seriously wounding several of our men. The Union feeling there is very faint and feeble indeed, while in Shelbyville the Union sentiment seems to largely predominate. We have an old score to settle with the people of this town, and if we stay here long enough and have any sort of a pretext the boys will give them "Hail Columbia" under a different and more interesting strain than they have heard for some time. All they want is just half a chance and a perfect whirl wind would be let loose in a moment. Last summer the men just begged General Morgan the privilege of going back and destroying the town for their base and cowardly conduct towards us, and the men could hardly be restrained from doing even worse by Columbia than General Durchin's men did by Pulaski, of which circumstances I have written you. To give something of an idea of what things are

worth here in Dixie in their own currency, I will give you a few prices of the leading articles of commerce now prevailing here. Coffee, $5 per pound: Calico, $3 per yard; a common hat you could buy in the North for $3, would cost you $50 here. All articles of clothing are at fabulous prices. One dollar in greenbacks is worth with them, $4 in Confederate money. In fact everything here that has any commercial value at all is away up out of reach of people of ordinary means. I have conversed with a great many of the best informed citizens here as well as from elsewhere in the South, and almost all have the honesty to admit the hopelessness of their cause and they would be glad to abandon it if they could, while a few others are as blind, pig-headed and fanatical as ever and declare that they are bound to die in the last ditch." But their cause is lost, we can all very plainly see. It is now only a question of time. The distance from New Fosterville, our last permanent Camp, to this place is about forty-eight miles; from here to Nashville the distance is about the same. Of course we do not know anything about how long

we shall stay here, but is is my opinion we are here for the purpose of opening and protecting the line of road until such time as other troops may be sent forward to relieve us, which may not be for several days or perhaps weeks for that matter. At all events we are happy now that we are again in the field and our faces turned to the Southward. We will likely go right over the old stamping ground again as I felt so certain we should when we left this region about one year ago when we were on the home stretch for Nashville. Pulaski is probably the next town which will be occupied by us after the road is completed to this point. I should like ever so much to go into the State of Georgia before we go North again. An active, vigorous, red-hot campaign is what would suit us best now until our time is out here or the war at an end. When we are busy the time passes off so much more rapidly than when we are idly languishing in Camp.

Tuesday Evening, August 25.

I did not finish my letter last evening, and really I am glad I did not, as since that time we have received marching orders. So you can see

how little we know or how imperfectly we can guess as to what is before us. We are off for (we think) Pulaski in the morning. The 2nd Brigade has come down from Nashville to relieve us, and we go on farther into Dixie. Gracious Peter! Here we go again, and none of us seem to care a continental where. We are all well and feel as happy and contented as church mice now that the ball is once more rolling. I am yet alone in command of the Company and have everything to see to, and you may well believe it keeps me pretty busy. We are all hurry and bustle to-night getting ready for an early start in the morning. As soon as we get settled down again I will try to write you a more sensible and interesting letter than this. Accept it, however, as it is, and I will make no excuses for it, being written as it has been in a great hurry. In the morning we are off for—the good Lord only knows where. When we get settled down again you will hear from us. With a thousand remembrances to all the dear ones at home, we remain as ever, Yours most affectionately,

E. A. W.

After fourteen or fifteen days of marching and maneuvering and monkeying around in Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama, we find our next letter dated at Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 8, '63, which describes our trip there from Flint River, or Columbia, our last Camping place, and gives a fair, though brief account of the march, and which is so much better than my memory now serves me, that I give it as I find it written :

"DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: We just last evening arrived in this town after a long and fatigueing march from Flint River where I last wrote you. The distance from Columbia by the dirt road was about fifty-six miles. The weather was dry and the roads dusty, and water exceedingly scarce the most of the way, but after all, the march was not a killing hard one, as there seemed to be no hurry and we took our time to it, some days making ten or twelve miles, and then again on other days not more than half the distance. There was evidently no hurry in the execution of the movement, for if it had been necessary we could have made the entire distance easily in four days. The country through which

we passed from Huntsville eastward toward Stevenson was very romantic indeed; the road meandered through a beautiful valley skirted on either side by mountain ranges, and as this was the first genuine mountain we ever saw, the sight was delightfully grand and interesting to us. On the whole this country, to the eye, is very picturesque and beautiful, but I pray you excuse us from living here. Everything and everybody is at least fifty years behind the times. The customs and habits of the people are so ancient and so different from what they are in the North, that one is both amused and surprised at almost every turn. It is no uncommon thing to see a family of three or four persons riding a poor old bare-backed horse to church on a Sunday morning, and feel and act as if that mode of conveyance was really a modern and aristocratic one. This all seemed odd enough to us who never witnessed the like before in our lives. The Southern ladies as a rule, but of course with a few honorable exceptions, seem to be utterly gone on this disgustingly, nasty and intolerable habit of "dipping." To see a lady smoke is in

itself shocking, and could not be tolerated in the North excepting in the case of our good old grandmother. But here the vice of smoking and dipping among the ladies of all grades of society is almost universal. Just think for a moment of the figure a lady would cut chewing a stick with saturated rag dipped in a pasty stuff attached to one end of it, and that lady chewing the end that has that rag attached to it. There is nothing like getting used to the looks of a thing. If this looks well to me after I have seen more of it, I will report later. Many of the towns and villages through which we passed on our way here are literally ruined and deserted, and indeed the whole country seems blighted and devastated. What a fearful price the South is paying for the empty honor of calling itself a Confederacy. War is simply terrible in the mildest and most unobjectionable form, and in my heart I pity this people and regret the necessity of all this bloodshed and the laying waste of their once beautiful, contented and happy homes. But treason is a fearful crime; when the life of one man is jeopardized we are shocked and horrified beyond

measure—how much more then is the gravity of the offense when a whole Nation is threatened and in peril. In conversation with the people I find lots of them heartily sick of the war, and they most all feel now that their cause is lost, and seem to be anxious for the return of peace. Our Brigade have been on the move almost every day since the 20th ult. These are truly big times, and pretty active ones too. By glancing at the map you will be enabled to see the meandering, crooked and circuitous route we have traveled. For taking the thing easy and fooling along on the way as we have done, reminds me of our famous Kentucky trip in '62 under McClernand, only this time we did not come out of the same hole we went in at. But we have taken an awful sweep through Dixie, and the end is not yet. The main army under Rosecrans is still in advance, or rather we seem to be the right wing of it. The main body is now South of the Tennessee River and is moving carefully on Chattanooga. Our Brigade is to remain in this vicinity with headquarters at Stevenson; our Regiment and the 10th Michigan Infantry re-

main here; the 16th Illinois is stationed along the railroad above here; the 60th Illinois and the 10th Michigan Battery are to go to Bridgeport, a few miles in advance on the Tennessee River. The 2nd and 3rd Brigades go to the front, or to the main army under command of Major General Granger. This at least seems to be the way matters are arranged for the present. But we cannot tell to-day with certainty what will happen to-morrow, for all things in time of war are extremely uncertain, and events might occur in an hour that would make necessary the change of the whole plan of a campaign. The military authorities are enlisting hosts of colored troops at this point, who are at once placed under military instruction to fit them for the active duties of the field. The darkies seem to be well pleased with the idea of becoming soldiers in Mr. Lincoln's army, and I have do doubt would stop a rebel ball as quickly as any of us. I am highly in favor of their being made soldiers of, and trust the government will put a half million of them in the field at once if it is necessary. The war will now necessarily result in their freedom, and

it is altogether proper that this people, who are to be so largely benefited as a race, should aid in destroying the chains which have so long and so firmly bound them. I am sure that all they want is an opportunity, for they are flocking to our lines in droves, and are all anxious and willing to enlist as soldiers.

"A courier in to-day from Rosey reports the army as gradually advancing on Chattanooga, and heavy skirmishing already commenced, and it would seem that the Johnnies would soon have to fight, surrender or skedaddle. They know how to fight as that has been so often demonstrated to us in times past, and they have on rare occasions been known to skedaddle, but to have them surrender we hardly expect. However, Chattanooga must "come" soon, and it would not at all surprise me if it came even without a battle. It is surmised that they are making preparations to get out. This town of Stevenson is a perfect sandhole, and is unInviting in every respect. The stench from dead horses and mules lying around in the brush almost everywhere is enough to breed a pestilence. The town is small

and dirty, and has a genuine rebel look about it that is woe-begone in every feature. The natives have all left—they attended to that just before the yankees arrived—they might have stayed. But they did wisely by going and leaving behind them such a looking place as this. We simply make use of the name of the town instead of the town itself for a military Camp, and a sort of an intermediate or secondary base for the supplies necessary for the operations of the army. The 1st and 3rd Divisions of the Reserve Corps have just arrived. Ours is the 2nd Division now commanded by our General Morgan. The 1st Division is commanded by General Steadman, of Ohio, and the 3rd by Gen. R. S. Granger, and the entire Corps by Major General Gordon Granger. The whole Corps is either here or on its way here. Gordon Granger's Corps is considered to be composed of as good material as can be found in the whole army, and it will be kept within easy striking distance of the main body, to be used and thrown in as necessity or emergency may require. Oh, the monkey and the Dutchman, my paper is all grease. The little short

stub of a candle which just barely afforded me light enough to write by, dropped on my letter, and now what a mess we have of it. This was not all the bad luck either, but we thought the climax was reached when Freem Rosebrook, whom we have named "pizen" by reason of his ability to upset and overturn things, upset the ink bottle on my letter, and here it is all ink and grease and grease and ink, all intermixed and interblended, and my letter looks as if a Cavalry horse had slept on it over night. But no matter, we can't help it, we're all stirred up, and unsettled, and we have no conveniences; we are simply "staying," not knowing what moment we are to be ordered off, and have not "fixed up" a bit since our arrival, and we are all dirt and dust to the eyes from the effect of our long and tiresome march. Our good cousin, Capt. William Wilson, of Cleveland, I understand, has just arrived with his Regiment—the 124th Ohio—so I must go and look him up, By the way, did I tell you what Brigade and Division we were in. Ours is the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, Reserve Corps. You may look out for stirring news from

the army soon, as I feel sure we are on the eve of very important events. As long as we are on any line of communication I will keep you informed of our movements. Excuse the great length of this letter. Yours ever,

E. A. W.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rosecrans' Army Occupies Chattanooga.—Bragg Falls Back to Chicamauga.—Rosecrans Fights Him and is Repulsed.—General Thomas Like a Stone Wall.—Saves the Army from Rout.—General Garfield.—Army Back to Chattanooga.—Nearly Starved Out.—Supply Train for the Army Captured and Burned by the Enemy.—Another One Started.—Reaches Destination in Safety.—Poor Starving Soldiers, Horses and Mules.—Rejoiced to See Us Arrive.—Trees and Wagons Eaten Up by Hungry Horses and Mules.—Rebels Occupy Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.—Our Return to Bridgeport.

If I remember correctly our forces entered Chattanooga on the 12th of September, the enemy falling back in the direction of Ringgold, Georgia, and our army following in pursuit. From the manner in which the enemy had been falling back lately upon our approach, one would almost argue that there was no fight in them. But what a fearful and mistaken supposition this was, as we shall very soon see.

General Bragg on evacuating Chattanooga very leisurely moved back to the rear across the

Georgia line to the distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, where he was re-inforced by the two Corps of Hill and Longstreet, when he suddenly sprang upon our army, divided and scattered as it was, and virtually defeated it and forced it back upon our base at Chattanooga, with terrible loss of men and munitions of war, and glory and prestige as well. Our brave and gallant army made a heroic and determined resistance at Chickamauga, where a fearful yet fruitless battle was waged for several days with varying results, but owing to the superior force of the enemy, General Rosecrans' hitherto victorious army was compelled to withdraw from the field, partly in good order and partly in a demoralized and broken condition.

To General Thomas' coolness and bravery and dogged determination, and to the extraordinary efforts of General Rosecrans' Chief of Staff, General Garfield, belong, in great part, the credit of saving the Army of the Cumberland in that battle from an utter and humiliating defeat and consequent disaster and rout. For two whole days Thomas' Corps stood like a wall of iron

and steel, invincible, compact and invulnerable, and withstood every assault of the enemy and repulsed it.

General Rosecrans, meantime, was reorganizing and reforming his broken lines and forming a new line of defense at Chattanooga, while the man of iron held the rebel hosts at bay on the not yet abandoned field at Chickamauga. As soon as order had once more been brought out of chaos and confusion, the new lines established, and rude works thrown up at Chattanooga, orders were given that grand old hero, General Thomas, to abandon his position, and retire upon the newly formed line in the rear, which order he leisurely yet promptly complied with in the face of the hotly pursuing and jubilant rebel army.

The new line of defense, of which Chattanooga was the center, reached from the Tennessee River above the town in a semi-circular form around to the river to the westward, facing south. The rebels moved up and occupied the outer and parallel line known as Mission Ridge and corresponding to our own, and also occupied and planted heavy siege guns upon Lookout Moun-

tain, which most favorable position was in easy range of and commanded the town, to the great annoyance of our forces. But our boys were there to stay, and no amount of shelling the rebels were able to give them could drive them out or dislodge them.

We now have the two contending armies back at Chattanooga, where we will leave them for the present, and I will endeavor to describe what was going on in the rear of our gallant and unsuspecting army, which proved almost as disastrous to it as did the Chickamauga battle.

Bridgeport, the depot for supplies for the army, a point about forty miles west of Chickamauga, was now occupied by a portion of our Brigade to look after its safety and to protect the road and river to that point. The rebels had control of the river at several points between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, preventing its use or the use of the railroad in forwarding supplies by that route, so everything that went forward to the army had to go by wagon on the north bank of the river by way of Jasper and the Sequatchie Valley and over the Raccoon Moun-

tain, by a circuitous route of fifty-five miles to Chattanooga.

About the time of the Chickamauga engagement, a large wagon train of supplies for the army had been despatched under the escort of a good strong guard by us from Bridgeport by this route —the only one then open to us. The train arrived at the base of Raccoon Mountain in safety and without particular incident, and had been *parked* for safety, preparatory and previous to the crossing which had to be effected at this point. All being ready, the teams all doubled up for the occasion, the ascent was commenced, which was hard and slow, and laborious. As the faithful animals and the unsuspecting soldiers were straining every nerve and fiber and muscle of their bodies to force the loaded wagons up the almost perpendicular side of that two miles of lofty dizziness, and while in their fancied security, they were suddenly pounced upon by a Brigade of Wheeler's Cavalry, and what was intended for the starving men and animals of Rosecrans' army went up in fire and smoke in less than thirty minutes, and nothing was left of the magnificent

train excepting a few dead mules and a smoking ruin. This was bad and discouraging, but hope was not lost. The following morning a messenger arrived at General Morgan's headquarters at Bridgeport bearing the news of the sad and terrible calamity. A new train was at once loaded and placed in charge of the left wing of our Regiment, the old 10th, with instructions to see it through, and that very speedily, to General Rosecrans at Chattanooga. The train was ready for a start in a few hours, and we pulled out hastily and hurriedly, feeling the importance and gravity of the situation. We marched all night and part of the next day, and arrived at the scene of the wreck of a few days before at the base of the mountain in safety. On our arrival our train was carefully parked and thoroughly and vigilantly guarded, when the laborious ascent was at once commenced and hurried forward with all possible speed, as we knew our army must now be on the verge of starvation. We worked as men never worked before. It seemed as if both men and mules fairly vied with each other in their almost frantic efforts to move those heavily loaded army

wagons up and up the almost endless heights, as it were, away into the clouds, the only possible route now open to our army. A little over four hours sufficed to reach the summit, all in safety, and no time was lost in making the descent on the Chattanooga side. On descending the south side of the mountain, an escort of Cavalry, sent out by General Rosecrans, met us for the purpose of urging us forward, as the army had become almost desperate and frantic for something to eat, and the poor horses and mules were actually in the throes of starvation.

On our arrival at the river opposite the town a pontoon bridge had already been thrown across in anticipation of our arrival, over which we crossed to the south bank and to the Chattanooga side. The poor horses and mules were indeed to be pitied, as their pangs of hunger must have been simply awful. They would eat everything they could lay hold of, not even sparing the wagons to which they were tied, many of which were literally eaten up and ruined. I noticed many large saplings which had been gnawed down and devoured almost bodily, so ravenous

were their appetites. And the poor soldiers, I pitied them from the bottom of my heart. As our train moved across the pontoon bridge and up the river bank, the poor hungry boys gathered around and cheered us with all the feeble strength they had left, declaring that our timely arrival had actually saved them from starvation. They told us to what desperate straits they had been driven, and how they had been obliged to pick up kernels of corn which had been spilled and dropped upon the ground by the horses and mules while feeding; or how, while the teamster's backs were turned, had robbed the poor animal of his small pittance and roasted and eaten it themselves, as the only nourishing thing they could possibly get hold of. If soldiers were ever welcomed and greeted and blessed, it was we who had by such superhuman efforts saved them from starvation or the immediate necessity of abandoning Chattanooga. None felt more thankful than ourselves that we were the means of rendering succor when it was so distressingly needed.

After our arrival with the train we soon learned that we could not get the wagons ready

to return until the next day about noon. We took advantage of this and determined to look around a little and see what the true situation of affairs were; so, after resting an hour and getting something to eat, we sauntered out on a tour of inspection, visiting many parts of the line and talking with many of the officers and men about the Chickamauga battle, and they all concurred in the statement that General Bragg was a little too much for them. As near as we could learn he had been reinforced by both Hill and Longstreet's corps, just previous to the engagement, to the extent of about 30,000 men. If this was true, it's no wonder our army now lies at Chattanooga on the defensive.

Both our line of defense and the rebel works could be plainly seen from an eminence near the river bank, but on visiting our line we could not help admiring the judgment and skill of General Rosecrans in selecting it. It was admirably chosen and well adapted for the defense of the town, and it looked as if he could hold it for all time if he so desired to do.

By evening of the day of our arrival, the

heroes, doing duty in the trenches around the beleaguered town, wore happier countenances. Even the mules and horses had quieted down from their everlasting braying and neighing. All now had something to eat, and all had cheerful and happy faces. What a transformation! What change from the darkness of gloom, and doubt, and uncertainty to the bright sunshine of hope and happiness!

On the following day our long, empty wagon train moved out of the town, and back over the long, crazy pontoon bridge spanning the swift running Tennessee, and winding through the valley, we were soon at the base of the mountain again and ready for our aerial voyage into the clouds. The return trip was made more leisurely, there being no hurry, and we arrived at our camp at Bridgeport on the night of the 26th of September without particular incident, having been out just six days altogether, in making the trip both ways of 110 miles. Captain Lusk of Company K, being the ranking officer among the five companies, was in command of the expedition. We all had a pretty hard week of it, but

we had lots of fun thrown in occasionally, which the soldiers know so well how to relish and enjoy and to make the most of, and which rendered our trip pleasant and agreeable and full of variety. The route over which we traveled lay near the river bank a large part of the way. The country for the most part being heavily timbered, with high mountain ranges a little back on either side of the river, presented a wild, weird picture many times to us, and we felt a constant care lest the rebels might be concealed in some of those out-of-the-way places to gobble up our train. So we were really not in a fit state of mind to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery, nor the beauty which might have presented itself to us at any other time. The people were poor, ignorant, and, as a rule, rampant secessionists, but why they were secessionists they could not tell.

CHAPTER XV.

Terrible Explosion of Fixed Ammunition at Bridgeport.—Loss of Life.—Sickening Scenes.—Heavy Loss to the Army.—We Change Camp.—At Anderson's Cross-Roads.—Sequatchie Valley.—Another Supply Train Captured by Wheeler's Men.—Made a Part of the 14th Army Corps.—Move to Dallas on the Tennessee River.—News Received of Ohio Election.—Happy Soldiers.—Gave New Courage to the Army.—Remove Camp to Igos Ferry.—The 10th Mich. Glad to See Us.—A Greeting.—A Foraging Trip to the Sequatchie Valley.—A Night Scene in Camp.—The Rebel and His Bee Hive.—Return to Igos Ferry With Loaded Teams.—Rosecrans Relieved.—Gen. Grant Assumes Command of the Army.—Open Communication by River to Bridgeport.—Strengthening Lines.—Reinforcements Arrive from the West Under Gen. Sherman.—Hooker Comes from the Potomac.

On the morning of September 30, 1863, while writing in our tent, we were suddenly startled by an explosion, which fairly shook the earth with its power and fairly threw us off the cracker box on which we were seated, so powerful and sudden was the shock. Of course, we all made a rush for the scene of the explosion, but had hard-

ly got outside our quarters before the shells began to explode and to fly in every direction, when the fact was very soon made plain to us that the large pile of fixed ammunition up at the left of our quarters had exploded, for the air was black with smoke and filled with flying fragments of broken shells, and balls, and missiles of every kind. The 16th Regiment, which was quartered near the scene, were flying for their lives to safer quarters, and general confusion reigned supreme. We rushed back into the tent quickly, as it was not quite so dangerous there as in the open air. I looked at Captain Waters earnestly and the Captain looked at me as much as to say he was perfectly willing. I said, "Captain, let's grab a root." By this expression we meant we would become humble and prostrate our bodies upon the ground. We lost no time in getting down, and the lower down we got the better we felt about it, as the shells flew like hail stones all around us. I am sure we made our mark once in the ground —on this occasion—if we never do again.

The scene, to say the least, was amusing, as well as grave and startling, and on going out

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF FIXED AMMUNITION AT BRIDGEPORT, TENNESSEE.—"GRAB A ROOT."

after the thing was over, the dead and wounded were lying almost everywhere — many being struck by flying shells in trying to get out of the way of danger. The scene that presented itself was indeed appalling. After about half an hour a lull in the tumult came, and we concluded the worst was over, and ventured out to reconnoiter and take an inventory of the damage, and found that where formerly stood the towering pile of fixed ammunition nothing now marked the spot save the smoking remains of the burning boxes containing it. The scene was indeed a terrible one to look upon. The dead and wounded confronted us on every hand.

The explosion was caused by the careless dropping of a shell while the same was being unloaded from a wagon, thus communicating the fire to the large pile, causing the instantaneous explosion of the whole, killing eight or ten men outright and severely wounding about fifteen others. The loss was mostly in the 16th Illinois, as the ammunition was lying in a large pile within a few rods of the left wing of that Regiment.

Fortunately only one man was killed out of

our Regiment, he being on guard at the time of the explosion over the ammunition. The mule team and wagon, the driver and all who were engaged in handling the explosives were literally blown to pieces. Some of the poor boys were thrown more than two hundred feet in the air, and were torn limb from limb, and were so mutilated that it was impossible to recognize or identify them. But accidents will happen, and this certainly proved to be a very bad one. Aside from the frightful loss of life, and the wounding and maiming caused by it, the loss in dollars and cents to the Government was no trifling affair, to say nothing of the inconvenience and annoyance of the thing. The amount of "scare" we sustained can hardly be computed. But in the midst of it all, interblended with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying, you could hear from every side that familiar expression "stop that dodgin'" or "grab a root" from some daredevil sort of fellows who were fortunate enough not to get hit by flying missiles during our little matinee. It was no disregard they held toward their wounded comrades that they showed this

seeming levity, but a natural impulse to extract a little fun, if possible, from the awful surroundings.

The rebel General Wheeler, during this time, was unpleasantly active in his raids and operations against our lines of communication, and in destroying our supply trains. His second raid to the rear of our army and the loss of another large supply train en route to the front is so well described in an army letter to friends at home, dated at Anderson's Cross Roads, Tenn., Oct. 7, 1863, I am tempted to give it here. It reads as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: You will discover by the heading of my letter that we have made a change of camp, and you must accept this as my excuse for the delay in writing. This has been my first opportunity to write since leaving Bridgeport on October 1st. We had just returned from Chattanooga, where we had been sent in charge of a train of supplies for the army, and had hardly got rested from the fatigue of the march when the great explosion of all the ammunition took place, of which circumstance I have written you, when orders were received by

the Brigade to march at once for this point for the purpose of intercepting a brigade of Wheeler's Rebel Cavalry, which had crossed the river above Chattanooga for the purpose of destroying our supply train then en route for the army. We started from Bridgeport about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 1st, in one of the most merciless rain storms you ever saw, making about fifteen miles before dark, but we continued on in the rain and mud in the darkness until near 9 o'clock, when we were bivouacked for the night in a little strip of woods at the left of the road, our clothes being as wet as water could make them. The outlook was so cheerless, the boys did not even attempt to kindle fires to dry out their water-soaked garments, but just rolled themselves up in their wet blankets and threw themselves upon the water-soaked ground for a little sleep and rest. This was the best we could do, and no one was more favored than another; even General Morgan himself was shivering all night in his wet blankets, stowed away under the roots of an upturned maple. We could only make the best of it, and endure it. Morning came at last.

The reveille was sounded early, and as we crawled out of our smoking, steaming blankets, I was strongly reminded of a nest of "hogs" crawling out of a wet straw stack in a cold, frosty morning. We, too, would have "squealed," but we knew it was useless to do so, so we concluded we would save our breath. For breakfast we ate a little raw bacon and hard tack, and as soon as it was light enough to travel again, hurriedly set out on our way in the direction of Raccoon Mountain and the scene of the threatened danger. At about 12 o'clock we began to meet stragglers and teamsters flying back toward Bridgeport from the train under great excitement, and they assured us of its utter and complete destruction by the rebels. The farther we went the greater was the rush of frightened teamsters, sutlers and negroes, trying to reach Bridgeport or some other place of safety, and the wonderful stories they told of the naughty acts of the rebel Cavalry were surprising, as well as ludicrous and amusing. As soon as this intelligence reached us we pressed on at almost a double-quick gait, hoping we might arrive on the ground in time to save at least a

portion of the train, or to capture or soundly thrash the rebel brigade for its bold insolence. But we were too late to save anything. They had completed their work, and had done it well. Every wagon in the whole train, over two hundred in number, was on fire and nearly consumed on our arrival. As soon as the rebels found the Infantry as well as the Cavalry bearing down on them they left hastily.

Our march was so rapid and our arrival so unexpected to them, that our Cavalry was enabled to dash into their retreating columns and succeeded in capturing about sixty prisoners, among whom were several Majors, and other officers of lower rank. The rebel officers told us they knew the exact hour of our starting from Bridgeport, but did not expect us so soon under at least twelve hours. They did not believe it possible for infantry to make the distance in so short a time. But we were there, too late, I am sorry to say, to save our train from destruction. Our Cavalry came very near capturing the rebel General Wheeler himself, so the rebel prisoners told us. The fleetness of his horse alone saved him

from capture. The Johnnies did their work neatly and with despatch. Besides the 200 wagons loaded with rations, ammunition and suttlers' supplies, which were totally destroyed, they shot between three and four hundred mules dead in their tracks. All the finest and best, however, they carried away with them. The guard with this train was not large, and the rebels very quickly overpowered them, but they fought like young tigers for the protection of their charge, and only yielded after being overwhelmed by numbers, and beaten back by the multitude which swarmed in on them from every side. The twenty or thirty dead and wounded rebels that we found in the vicinity of the burning train was evidence and proof positive of their courage and valor. Our loss was comparatively light, not exceeding over one or two in killed, and three or four in wounded. The sight here presented to those unused to such things would have been pronounced "simply awful." Dead men, dead mules, dead horses and burning wagons would present themselves almost everywhere you turned your eyes. On the space of about one

acre of ground you could count over 300 dead mules which the naughty rebels had just shot, many of whom were yet bleeding and in the throes of death. To you this would seem barbarous and uncivilized. It is, but after all it is considered honorable warfare, yet I must confess it is just as cruel as it can be. It does seem that the poor dumb brute should be exempt from such barbarism at the hands of "civilized" man. This is the same old route we traveled over about two weeks ago, when the left wing of our Regiment escorted the first train of supplies through to our army at Chattanooga, of which account I have already written you. This is the second train the Johnnies have got away with, right on this very ground, it being at or near the base of Raccoon Mountain, and at the point where the crossing of the mountain is effected. The distance from here to Chattanooga over the mountain route, is twenty-one miles, and from here back to Bridgeport where we were last encamped is thirty-nine miles.

The wagon road over which we traveled lies on the North bank of the Tennessee River, and

passes through what is known as the Sequatchie Valley. Some portions of the valley are very rich and fertile, judging from the apparent thrift of some of the settlers, while other portions of it seem too poor and "ornery" even to support the lowest of the lowly—Tennessee's white corn crackers. There are but few negroes in this portion of the South. When you do find one he is your friend and you can trust him as such. I have not met a colored rebel in all my experience in the South. There seems to be more valley or bottom lands at the base of the Mountain Range on the North than on the South side of the river, as for long distances the river seems to hug closely the foot of the mountain range on the South side of the valley.

The rebel Cavalry are supposed to be making a big raid to the rear of us on the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, but our own Cavalry are after them and in close pursuit. We have routed them effectually from this section, but only after they had succeeded in destroying two large supply trains for us. This section of the country has been inadequately guarded. One

Brigade to look after a line of communication sixty miles in length, and at the same time to furnish protection for our base at Bridgeport, and for the moving trains of army wagons both ways, is drawing our Brigade out entirely too thin, and there can be no wonder the rebel General Wheeler took advantage of so soft a snap, and went for it so successfully as he did.

I believe I told you in a former letter that large reinforcements were now arriving from the Army of the Potomac. The 11th and 12th Corps are now on their way here, and large numbers have already arrived. With two additional Corps, with fighting Joe Hooker to boot, I think we shall get along.

We are away out twenty miles from nowhere, where we are likely to get no news, no papers, no letters, no nothing; therefore do pity us. Our wagons just brought up our tents to-day, and we have been busy rigging them up, and trying to make ourselves comfortable. This letter may not reach you, as the rebel General Wheeler is supposed to be acting as "Route Agent" for us away back somewhere in Tennessee. If he gets

this letter and takes time to read it, I pity him, but if he does he will find this complimentary mention of our high appreciation of his soldierly qualities, his industry, his high courage, bravery and skill of a Cavalry officer, and of his well known humanity toward prisoners, who, through the vicissitudes of war, have fallen into his hands. It seems a pity that so good and able a man as General Wheeler should be a rebel and be fighting as he is on the wrong side. But this war has wrought out some very strange things, and strange things no doubt are yet to follow.

With many kind remembrances to the dear ones at home, I am as ever,

E. A. W.

Our stay in the Sequatchie Valley was quite protracted, remaining there almost an entire month. Our duty consisted mostly in looking after the safety of the trains and our line of communication between Bridgeport and the army at the front. But that grew monotonous to us after awhile, and we earnestly sighed for a change long before it came.

About this time we were made a part of the

14th Army Corps, which change pleased us immensely. We had become completely disgusted with ourselves and with everybody else who was in official position above us, because we were compelled to remain in the rear so long guarding hard tack, and kicking and braying mules. We tried even to do this work faithfully and well, but we had got tired of it, and wanted to go to the front badly, where we could do some apparent good in putting down Rebellion.

We did not have to wait long, as the order came to us on the 22nd of October to be ready to march on the next day, to Dallas, a point on the Tennessee River, almost thirty miles East of the old Camp in the valley, and about twelve miles above Chattanooga. At the same time an order placing us in a new command was received, and we all rejoiced to get out of that hated Reserve Corps.

This new order assigned us to the 14th Army Corps, and we were then known as the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th Army Corps, and were officered from regimental command to department command, as follows: Commander of Regiment,

John Tillson; of Brigade, James D. Morgan: of Division, Jeff. C. Davis; of Corps, George H. Thomas; and of the Department, General Rosecrans.

All the other Regiments of our Brigade except our own—the 10th Illinois—had preceded us several days, and I presume this made us more anxious than ever to get away to join them.

The news of the Ohio State Election came to us about the time we were ready to leave the valley, and that glorious one hundred thousand majority was about the only thing that kept life in our bodies and hope in our breasts, isolated and shut out from the world as we were.

The news of Vallandigham's Waterloo was almost too good to be true, but thank God it was true, and our arms and our hearts were strengthened accordingly. This moral and political triumph, coming as it did so soon after our temporary reverse at Chickamauga, fairly electrified us and set our hearts again bounding with delight, knowing that the end was now nearer than ever before.

When the great central loyal State of Ohio

sent to us and to the world this greeting we well knew what it meant. To us it had no uncertain sound. We understood it to say, "brave boys in the field, press forward to the end, and by the eternal we'll see you through."

From that moment we took new courage and hope, for we then knew that the great loyal heart of the North was with us, and with our good President Lincoln, and that it would strengthen our hands and aid us to the end in the great life and death struggle in which we were then engaged. We also knew this meant reinforcements for our decimated and thinned ranks and more vigor in the prosecution of the war. In fact, we were happy over the prospect, and when the day came to march, to join our Brigade at Igos Ferry, or Dallas, over on the Tennessee River, we acted more like a lot of lunatics or dancing Dervishes than anything else, so happy did we feel over the good news we had just received, and we marched off singing as loud as we could yell, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave."

Two days' march up the valley eastward and

southward toward Chattanooga, brought us to our Brigade at the Ferry. We were as happy to see the boys as if they had been our long lost brothers, and as we came in sight we heard them sing out, "There comes the old 10th!" There comes the old 10th!" and such a reception as they gave us we never in our lives shall forget. They cheered us until they were hoarse, and we in turn cheered them. In fact, we had a regular love-feast all around, for apparently the Prodigal Son had once more returned to his father's house. The boys of the 10th Michigan, the 10th, 16th and 60th Illinois, especially, seemed to have almost an affectionate regard for each other, we had been associated together so long—now nearly three years—through all the changing vicissitudes and dangers of the field, of the Camp, and of the march, and we had learned to trust in each other's soldierly qualities, and when either of the commands had a specially hazardous undertaking on hand, they had the fullest confidence of their ability to successfully cope with it, and to overcome any and all difficulties and obstacles. In this regard there was the most perfect trust and

confidence, and this feeling of confidence begat a like feeling throughout the whole Brigade, and consequently a warmth of friendship grew up which ripened and strengthened to the very end of our service.

The evening of the 24th found us in our new Camp and quarters at Igos Ferry. But we did not remain long in idleness there, as forage and supplies was needed for the army, so a detail from the Brigade was made which happened to include us, to take charge of the party and accompany the expedition. On the morning of the 28th we set out, taking our course up the river in a northerly direction, arriving in the Sequatchie Valley on the evening of the 29th, making our crossing at Pitts'—twenty miles above Anderson's crossing, where we had been formerly encamped. We obtained our forage and supplies within about four miles of Pikeville, in Bloodsoe County, where we found everything in abundance on the fat plantations of five or six rebel citizens who were then in the Confederate army. We at once proceeded to "go for" what we needed, and immediately commenced to load

the wagons and were ready to start back next morning.

We endeavored to keep the boys in hand and as much together as possible to meet any attack which might be made on us by the enemy, but no enemy appeared, and the boys amused themselves by requiring all the nice chickens, and pigs, and ducks, and geese, and turkeys to "subscribe to the oath." Our lads by no means came back empty handed. It was "fodder for animals and men we were sent after, and I am sure we got it." We found many loyalists whose property we did not in the least disturb or molest, but we did just everlastingly go for the rebels.

During the early evening, after we got the wagons all loaded up for an early start for the return trip in the morning, the boys thought they would not forget their own personal wants; so they confiscated a hive of bees and brought it into Camp, and were just in the act of dividing the honey around among their comrades, when the old rebel owner rushed up to the Camp on horseback almost out of breath, and inquired for the officer in command. He was not long in pour-

ing out to us his tale of woe, and wanted the men, who would dare presume to carry off his honey in that way, arrested right off and punished. From where we stood we could plainly see that the boys had his honey, and the old fellow was frantic, for they were then in the very act of making a "divy" of it, and were whacking away at the bees which were occasionally stinging them. So, of course, it was a pretty clear case that the tall slim-jim before us had lost his honey, and that our boys had got it. Possession, however, was not conclusive proof of ownership at all times, but in Tennessee it was fully ten points gained. Our boys had it, at all events, and the tall Johnnie thought they acted very much as if they owned it. We inquired the fellow's name and found he was a noted rebel who had always given the Union cause cold comfort since the unpleasantness first began, for we had a list of all such fellows from that neighborhood then in our pocket, which we had obtained from the darkies first thing on our arrival. The darkies were unerring in those things, and seldom, if ever, made a mistake in their man. I finally said

to him, "now, if you are a Union man, as you claim you are, what have you done for the Union cause?" Well, he said he never did much, to be sure, "bekase he never had a chance." We told him that he now had a chance to do some real service to the Union cause, and if he was as loyal as he pretended to be he could certainly afford to contribute as much as one small lot of honey toward saving it. We further informed him that we would investigate his loyalty a little before giving him a voucher, and if we found him all right we would see him later. The old fellow went off at this on his ear, and acted as if he had a large sized flea in it, and the dear boys ate their honey in peace.

When all was ready next morning, the good things all gathered up and stowed away in the wagons, the wagon master ordered his train out and we again set out on our homeward bound trip, arriving in Camp at Igos Ferry on the afternoon of the 3rd of November, safe and sound, and without accident or loss of any kind, and all having had a jolly good time while we were gone.

During our absence we found there had been considerable fighting going on between our forces under General Hooker and the rebels for the possession of Lookout Mountain and the valley to the westward. Our forces had driven the Johnnies part way up the west side of Lookout, and had also driven them entirely out of Lookout Valley, which fortunate thing gave us control by the Tennessee River, and the railroad to Chattanooga. This was certainly a very large sized item for our army just at that time, as every pound of necessary supplies had to be carted over the mountains and through the mud away around by "Robin Hood's barn" nearly sixty miles.

The rebel pickets and our boys used to have some very interesting chats across the river at the Ferry. There was a mutual understanding between the belligerant pickets of either side not to fire unless a hostile demonstration was attempted. It seemed very odd to see the enemy as well as the "yanks" walking around boldly in plain sight of each other and not a shot being fired from either side. Orders were strictly

against conversing with the enemy's pickets, but after all it was done, and some quite laughable occurrences took place. The river at this point was quite narrow, not being perhaps over twenty or thirty rods wide, and the Johnnies could go in swimming on one side and the yanks at the same time on the other. All that was necessary would be for some yank or Johnnie to suggest a swim, when it would at once be agreed to by the other side, and in they'd go.

There was a sort of a bar or shoal place in the river near its center to which the boys would swim to from either side and where they would have friedly chats for half an hour at a time, joking and laughing and talking about general topics, taking a chew of each other's tobacco, exchanging papers and having a good time generally. When through they would shake hands in the most friendly way and bid each other good bye; after which they would plunge in and "pull for the shore."

These scenes were not uncommon nor infrequent. However, all this kindness and goodness on the part of the pickets would not last. But

before hostilities were resumed the attacking party always had the manhood and manliness to give notice and would sing out, "now look out, Johnnie," or "yank" as the case might be, "I'm going to shoot, now hunt your holes." Then bang, bang, bang would go the rifles all along the line, and not a living soul could be seen on either side. This fun would be kept up for awhile till the boys got tired of it, when some fellow would sing out, "Hello, John, let's stop shooting—give us a rest." The reply would come back, "All right, Yank, dry it up then, we're not mad," and the thing for the time being was over, and the boys from both sides would walk around as leisurely as if there was not an enemy in a thousand miles.

Military changes and surprises came to us about this time thick and fast. General Rosecrans was relieved and General Thomas put in command. Then upon waking one morning we found our new favorite relieved and General Grant in command.

The rank and file of the army had great confidence in General Rosecrans as a commander,

and he retained at least their confidence to a remarkable degree—notwithstanding his reverse at Chickamauga—up to the last moment of his connection with the army.

General Thomas commanded for so short a time before the arrival in our department of General Grant, that we could hardly make up our minds in so short a time, how successfully he would have handled us. His fighting and staying qualities were well known to the army, and we would have been satisfied to try a campaign under him.

But the silent man of the West—the hero of Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg—had been sought out by President Lincoln as the fittest among our many able ones to marshal the hosts which had by that time gathered at Chattanooga, to give the rebel army a staggering blow which would either crush it utterly, or send it reeling to the rear in confusion and disorder.

Gen. Grant had no sooner arrived and taken a survey of the field before he entered upon the necessary preliminary work which was so very essential to his successful operations in case the

pending battle resulted favorably to our arms. The first thing he did was to clear the rebels out of Lookout Valley and from the base of Lookout Mountain, thereby enabling us to open up communication by river and by rail to our base at Bridgeport. This first act of his was good Generalship and had the hearty approval of Gen. Morgan's whole Brigade, which had been busily engaged for the two preceding months in guarding and boosting supply trains through the mud and over the mountains, over the long and tedious roads between Bridgeport and the front.

Gen. Grant certainly made a good beginning and we voted the man of few words a trump card from the start.

CHAPTER XVI

The 11th, 12th and 20th Corps Arrive.—Sherman, Sheridan and Smith on Hand from Vicksburg.—Grant's Fighting Lieutenants.—A Splendid Army.—Grant Studying the Situation and Laying His Plans.—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis.—Nelson.—Lookout Mountain.—Our Boys Build Houses.—Go Into Winter Quarters.—Grant Had Arranged Differently.—On the Wing Again.—Preparing for Battle.

About the time of Hooker's arrival from the east with the 11th, 12th and 20th Corps, Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Smith arrived from the west with large bodies of Western boys from the Army of Tennessee, fresh from the victorious field of Vicksburg. These so much augmented the old Army of the Cumberland that it was no longer necessary to remain on the defensive. We now had a large army at Chattanooga—probably not less than 65,000 men.

I must acknowledge that we accepted Gen. Grant as our chief with some serious misgivings as to his ability to handle so large a body of men with entire success. Not that he had ever on

any occasion been tried and found wanting, for we knew he would fight well, and was both brave and skillful, as that had on numberless fields been most thoroughly demonstrated. But this probably was the largest force he had ever been called upon to handle, and we hoped he would be equal to it, and were willing he should have a fair trial. We, however, knew that time and opportunity would tell, and that if he should have the earnest and united co-operation of such a body of men as composed that army, it was not possible for him to fail with anything like an ordinary display of Generalship. So we were all anxious that the trial should be made.

Gen. Grant, from the day of his arrival, was as busy as a bee concentrating troops at this point and placing them in position, and before the middle of November was gone we could all plainly see it was his purpose to engage the enemy whose guns and bayonets had been frowning down at us in a threatening manner from Lookout's lofty heights in front, and from Missionary Ridge encircling the town to the eastward since the memorable reverse on the plains of Chickamauga.

But while the great Captain was engaged in busy preparation for the approaching battle, the men of our Brigade hardly realized what was passing in the brain of the silent man 10 miles away at Chattanooga. They argued that he would hardly venture upon a winter's campaign, as it had now become so late in the season, and they had commenced the erection of, and in many cases had finished, their log houses which they had intended to occupy for the winter. But their labor was all in vain, for Gen. Grant had made other arrangements as we shall very soon see.

From the 1st to the 15th of November Gen. Grant and his subordinates were wonderfully busy in looking over the whole field and making themselves familiar with their new commands, and the manner in which they were fitted and equipped for a vigorous winters's campaign.

On the 7th of November, our new Division Commander, Gen Jeff. C. Davis—who will be remembered as the man who shot and killed Gen. Nelson at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1862—made us a visit, reviewing the portion of his Division at the Ferry, and then passing on up the river

as far as Washington, some 40 miles distant, where the 10th Michigan was stationed to guard a ford at that point.

For one man to deliberately kill another in cold blood is a serious, sad thing to do, but in the case of the killing of Gen. Nelson above referred to, it was regarded by the army generally as justifiable on the part of Gen. Davis under the circumstances. Nelson bore the reputation among his brother officers in the army, of being haughty, hot-headed, stubborn, willful and overbearing to the last degree toward those who were unfortunate enough to be under him or in any way associated with him. In fact, he was said to have been downright abusive. He met the wrong man at last. He tried his insolence on Gen. Davis, at the same time slapping him in the face, in a rude, brutal manner. This was more than human nature could bear, and Gen. Davis deliberately shot him dead in his tracks for his brutality, and the verdict of the Army and Nation was, "served him right." Gen. Davis was tried and honorably acquitted. Gen. Davis was the opposite in character and make-up

from the man whose life paid the penalty of his boorish and brutal conduct. He was in every sense a gentleman in his intercourse with his brother officers, and the humbliest private in the rear rank under him or about him was as kindly treated as though he had been a Major General. We soon learned to love and respect him, and it was not long before Gen. Jeff. Davis had the love, respect and confidence of his whole Division, and of all others who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

While Gen. Grant was getting ready to fight the battle of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, our boys were making entirely different arrangements, and were vigorously pushing forward the work on their log cabins, in which they proposed to spend the Winter. We were encamped in a nice grove of beautiful timber, and the boys concluded, as a matter of course, that there would be no more fighting to do, at least until the next Spring. So they all set to work erecting Winter quarters out of log and poles, and in a few days a young city had grown up as by magic. The streets were all laid out regularly,

and our new city of a day presented quite a lively and animated appearance. It looked odd enough to see the circling, curling smoke ascending from the chimneys of the thousand or more of these little log cabins.

In thought it carried us away back to the time of Davy Crockett, of whom we had read and heard so much when a boy, or later, as for instance, the Harrison log cabin and hard cider campaign of 1840, with, we were all sorry to say, the hard cider left out.

Some of the "messes" who had clubbed together had some very fine houses erected—the logs having been hewed both outside and in, and covered with "shakes" or clapboards. Others not quite so particular or tony, took less pains and put them up rough, saving much time and labor, which, as it turned out, was quite as well, for it was not our fortune to enjoy our new homes—the fruit of our labor—for a great length of time, as the "silent man" had made other arrangments which seemed largely to interfere and conflict with our proposed comfort and happiness in our new domiciles.

In one of my letters home about this time I wrote: "The darkies have announced "dinner" so I must "lay by" and partake of sweet pumpkin and hard tack, which, by the way, we, here in the army, consider no mean dish. Our army biscuit is indeed rightly named. It is hard tack —and hard enough it is too. We do not pretend to eat it without having it first made soft by soaking in water. Hard tack is served up by the soldiers while in Camp in a variety of ways; there is one way of fixing it which renders it quite eatable. It is first soaked in water until it becomes soft and flexible, after which it is fried in a little grease. This the boys have nick-named "Son-of-a-gun." But the name does not hurt the quality. It is pretty good in the absence of better things. I am sure the army names for some of our choice dishes here would shock the sensibilities of our good mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts at home, could they only hear them. This is a very mild name which they applied to fried crackers, compared with some other things, which I would hardly dare to mention. For several days past

the Regiment has been on rather short allowance, and the hard-tack and sweet pumpkin have gone off lively at a premium. So you see, occasionally we are surfeited with good things and then again are reduced to sweet pumpkins and hard-tack. There have been times which my memory recalls when even sweet pumpkins would have been esteemed a glorious dish. As regards our commissary supplies we were much like Lo, the poor Indian. One day a wild Buffalo to eat, the next day nothing. But we are seldom, if ever unhappy, let the world wag as it will. In one sense a soldier is a piece of mechanism to go and come in accordance with the will of another. The army reminds me often of a great engine, Gen. Grant now being the engineer or directing mind, and we the different parts of the noble "masheen." All we need, you see, to keep us a running without friction, is plenty of "sweet pumpkin." Other kinds of lubrication we do not object to, but you see we are in no wise particular. Anything to put down rebellion.

The railroad and river are now open between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, and there seems to

be wonderful activity at Gen. Grant's headquarters, yet it is hardly thought that a general campaign is to be entered upon by the army, as the season has already so far advanced and Winter will now soon be here, but this marked energy and quiet work now going on by the "silent man" at general headquarters must, it seems to me, mean something more than a quiet, inactive Winter to this magnificent army of old veterans now gathered here. Nothing under the light of heaven would surprise me in this direction, as Grant has the reputation of being a fighting man, and really it looks now as if he intended to measure lances with the rebel chief, Gen. Bragg, very soon. We are all ready for the fray, and when the time comes we shall endeavor to strike hard.

Yes, the result of the Ohio election did please us immensely. It is hard to believe that the good State of Ohio contains as many traitors to the National cause as it does, but it is a satisfaction to us to think they are buried and repudiated under the magnificent vote of 100,000 majority. So the army and government, and the

cause for which we fight, is again sustained by the people, and the Vallandinghamers will in all time to come be ranked and classed with the tories and traitors of the revolution, and, if it be possible, I despise them more intensely.

We go on picket again to-night. The weather is most beautifully warm—the nights, however, are pretty sharp and frosty.

When a detail is made for picket duty on the lines it usually embraces one whole Company, and not a detail from all companies, as is the case for ordinary Camp duty.

Our Capt. Waters is again on detached duty as Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial, which is now in session at Dallas, five miles below here, at the Camp of the 60th Illinois. The Captain's health continues frail and delicate, and he seriously contemplates retiring from the service in consequence. Poor boy, I know he would like to stay and see us through—the spirit being strong, but the little frail body entirely too weak, for this rough and tumble sort of life we are obliged to live.

We have in our Company three officers in com-

mission, but only two drawing pay as such—myself and Capt. Waters. Second Lieutenant Anderson is unable to muster, on account of an army regulation by reason of our Company at this time being below minimum. So I am still alone with the Company, with all its labor and care and anxiety. But I am both willing and strong, and fully equal to any task, however great, which may be set before me to do. I often think of the matter and feel so thankful that my health and strength have been so wonderfully spared to me during these years of hardship and trial and danger. While others have fallen by the wayside, enfeebled by exposure and disease, or by the fatal bullet, I have passed through it all untouched, unscathed.

Oh, this cruel, cruel war! How I do wish it was over, so that we could again fly to our loved ones, now so far away, and once more make them happy with our presence, and glad at our coming. May honorable peace soon crown our efforts here is our earnest, fervent and constant prayer. War both bitter and protracted would be preferable, however, to an unstaple or patched

up peace. Let it now be conquered—forced that it may be lasting. Whatever now is done, let it be well done, to the end that we may not again be called upon to battle for the Nation's life, and the blessings we have so long and so uninterruptedly enjoyed.

Traitors must now take a back seat, and the flag of the Union—that emblem of freedom—must float over every square foot of our National domain, and protect and guard the rights and universal freedom of all, both white and black alike. What a glorious thought—a Nation of freemen—with not a slave in all its broad borders. For this great boon we cheerfully give three years, or twice three years, if necessary, of trial, of suffering, and of blood.

CHAPTER XVII.

Grant Calling In and Concentrating His Forces.—Sherman's Army of the Tennessee and Davis' Division, 14th Corps, Cross the Tennessee Opposite Chickamauga Creek.—Take Up Position at Base of Ridge near Tunnel.—Gen. Smith.—Battery Under Command of Gen. Barnett.—The 14th Corps Advances.—Takes up Position near Base of Ridge.—4th Corps Fills the Gap.—Hooker on the Right, Thomas in the Center, and Sherman on the Left.—The Battle Above the Clouds.—A Beautiful Sight.—Sherman Attacks the Rebel Left.—The 14th Corps Charge the Rebel Center and Carry It.—The Rebel Army Defeated and in Full Retreat.—Grant Victorious.

It was now that things in and about Chattanooga began to grow interesting and lively. On the 20th of November General Grant began to call in and concentrate his forces, for the inevitable pending struggle. Our command, together with all the other outlying troops, moved down the river about six miles below the Ferry, and about four miles above Chattanooga, to a point nearly opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, where our position and numbers were closely concealed from the enemy. During the night of

the 23d a pontoon bridge was thrown across the river over which our Division—Jeff Davis' of the 14th Corps—and General Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, effected a crossing under darkness on the morning of the 24th. From the point of our crossing the river, to the rebel position on the summit of Missionary Ridge to the eastward, the distance must have been something like a mile, and little opposition was made to our movement during its execution save desultory picket firing. Before the rebels were fairly aware of what we were about, we were safely on the south bank of the Tennessee River, and had taken up our position and thrown up temporary works, so that in the event a heavy rebel force being massed and hurled against us, we could successfully check it and turn it back.

General Smith, Chief Engineer, took personal charge of the preliminaries and details on the left flank of the army, in providing ways and means by which we so successfully effected the crossing of the river. His arrangements were so perfect and so thoroughly dove-tailed together that not even a single hitch or accident occurred.

The pontoon boats were transported across, overland, from Chattanooga to a point about a mile above our position under cover of darkness, and were placed in the river and manned by skillful, careful pontooniers, who well understood their business, and also the perils and danger of their undertaking. All being ready, the pontoon fleet was set adrift. As it floated noiselessly down past the rebel pickets, who occupied the opposite shore, we felt sure they would discover our movement and open fire, but good fortune again favored and smiled on us, and our little fleet was soon down at the designated place and halted, when the work of bridge building commenced in earnest. Before daylight 1,400 feet of bridge spanned the rapid running stream, over which we passed in safety.

No detail, however trifling, seemed to be neglected to make the movement successful. A battery of heavy artillery was placed at the point of crossing under Gen. James Barnett, so that a raking cross-fire might be had if found necessary to force the crossing. Fortunately this was not found necessary, and the artillery was not used.

Although our Division was connected with Gen. Thomas' 14th Corps, we, however, in this movement, seemed to act in conjunction with the forces of Gen. Sherman on the extreme left—the balance of our Corps occupying the line farther down the river, but all being in plain sight of the position we then occupied. The left wing of our army was no more than safely over when we were at once ordered forward in line of battle over the foot hills and through the valley, forcing the enemy's picket back, when we took up a position near the base of the main ridge which was occupied by the rebels in force. It had now become nearly noon. All at once an unearthly yell arose away over to our right. It was the 14th Corps. They were advancing. Did it mean a battle? We were anxiously waiting and watching with our nerves and courage well twisted up for the encounter. With eager eyes we watched the old guard—that veteran army of the Cumberland—sweep down through the valley, across the little brook and up the little ascent in the edge of the woods, their line perfect and compact. A moment more, another yell, and the

enemy's rifle pits were carried and the flying rebels were on the run. The column was now halted and Howard's Corps thrown forward on their left, filling the gap between Thomas and Sherman. The line was now completed, and was continous, with fighting Joe Hooker at the right, the brave Thomas in the center and Tecumseh Sherman at the left. Thus arranged and posted, we were ready for whatever the little "silent man" away to the rear near Chattanooga on Orchard Knot had for us to do.

Nearly all of Monday, the 24th, while our operations were going forward on the left, Gen. Hooker was fighting his memorable battle above the clouds for the possession of Lookout Mountain. The sight from our position on the left was indeed a grand one, and the struggle of Gen. Hazen's Brigade was watched anxiously as it struggled up and up the ragged and almost perpendicular side of that towering height, with volley after volley being given and returned. The range was so close that it seemed from our view almost like a hand to hand conflict, with the combatants pouring the flame from their

deadly rifles directly into each other's faces. With what bated breath that terrible struggle, through the mist of drifting clouds was watched, as our line advanced step by step in the face of that wall of fire and sheet of flame. Our brave men fought gallantly, for the eyes of sixty thousand of their comrades were upon them, and our hearts and our prayers, and our cheers, nerved them for the dreadful and uneven conflict. Step by step our line advanced—climbing higher and higher, from tree to tree and from bush to bush, and rock to rock, hanging on with one hand to prevent falling head-long to the depths below, and fighting with the other. The clouds hanging heavily over the mountain side at times wholly obscured the combatants, and we could only judge of the progress of the battle by the cheers of the boys in blue or the boys in gray as they alternately gained a temporary advantage. But the fates were against the gallant enemy, for we could now plainly see through a rift in the clouds that our heroes were nearing the summit and gaining the goal. The work was slow, laborious and tedious, but the inspiration,

and courage, and cheer imparted to them from the multiplied thousands of anxious hearts, and earnest, pleading upturned faces, only inspired them to renewed exertion and to grander efforts. The summit almost gained, but night coming on, the conflict ended, and the wearied heroes rested upon their arms. Thus was fought the ever memorable "battle above the clouds."

The silent man was no idle spectator to all that was passing before him. The time for action on another part of the field had arrived. It was the left wing under Gen. Sherman that now had to perform its part. The order came, and on we went like the wind over the undulations, across the creeks, and down through the valley, not stopping even for a moment to catch breath, but onward until we arrived at the base of the ridge under the enemy's guns. A halt was made here, and a Division sent forward with our own following close in the rear as a support. The enemy offering stubborn resistance, was forced back to the crest of the second ridge where they opened heavily with infantry and artillery, raking our ranks in a frightful manner.

The check was only temporary, as other reinforcements were ordered up and we easily held our position. I thought it strange we were not allowed to storm the enemy's works on the crest of the ridge, for we could probably have easily done so. It seemed as if we were simply held there to press the enemy's right with a large show and demonstration, as if to turn their right flank and to lure large reinforcements to that point from the center, and to their left flank which was being heavily pressed by Gen. Hooker.

When the night of the 24th covered all as with a mantle of darkness and the work of the day was summed up, it was found that the rebels had been worsted at every point. Nearly dislodged from Lookout Mountain by the gallant boys under Gen. Hooker on the right, with Gen. Thomas' forces well advanced and near the base of the ridge and connecting with Gen. Hooker's left, and with Sherman ready to strike the blow and turn their right flank when the opportune moment arrived—this was the position of affairs of the two armies during the night of the 24th of November.

The next morning, the 25th, the men arose early, for all felt that the supreme moment had now arrived—that before the going down of that day's setting sun we would either be masters or slaves, heroes of that day's struggle or a broken, vanquished and disheartened army. All of this was now so plain to us that it went without the telling.

The "little Captain," who did the thinking and planning for that multitude of eager, anxious, watchful, determined boys in blue, was as self-complacent, as self-possessed and as unmoved by the weight of responsibility that rested upon him apparently as though his 65,000 were making preparations for a grand review. His orders were given quickly, without flourish or ostentation of manner, and with a directness not to be misunderstood. He smoked much, thought much and talked but little. Nine o'clock came before the uncertainty and death-like quietude of the preceding night, and the morning thus far had been broken. An orderly galloped down to Thomas' headquarters. He bore an order to that officer to take the rifle pits at the base of

Missionary Ridge in front of the 14th army Corps The army of the Cumberland had been an eager, watchful spectator of what had been passing for the past 36 hours. It had witnessed the gallantry of Hazen's glorious achievement in the struggle for the possession of Lookout Mountain the day before in the ever-memorable battle above the clouds, where the encounter many times was almost hand to hand. It had also been a silent witness to the gallantry of Sherman's veterans from the West, together with their own detached sister Division under Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, hurling the enemy back to their main line away over to their left. That veteran army of Thomas' was made of good timber and they chafed with impatience for the order to come. When the order "forward" was given they moved with a firmness and steadiness of step, which argued to us who were so familiar with their manner and methods, that they were indeed upon their mettle. As they swept down through the valley their long compact seried lines presented a picture we shall not soon forget, and with their brightly burnished guns at

a right shoulder-shift, glistening and sparkling in the bright light of that beautiful quiet morning, reminded us, as they marched away toward the front, of an out-going undulating wave, on the bosom of our own beautiful Lake Erie. So steady was their step and so perfect was their discipline that nothing but a mere ripple was noticeable as the eye ran over the grand spectacle. Not a shot was fired at the retreating pickets of the enemy as they fell back. But on, steadily on they went like an irresistible and resistless avalanche, not halting for a moment even after they had complied with their orders in capturing the enemy's rifle pits, but pressing impetuously on up and up the long, high, sloping ridge before them, under the most galling fire from the enemy, wavering only for a moment when midway up the long ascent to catch breath. As the steady compact columns neared the top the enemy opened on them with grape and canister, and with small arms, so that it seemed the very heavens above and earth beneath were at eternal war with each other. No reply even to this did our heroes make save that well-known

prolonged union yell ; sharp work was now at hand, the bayonet was fixed while on the run—a charge, a shout of victory and the crest is gained, the day is won and the Army of the Cumberland is covered with honor and glory. As the rebels fell back off the ridge to the eastward, volley after volley was poured into their retreating lines. The artillery which fell into our hands was at once manned by our men and turned against the retreating foe with terrible effect. The enemy's center was hopelessly broken and turned back upon its two wings. For it to rally and retake its lost ground was an impossibility. The only possible thing now left open to Bragg to save his army from capture or annihilation was a precipitate flight.

This movement of Gen. Thomas' force in the center accomplished a little more than was on Gen. Grant's program. He only expected to move the 14th Corps forward and take the line of rifle pits at the base of the ridge. But the gallant boys would not have it so. They disobeyed orders—a high crime in the army—and gained a great victory at a single blow. If there

is any credit due for the storming and capture of Mission Ridge, let me here record that it is largely due to the private soldiers—the rank and file—of the Army of the Cumberland. It was their work, and their valor, and their inspiration, and to them belongs much of the honor and glory. The violation of orders by Thomas' heroes, however, proved to be a happy thing. It broke the rebel army square in two at a single blow, making their position untenable, and making it necessary for Bragg to fall immediately back from every position on Missionary Ridge. In fact, it gave us at once victory, and prestige, and glory.

While the operations of Thomas were occurring in the center, threatening demonstrations were also taking place away over to the right by Gen. Hooker's forces, and also at the left by the troops of Gen. Sherman. Our boys under Thomas had no sooner gained a foot-hold on Missionary Ridge than our Division, under Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, was detached from Sherman, by his order, and started for the rebel flank and rear. We made a detour around to the left,

crossing Chickamauga Creek, and striking the railroad near Chickamauga Station, almost in rear of their right wing. As we approached the railroad we struck the enemy's retreating columns, when severe and heavy skirmishing immediately commenced. Our Brigade first took the advance, and the balance of the Division followed up closely as a support. One wing of the 21st Kentucky was deployed as skirmishers, but were soon found to be too weak for the stubborn rebels, and orders came for the left wing of the 10th Illinois to advance to their assistance. No sooner had the word arrived when Col. Tillson gave the necessary order and our good old left spread like a fan in the delicate hand of a fair lady, and we started on the double quick, with a yell. Oh, gracious me, how the rebels did get out of the way! They fired a few rounds with artillery but did no damage.

We followed them as skirmishers for about two miles when the Second Brigade under Gen. Beattie relieved us; we then fell back as a support. The chase was an exciting one, especially after we got the enemy on the run. It was a

foot race for life in every sense of the word. Our line of advance was mostly through heavy timber and undergrowth, and there was much more danger of our falling and breaking our necks than from being shot by the rebels. It was now just in the edge of the evening as we came to a nice piece of open woods. We concluded we could make pretty good time here, and in it we rushed, on the double quick, loading and firing on the dead run, hoping that we might be enabled to capture and overhaul a lot of the enemy. It was in this woods, I recollect, while under full sail, and yelling like a panther, that I stubbed my toe on a little pole and went head-long, plowing through the mud, and it did seem to me that my momentum was so great I never would stop. I gathered myself up and was a sight to behold. A clean fig leaf would have been a welcome boon to me just at that moment. I gathered my rags about me and broke for the rebels, hardly missing a step or a yell by reason of my little mishap. For my own sake I was glad darkness was near at hand to enable me to repair damage. Very many other incidents and acci-

dents occured of a ludicrous and serious nature while in our crazy, headlong pursuit. I recollect one of the boys, whose name I cannot now recall, accidentally shot his finger off during our wild chase through the woods.

Night now coming on our pursuing columns were obliged to halt for fear of being ambushed in the darkness by the maddened, sullen, and now almost desperate foe. Things had not been going well for them for the three or four preceding days, and when we gave them our last farewell round on the night of the 25th, they seemed to be pretty badly "rattled" and broken up. They had the courage to fight, but they could see plain enough that we had the odds on our side this time. It was Chickamanga reversed. The Johnnies laughed then, now it was our turn. Thousands of prisoners and small arms, and a large amount of artillery and stores fell into our hands. Mission Ridge on the night of the 25th, blazed resplendent with Union camp fires, and our hearts were glad. The next morning Hooker and Sherman and our Division (Jeff. Davis), of the 14th Corps, pursued the retreating enemy as

far south as Ringgold, Ga., where the chase was given up. They made a desperate stand here, but were finally compelled to retire. Bragg evidently had all he wanted of Grant for this occasion and was willing to go without any further ceremony. By this time we had began to change our opinion slightly as to Gen. Grant's ability to handle a large body of troops successfully. When he came to us we rather shook our heads and doubted, but yet hoped all would be right. We now yielded him our full confidence, for, he was richly entitled to it. The Union loss in this battle, killed, wounded and missing was 4,000. About 6,000 prisoners, including wounded, fell into our hands, together with 42 pieces of artillery, many thousand small arms, and a large train.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Knoxville Campaign.—Go to the Relief of Burnside.—A Forced March.—Longstreet Attacking Him Furiously.—Hard Marching.—Messenger Sent to Burnside Announcing that Help is Coming.—Longstreet Repulsed and Withdraws.—Sherman's Army Returns to Chattanooga.—Goes into Camp at Rossville.—Ragged and Destitute Condition of the Army.—A Terrible Rain Storm.—A Disgusted and Half Frozen Crowd.—Rain and Water Drives Us Out of Our Camp at Midnight.—Wet, Ragged, Cold.—All are More or Less Disgusted at the Situation.

For a week or two preceding the battle of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, rumors reached us of the perilous situation of General Burnside's army then at Knoxville. General Longstreet, with a large force, which had a short time before been detached from General Bragg, had Knoxville closely invested, and it was only a matter of brief time as to his ability to capture it or compel the garrison to surrender. The army there had been on fourth rations for some time, and the situation indeed was growing alarming and desperate. General Grant must

act promptly and at once, or General Burnside's little army of starved heroes would be compelled to submit to the inevitable. So on the evening of the 26th, after Grant found that General Bragg was well out of the way and still going, orders came to the 4th, 11th, 15th and our Division of the 14th Corps to start the next morning for Knoxville to the relief of General Burnside. We had only two days' rations with us, and many of the men were in almost destitute circumstances as to a proper supply of winter clothing. By reason of the activity of the army and constant movement of the troops, it had been impossible ro supply the men with what they very sorely needed. There was no time for this. Our comrades and brothers at Knoxville were in peril, and help must come at once, if at all. On the morning of the 27th we set out on our mission of mercy, General Sherman in command. The first two days we made nearly fifty miles of the distance. Being in light marching order, with pretty good road and a limited number of teams to look after, we almost distanced our Cavalry, so great was our speed. Our line of march was by way

of Cleveland, Clarlestown, Athens, Louden and Morgantown. After our two days' rations with which we started were gone, we subsisted entirely off the country. A detail of foragers was made each morning from the different commands and sent on ahead, in rear of the Cavalry, to look after the day's supplies. As a rule we had plenty to eat during the trip up, but on our return we did not fare quite so well. The most we could get hold of over that route in the way of eatables was corn meal flour and fresh beef. The hoe cake and bread we baked in the ashes or on a board before a hot fire. Our meat was broiled by being held on a long stick before the fire, or by being thrown on a bed of hot coals. On the way up I remember our foragers brought in a lot of wheat flour one night, and we all ate heartily of biscuits that evening for supper. It was not long before we all grew deathly sick at our stomachs, and it seemed as if we would never stop short of throwing up our very boots. Of course we were all alarmed, and visions of the beyond flitted before us. Skull, cross-bones, arsenic, rebels, death. Oh, yes, the rebels had poisoned the flour! The

doctor was summoned. The man of medicine was wanted everywhere, all over the Regiment at the same time, for all were sick and all felt sure they were going to die. It was a scene for an artist. The doctor commenced to examine and decided at once that the strange sickness did not result from poison. This decision was a splendid panacea, it soothed us wonderfully, but we still kept on "casting up our accounts." What was it then, and what ailed us was then the query? No one could tell what all were so anxious to know. Well, we finally got over it. We laid it to the flour we had eaten which was undoubtedly the true cause [illegible]. We styled it "sick flour" afterward. After our scare we made inquiry of the natives if there really was anything about their wheat or flour up in that country that would produce such a state of things and scare a whole army half to death. They explained to us that the flour had been made from partly grown wheat and that if eaten it would produce that effect. It was a pretty good joke on us, anyway. The next day I took we got caught again on the [illegible] this time understood

it better, and did not have to send for the medicine man.

The third day's march brought us to Louden, a beautiful, thrifty town on the Little Tennessee River, about twenty miles South of Knoxville. From Louden we pushed on to Morgantown, where we effected a crossing of the Little Tennessee on a rudely constructed bridge which we hastily prepared for the occasion. Longstreet had destroyed the main bridge to keep us back. The 11th Corps crossed the river at Davis' Ford, seven miles below Morgantown, and the next day moved on to Louisville, a distance of thirty-one miles. The other troops moved forward to Marysville. All were on the south side of the Holston. On the night of December 3rd our Cavalry reached Knoxville by a circuitous route. On the next day the 4th Corps arrived. Burnside was now safe. This movement turned the the flank of Longstreet and he was compelled to raise the siege and retreat in the direction of Rutledge on that night, followed closely by General Burnside's army and the 4th Corps. Long-

street fell back across the Virginia line, where he took up a strong position.

The pursuit being abandoned, General Burnside's army returned to Knoxville. Our forces, with the exception of the 4th Corps and the Cavalry, did not enter Knoxville at all, having stopped ten or twelve miles south. We all felt quite a disappointment at not seeing the town, after having tramped nearly one hundred miles and being now so near. But military rules are arbitrary, and we were obliged to turn back.

Our return to Chattanooga, after Longstreet was disposed of, and our little army at Knoxville saved, was quite leisurely; we did not hurry at all, and probably did not make on the average of over twenty miles per day. The country through which we passed from Chattanooga to Knoxville did not, by any means, abound in wealth. Most of the families were evidently quite poor as to the things of this world. We found many staunch Unionists who were rejoicing beyond measure to see us and the good old flag again. Many good, old people, who could not restrain their feelings, would cry and

shout for joy. The colored people, especially, treated us with a cordiality we shall not soon forget. It seems as if they could not do enough for us, and fairly overwhelmed us with kindness everywhere at all times.

We had now been on the wing nearly twenty-five days without a change of clothing, and things began to grow rather desperate with us. Some of us were nearly naked, not having had any clothing issued for over three months. Many of the men were entirely shoeless. Hundreds and hundreds of the poor boys were compelled to resort to rawhide shoes to keep their feet from the cold, bare ground. These shoes were quickly made, and did not require but little skill in their manufacture. A piece of raw skin was cut a little larger than the foot, and holes were made around the outer edge, through which a "puckering string" was run, the foot set in the center, the puckering string drawn and tied around the ankle, and, lo! the thing was done. These rawhide shoes were not very elegant in appearance, but with the soft, warm hair next your feet, were quite comfortable. Fully one-third of the men

had to resort to this kind of footgear before reaching Chattanooga. The writer was more fortunate than some of the rest, and was obliged to have only one of the "puckering shoes." It was a long time before I could get used to the step—one shoe being soft and the other hard—it gave a sort of a limp and a hitch to my gait, which, I am sure, made me appear odd enough. But we were most all in the same boat, and none could laugh.

As I said before, we had been constantly on the move for about twenty-five days, and not having a change of clothing with us, nor an opportunity to stop long enough to wash and cleanse the garments we had on our backs, things began to grow decidedly desperate with us all, from General Sherman down. I do not like to publish to the world our disgrace, but the fact of the business is, General Sherman was afraid that he would lose control of his army in a few days more and that the "gray-backs" would carry it off bodily. He very wisely halted one day in the vicinity of Cleveland on our way back, to enable us to wage a war of extermination on the "pesky

varments." If we had waited to make a perfect job of it, I think we would not have moved out of our tracks for a whole week. However, one day's faithful work mended matters quite materially, and the next morning the rag-ruffian army of Sherman felt relieved at what it had accomplished, and set out joyously and with lighter heart to rejoin our comrades at Chattanooga.

On the last day of our homeward bound journey—the 18th of December—we had one of our old-fashioned rain storms, so common in the South. The creeks and streams soon overflowed their banks, and we were obliged, in many cases, to ford them, as the culverts and bridges, in many instances, had been carried off in the flood. It was almost a cruelty to march in that terrible rain storm and wade the cold, swift-running streams, as we did on that never-to-be-forgotten 18th of December, but it was perhaps the best we could do after all, for if we had not kept on the move we certainly would have frozen to death. Our clothing was insufficient, and, besides, it was nearly worn out. Many were destitute of overcoats and blankets, and what few "Purp Tents"

we happened to have with us were of little account in such a remorseless rain storm as was then upon us. We trudged along all the afternoon in the rain and mud, putting in the best time we could before darkness fairly set in, hoping that we might reach our old Camp during the early evening. But the mud, and the rain, and the blackness of darkness, all seemed to conspire against us. The teams in front were bothered and delayed by reason of the high water, and had to proceed with great caution lest some terrible accident should befall them. Our march was terribly slow and tedious, and tried the patience of the truly good among us not a little. It was so dark we could hardly see our file leaders in advance of us as we waded and plunged through the mud and water in our frantic efforts to reach Camp; and to add to our trouble and vexation the column in front was constantly halting by reason of some obstruction, and we, in the rear, in the darkness would mass and jam and surge forward upon the poor fellows in front. In a moment more the recoil would come, and away we would go to the rear through the mud to get standing

room. And so the thing was kept up surging forward and backward, and forward again, until our strength and our patience was completely exhausted.

Just think of it! Hungry, wet, tired and mad. We had no love nor veneration for anybody nor anything. The army in Flanders must have been saints compared to our boys that night. They swore at everybody and everything from General Grant down to our good Christian, Sergeant Henderson. The good Sergeant himself must have thought "cuss words," even if he did not utter them. At last there was an end of it, for 11 o'clock brought us through the gorge separating Missionary Ridge, four miles above Chattanooga, where we were halted for the balance of the night. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have our small tents with us, put them up and crawled under them and soon went to sleep, the rain meanwhile pouring down in torrents. We had not been asleep more than a couple of hours before the water began to overflow our Camp ground and to pour in on us, and we were compelled to change to higher ground

on another part of the field in which we were encamped. All of these little drawbacks and unpleasant features attending our famous trip to the relief of the gallant Burnside at Knoxville, only helped to stamp more indelibly upon our minds and heart that one great and glorious event of the war, which for the world we would not forget, nor have erased nor blotted out from our memory. The next morning we arose early from our wet, cold couches, feeling considerably broke up. We, however, soon started our camp fires and warmed up our benumbed and almost half frozen bodies, made and drank a warm cup of coffee and ate a little corn bread for breakfast, and the world began to look brighter to us. During the forenoon rations and clothing and everything needful to make us look and feel again like human beings, were issued to us. Our raw-hide shoes were now cast aside and bran new stogies took their place; our old tattered and torn coats and hats and pants were doffed and burned up. Should you ask any of Sherman's men why they burned their cast-off garments instead of giving them to the "old clo' man" they probably

would be enabled to tell you. We knew if we burned them we would at least have sweet revenge on the "pesky critters" which had so much annoyed us of late. That we knew for a certainty.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Letter Which Tells Many Things.—Grant Found Equal to the Emergency.—Now a Part of the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th Army Corps.—James D. Morgan, Jeff. C. Davis and George H. Thomas, Respective, Commanders.—The Weather Cold and Disagreeable.—Enlisting as Veterans.—A Promise of Sixty Days at Home.—Of Two Evils the Boys Choose the Least, Re-enlist Rather than Freeze to Death.—What Mike Said About It.—Nearly All Go In Again as Veterans.—The 10th the First to Go Home.—Anxious to Get Off.—The Start for Chattanooga.—Embark on Cattle Cars.—Off for the North.—Arrival at Quincy.—All Get Furlough for Thirty Days and Break Ranks for the "Girls We Left Behind Us."—Report Again for Duty and Return to the Front.

The following letter to a dear friend is so full of interest that I will reproduce it here, as it gives so many points in our service that will interest both old and young.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY G, 10TH ILLINOIS,
CAMP NEAR ROSSVILLE, GA.
March 10th, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: It has now been so long since I have written you that you will, I am sure, be anxious to know what has become of us in

the whirl of excitement and busy strife which has taken place in this department during the past two months. You will remember, when I last wrote you, that it was just subsequent to the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and also after our trip to Knoxville under command of General Sherman to relieve General Burnside's beleagured and suffering army, of which circumstance I have written you in a former letter. You must certainly be aware that grass has not grown under our feet since General Grant was appointed to the command of this military division. It now embraces the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland and of the Tennessee. This is a large command, and we had some most wonderfully delicate and trying work to do in and around Chattanooga, to overcome and drive the enemy back from his almost impregnable position, but the "little silent man" seemed to be equal to every emergency, and carried us through it all without a hitch or a break and with flying colors.

Well, to commence with, I must tell you that we now belong to the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division,

14th Army Corps, and our commanders are Generals James D. Morgan, Jeff. C. Davis and George H. Thomas, and we are a part of the grand old Army of the Cumberland. I mention the name of the Army of the Cumberland with a sense of justifiable pride, for it is only a few miles from where I now write, to the field of Chickamauga, where the gallant Thomas stood, with his invincible 14th Corps, for nearly two whole days like a wall of iron, withstanding and resisting, almost single-handed and alone, the combined and frenzied attacks of Bragg's entire rebel army, thereby saving our own from an inglorious defeat and humiliating disaster. But of this bit of interesting history you are doubtless already familiar.

On our return from Knoxville you may imagine we were a hard-looking set of individuals, not having drawn a single article of clothing from the government for nearly four months, and you can guess we were not very presentable. We were all more or less ragged, and were all, without exception, the most unclean lot of human beings you ever saw, but we just had to let things drift and grin and bear it until we got back

to Chattanooga, where we drew an entire new outfit from head to foot, cremating our old garments in revenge for—old soldiers will know without the telling. We had been unclean before during our two and a half years' experience in the army, but this time—well don't mention it.

On Christmas, orders came to us to move from Camp Colwell, a point four miles up the river from Chattanooga, to Rossville, Ga., our present Camp. On the next day—the 26th—the order was complied with amid one of the keenest and most raking wind, snow and rain storms of the whole winter. Being poorly supplied with tents to protect us from the cold and wet, our suffering for some days past was most intense. But amidst all of this discomfort and suffering we were buoyed up and sustained by the hope—which was a joy to us by night and by day—that we were soon going home—yes, going home as veterans. Uncle Sam's promise of 60 days' furlough was weighing heavily on the side of the government, and the poor boys, in part to get out of the discomforts of the cold, dreary winter at Rossville, were flocking over to the

veteran side in droves. It did not take long to convince us that 60 days at home during such weather as was then upon us, was a good thing; so we were nearly all veterans by common consent and by common impulse. After all, I was rather amused at the way the question of enlistment would strike the boys. Some went in through purely patriotic motives, and others with a desire that they might be there at the end of the fight. Our Irish boy, Mike O'Brien, a good soldier by the way, declared he would enlist for three years more, for the sake of getting out of this d—d cold place, as he knew he would freeze to death here, if he didn't get away quick. Mike didn't mean quite so bad as he expressed it, but he did want to see that good old mother of his, away up there in his native home on the wide prairie near Dixon. Indeed, we were all in very near the same boat that floated Mike, for we were all nearly frozen out. Consequently we were easily frozen in for another term of three years, or to the end of the war. The promised furlough was certainly a great incentive to enlistment. Thousands of us

old soldiers from the West, who had served through it all from early in 1861, had never set foot on Northern soil since the day of our enlistment. Furloughs and leave of absence from our army, even when asked for, were denied us, excepting in extraordinary cases, such as death, and we naturally felt anxious to see our loved ones at home once more. All of these things tended to fill the quota of our new organizations rapidly, and by the first of January, the entire Regiment, save perhaps fifty or sixty, had enrolled, and were ready for muster, and were clamorous to be off for God's country, as we termed the North.

The veteran fever seemed to strike all the old Regiments in about the same way, for all who had served long enough to be accepted as veterans re-enlisted and went home.

While we were absent at home, our force at the front was not materially lessened, as new troops from the North were being hurried forward to take our places. As the time approached for us to go, we could hardly wait for the time fixed for our departure, so anxious were we to

be off. The plan was to take the Regiment entire, to Quincy, Ill., where we were to leave our old swords, muskets, knapsacks, camp kettles, traps, and calamities generally. From there we were to obtain our leave of absence and furloughs for 30 days, to go where we pleased, and then afterwards, to remain 30 days in Camp at the latter place for recruiting and general "toning up" of the Regiment.

The early days of January found us ready for a start, and we bade adieu to our old comrades, Charlie Williams, Jut. Blanchard, Spence Morgan, Curt McCarty, and other dear comrades with whom we had soldiered for nearly two years and a half, but who were not quite frozen out, nor yet willing to be frozen in again, and we were off with light hearts and elastic step for Chattanooga and the North. This certainly seemed to be the shortest eight miles we ever marched. The air was cool and bracing, the roads good, and the exhilarating and pleasing thought of so soon seeing our loved ones at home, and "the girl we had left behind us" so many months now gone, gave us new pleasure

and additional inspiration at almost every step. The eight miles between our Rossville Camp and Chattanooga were as nothing to us, buried as we were in bright thoughts and glowing anticipations, and we swung along the hard frozen road at a five mile gait. We were picturing in our minds the grand surprise we had in store for our friends at home, for we had not written them of our intended coming, the joyous meeting and greeting of those we loved and had not seen for so many long, weary months, the thousand and one good things we would now have to eat, and the welcome generally in store for us wherever we went, as veterans and true soldiers, who were giving, and still willing to give our best endeavors to the Government in putting down this great slave holder's rebellion. We could not help feeling a sense of pride, as individuals, and also as a Regiment, when we reflected that we had given thirty long months of continuous service, without the loss of a day in all that time from the posts of danger and of duty, to the cause of the Union and the old flag. With these pleasant reflections crowding in up-

on us, and with new anticipations of pleasure at every thought, the sharp whistle of the locomotive reminded us that we were already there.

We did not have to wait long, for everything was in readiness, and we hastily boarded the train of box or cattle cars in waiting on the side track, and we were soon whirling down the river through the mountain gorge by way of Bridgeport and Stevenson on our way to Nashville. As we passed through Bridgeport, we looked upon the old Camp ground, where we had remained during almost all of the month of September of the year before, and where we came so near being blown into "smithereens" by the explosion of the arsenal that blew ten or fifteen of the 16th Illinois boys to the other side of Jordan. Every inch of the ground we passed over had an interest to us in some way or other, as our feet had pressed every square rod of it, many times over, in the terrible life and death struggle with the enemy, or in some other way, and it all had a reminiscence of something pleasing or otherwise, to us all.

When we came to Stevenson, we could think

of nothing but dead mules and horses, and involuntarily drew a long breath as we whirled through the town, remembering the terrible stench we had to endure while compelled to remain there a week during the preceding August with its stifling deadly atmosphere.

Tullahoma was soon reached; then New Fosterville, where we had remained for nearly a whole month in July, having had a good time, and nothing at all to do; then finally Murfesboro, where lie buried 2,000 of our noble dead, who fell here under Rosecrans in the terrible struggle for the mastery on December 31, 1862, and January 1, 2 and 3, 1863. A perfect panorama of interesting events, in which we had all borne a part, you may well believe, crowded themselves upon us with every revolution of the wheels, which bore us from the field and land of strife. Lavergne was next reached, and this brought freshly to mind the fierce and sharp encounter between a Brigade of our boys, under John M. Palmer, and a rebel Brigade on October 6, 1862, in which the Johnnies were badly licked; also the almost innumerable little skirmishes

and squabbles we used to have with them all through this country, while on foraging expeditions out from Nashville during the many months of our occupancy of this garrison. Here, also, occurred the total destruction of a magnificent supply train, which was bearing to our fighting and almost starving heroes at Stone River, the sinews of war. Every stick and stone and tree throughout this whole region, it seems to me, is a silent witness to the struggle for liberty and freedom against slavery, disunion and treason. The ground hereabouts has been fought over and over again, until it has become almost sacred and hallowed by the blood of loyalty. We have faith our cause is just and we cannot fail, yet the struggle may be long. When God and right is on our side, the outcome cannot be uncertain.

Our stay at Nashville was very brief, only long enough to change our cattle cars for something a little better—dirty, dingy, uncushioned second-class coaches. For this little improvement in our comfort, we were supremely thankful, and did not blame the Government for lack

of feeling or care or interest in us in the matter, as we knew the best was being done for us that possibly could be done under the circumstances. The transportation and rolling stock over the roads, leading to the front, were being worked to their fullest capacity. That we knew, and we were quite thankful for a second-class coach to ride in. The fact of the business is, we didn't care much how we rode—we were going home, and how we got there, we did not much care.

Across the river from Louisville, we fared better as to accomodation, and had a train of the best coaches at our disposal. As we glided along through southern Indiana in the direction of its capitol city, Indianapolis, we began to realize, for the first time in over two and a half years, that we were truly among a people whom we did not have to watch lest they should shoot us down the moment our back was turned. The change was glorious. The news of the coming of a veteran Regiment preceded us and at every stopping place the people greeted us almost as conquering heroes, returning from a victorious field. What a changed atmosphere we were

now in! It was like the change from utter darkness to the broad, bright sun-light of noonday. There was no more of that cold, half-hearted, distrustful action, which had characterized our reception at Nashville and Louisville, but more especially at the latter place. We began to love our country and our race better now, feeling in our hearts a thankfulness to God, that we had a loyal union-loving North, and this demonstration of affection and interest in us, humble servants of the Government as we were, meant more than was on the surface. It meant a vigorous prosecution of the war to the bitter end, and a loyal support to the last breath. All this encouraged us. Our hearts were made glad and strong at every turn and our greeting by the people, as we progressed Northward, was, if possible, more cordial and hearty. All seemed to vie with each other in acts of kindness towards us, and the ladies, God bless them, we never shall forget how they loaded us down everywhere we stopped, with something good to eat and a good hot cup of coffee with cream in it, to drink. Our trip all the way to

Quincy was a grand ovation to us and we truly thought we were among friends at last.

Our Regiment being the first to veteran, and to return home, created considerable interest among the people. They wanted to see us, and to know what sort of men we were, who, after having served two and a half years, were willing to become veterans and to serve to the end of the war. We did not, however, tell them what Mike had to say about it before leaving Rossville, as his reason for re-enlisting, or how some of the rest of us felt, on this most delicate subject.

We arrived in Quincy in the evening, and immediately went into the quarters prepared for us. Next morning we were up bright and early, working with all our might, making out the 30-day furloughs, which were to give us all our promised freedom, and as fast as Col. Tillson could sign them, the grand old 10th Regiment vanished, all being off for their homes as fast as steam could carry them.

Dixon and the "Grove," or better known, perhaps, as the "Cap," had a fair representation

in the old 10th, in the persons of the writer, Sergt. Wm. Hartman, Geo. Rousch, Wm. Andrews, Wm. E. Dech, David Kenny, John Kenny, Geo. Lennox, Curtis G. McCarty, Spencer D. Morgan, Jerome B. Morgan, Mike O'Brien, H. S. Siefken, Henry W. Warn, Chas. C. Williams, Justus and Guy W. Blanchard, and Freeman D. Rosebrook.

After getting the boys ready and fixed up and off for their homes, we were by no means unmindful of ourselves. On the following morning, the Colonel having our documents ready for a thirty days jubilee, we also broke ranks for home—a bee line for Ohio. Our dear ones, wife and baby, whom we had not seen for 31 months, were taken, as we intended, by surprise, for they had not been expecting us at all. Our month's stay at home among our loved ones passed quickly by, and it seemed almost like a dream, when the time was up and we were admonished to return to our rendezvous at Quincy. It did not seem possible a month could fly away so quickly, but it had gone and we had to return. With loving adieus and farewells to our

friends, we departed for the field of carnage and strife.

It had been an open and debatable question for all time, as to whether there is not more pleasure in "anticipation," than in "participation." I think, so far as most of us are concerned, we, even now, would be unable to decide, for our expectation of a glorious time was fully realized. There was nothing, we fully believe, which mortals could do, that was not actually done, to contribute to our pleasure, comfort and happiness while at home and among loyal people. Our reception after leaving Louisville, Ky., by the loyal people of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio was of the most cordial kind. A perfect ovation, in fact, awaited us wherever we went. That we were veteran soldiers was all they wanted to know, and at once their homes and their hearts were open to us. Their generous giving and their blessing, and their prayers were always with us and for us.

To make our story short, the early days of March found us back to the front at Rossville, Ga., ready for the new work General Sherman

had in hand for us to do, feeling glad in our hearts we had had the good time and the much-needed rest, and in no wise regretting that we had re-enlisted for the war."

CHAPTER XX.

Opening of the Atlanta Campaign.—Gen. Grant Called East.—Is in Supreme Command of all the Union Forces.—Sherman, Under Grant, in Command of all the Forces in the West.—General Forward Movement from Ringold, Ga., May 5.—100,000 Men in Line.—A Splendid Army.—Size of the Rebel Army.—Lieut. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in Command.—His Able Assistants, Hardee, Polk, Hood and Wheeler. — Sherman's Chief Officers. — Generals Thomas, Howard, Hooker, Logan, Dodge, Schofield and Blair.—The Ball Opens. —Gen. Sherman's Flank Movement Through Snake Creek Gap.—The Rebels Fall Back.—We Pursue.—Calhoun, Burnt Hickory and Rome.—They Again Fortify.—Heavy Fighting at Rome.—Battle of Resaca.—A Sharp, Hard Fight. —Part of Hooker's Force Engaged.

To have the reader understand all about the "March to the Sea," and what led up to it, I think I ought to tell him something about what we called the "Atlanta Campaign," then he will better understand why the great march to the sea was necessary and undertaken. During the Winter of 1863-4, and just after the great battles of Missionary Ridge and Hooker's famous battle "Above the Clouds" on Lookout Mountain, and

after the siege of Knoxville, the two Union armies went into Camp for the Winter in and around Chattanooga, Rossville, and near Dalton, to await the coming of Spring, so that this, one of the greatest movements of the war, could be commenced. General Grant was now in command of all the armies of the Union, his headquarters being with the Army of the Potomac in the East; and General Sherman commanded under Grant all the forces of the West. Everything being in readiness, Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Sherman's army to be ready to move forward on Atlanta May 5th. The three armies commanded by General Sherman were: The Army of the Cumberland, 60,000 strong, commanded by General Thomas; the Army of the Tennessee, 25,000 strong, commanded by General McPherson; and the Army of the Ohio, lately ordered from Knoxville, 14,000 strong, commanded by General Schofield, making altogether, in Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, almost 100,000 men. With this big army General Sherman set out promptly as per General Grant's order, on May 5th, on what is known in history as the "Atlanta Campaign,"

which, for protracted hardship, persistent and desperate fighting, and skillful maneuvering on both sides, was never before nor afterward experienced by any of the armies of the Union during the whole war. Just think, if you can, for one moment, of a battle lasting four months; for little else you could call it; for, from the time of our starting out from Ringold, Ga., in the early days of May, some part of our great army was fighting every day continuously with the enemy until the first days of September, when the rebels, under General Hood, were driven south from Atlanta, and that important place fell into our hands. This you would call a long, hard fight, and truly it was. Now, you will perhaps want to know something about the rebel army, and how large it was, and who commanded it, and all about it. I will tell you. The rebel army was not so large as ours, was estimated about 70,000 to 75,000 men, and was under the general command of Lieutenant General J. E. Johnston, whose reputation as a skillful, careful General was second only to that in the Confederacy of General Robert E. Lee, who commanded the rebel army

in Virginia. General Johnston's Corps Commanders, or his assistants in the command of his army, were Generals Hardee, Polk and Hood of the Infantry, and General Wheeler of the Cavalry. Having told you who assisted the rebel General Johnston in the command of his army as Corps Commanders, now we will tell you the names of those who assisted General Sherman in the same capacity. They were Generals Thomas, Howard, Hooker, Logan, Dodge, Schofield, and later on General Blair, all gallant, true and tried. I have told you about the two opposing hostile armies, who commanded them, and the number of men each commander had, and now, by looking at the map, you can see where Chattanooga, Ringold and Dalton are located. It was in this vicinity where the two armies were carefully watching each other, that this great movement to capture Atlanta, 140 miles away to the southward, was first inaugurated. The enemy had a perfect knowledge of the topography, or lay and make of the nature of the country, had fortified all the strongholds and impregnable positions, and had obstructed all the mountain roads and passes over

and through which our army would have to move. This made our advance not only slow but exceedingly dangerous and perilous, and to force our way, heavy and severe fighting was indulged in, as I have said before, every day and hour, almost from the time we first attacked the enemy at the outset of our grand movement, until the overthrow of the rebel army four months later at Jonesboro, twenty miles south of Atlanta. At Resaca, Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face the rebels held the key to an almost impregnable position, and it was found, after hard fighting, that to force the rebels from their well-chosen position was too great a task, and would cost too many valuable lives; so, to overcome the difficulty, General Sherman inaugurated his first great "flank movement," which subsequently proved so successful in relieving himself from these embarrassing situations. While showing a solid front to the enemy, he quietly withdrew a large portion of his army and sent them, under cover of night, away around the enemy's left flank through "Snake Creek Gap," directly in their rear and on the line of their railroad, cutting off, as it

were, their line of retreat. As soon as the rebel Commander discovered what imminent danger his army was in, either from capture or defeat, he at once ordered a retreat, and fell slowly and doggedly back in the direction of Calhoun, Burnt Hickory and Rome, where they again fortified strongly and awaited our advancing and victorious columns. At Resaca the fighting was not general, the most of it being done on this occasion by a portion of General Hooker's Corps; the loss in dead and wounded numbering about 5,000. Truly, this was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come, in order to finish the great undertaking before us.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wounding of Lieutenant Donaldson.—Ferguson and Rock.—Army Pursuing.—Kingston and Rome Occupied by Jeff. C. Davis' Division.—The Enemy Fall Back to Dallas.—A Lively Little Fight There.—Allatoona, Marietta, Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains.—New Hope Church.—A Terrible Ordeal.—Held Inactive Under the Enemy's Fire a Whole Day.—Rebel General Leonidas Polk Killed.—Sherman's Assault on the Rebel Line.—A Repulse.—Generals McCook and Harker Killed.—The Enemy Retreat Across the Chattahoochie.—July 4th a Memorable Day.—Sherman's Strategy.—Peach Tree Creek.—Rels Change Commanders.—Hood Succeeds Johnston.—He Attacks Our Lines Furiously.—Is Finally Repulsed.

It was, I think, at or near Marietta, that Lieutenant Simeon Donaldson, of our Company, while leisurely walking in the rear of our intrenchments, met with a frightful and painful accident, which might have cost him his life. At this point on the line the two armies were only a short distance apart, and it was almost worth one's life to expose his head or person outside the trenches, as the shells and minie balls were

flying as thick as hailstones. At about three o'clock in the afternoon during a little lull in the firing, the Lieutenant thought it a good time to strengthen our works, and had moved up to the right of the Company to get a spade, and was walking leisurely down the line with it suspended over his shoulder, when crash came a shell tearing through the timber from the front which exploded just in advance of our works, a piece of which struck him in its flight, cutting his hand off at the wrist, sending it, together with the spade handle, flying through the air. Poor Sim—we were at his side in a moment to render help, but he had already clasped the bleeding stump with his remaining hand, and he assured us that he was all right and did not need it. Kind hands, however, bound up the bleeding wound, and this splendid soldier left us, walking with the aid of an escort to the hospital, never to return to us for duty again.

Most of our men were inveterate lovers of the weed, and most all smoked incessantly. Our 'Lige Rock was one of the boys who most always had a pipe in his mouth when not eating,

sleeping or on duty. He was enjoying his pipe one day while in front of Atlanta, when whizz came a rebel ball knocking it out of his mouth, cutting his chin so that the blood flowed freely, the pipe dropping at his feet. His only ejaculation was, "Oh you d—— rebel," and reaching down picked up his pipe and continued smoking as if nothing had happened.

The next day or so after the accident happened to 'Lige Rock's chin and pipe, a stray rebel ball came tearing through the Camp striking James Ferguson, making an ugly wound in his shoulder and back. These accidents and incidents were of such common occurrence that we could only possibly give them a passing notice.

While foraging up in the Sequatchie Valley we captured a squad of rebels, and among the number were an officer or two. Having no other place to put them they were placed in an old stable, under guard at the roadside. Captain Wiseman, aid to General Morgan, came riding up when the Johnnie sung out to him, "You are not going to keep us in this d—— hole all night, are you?" As quick as a flash came the reply,

"Your Saviour was born in a stable, and it's a d—— pity you can't stay in one for a single night."

But to proceed with our story. On the morning of May 15th our entire army was moved in pursuit of the retreating rebels, and the 18th our forces, Jeff. C. Davis' Division, occupied Kingston and a line running thence West to a point near Rome. The enemy occupying and defending with great force and energy the latter place, mainly because of the large amount of army stores held there for the use of the rebel forces, and to retain to the last moment the large salt manufactories located there. After being forced from the Rome and Kingston line of defense, their next stand was made at Allatoona Pass, South of the Etowah River, but this line was again quickly abandoned by reason of General Sherman's masterly flank movement to the right and West of the rebel army, and by the 14th Corps moving directly South of Rome to Dallas by the way of Van Wert. On May 25th, in the movement of Thomas' Division, of which we were a part, from Burnt Hickory to Dallas

while approaching Pumpkin Vine Creek on the main Dallas road, we encountered a heavy body of the enemy, and a severe engagement was brought on in a small way, resulting in the rout of the enemy. On the 28th, at a point known as New Hope Church, the enemy in his desperation struck back fiercely and assaulted our lines with great vigor, but finally our columns, protected by temporary breastworks, easily repulsed them. Their loss in this engagement exceeded 2,000, ours only trifling. The enemy, being maneuvered out of their strong position at Allatoona, at once fell back to Marietta, Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains, and there strongly fortified, and made desperate resistance. It fell to the lot of our Regiment, Brigade and Division to hold the line and make the assault on Kenesaw Mountain, and whenever I think of our experience for the twelve hours or more we held that line under galling, raking, plunging artillery firing by the enemy from the top of that Mountain, tearing and crashing down through the tree tops and into the earth and rock all around us, with splinters and missiles flying through the air like hail-

stones, it makes my blood almost congeal. Talk of courage; it requires the highest order of it to stand before the enemy, as a target to be shot at, or torn to pieces, for a whole day without being able to fire a gun. If there is any "run" in a soldier he will be tempted to do it under such circumstances, and, indeed, I could not blame him much if he did. It was on this fatal and terrible line of battle, on the 14th of June, during a sharp cannonading from Hooker's or Howard's Corps directly against Pine Mountain that the rebel General Leonidas Polk was killed by the bursting of one of our shells. This was a serious loss to the rebel army, for he was regarded as among its best and most trusted officers. On the 22d of June the enemy made another fierce assault to break through our columns, but failed. Hood's Corps made the assault. The blow fell mostly on William's Division of Hooker's Corps, and Haskell's Division of Schofield's Corps. Nettled by this attack of General Johnston, Sherman ordered an attack on the rebel line, to take place on the 27th, to try and break their center. This failed, owing to the impreg-

nable position of the enemy, and resulted in a Union loss of about 3,500, among the number killed being Generals McCook and Harker of the Union army. General Sherman did not become discouraged under this temporary reverse, but at once ordered the Cavalry under Garrard, supported by the Infantry, to make a detour to the enemy's rear, thereby threatening Johnston's line of communication and causing him to evacuate and retreat on the night of July 2d. On the morning of July 3d our troops entered Marietta, and, passing on through, crowded the enemy back toward and across the Chattahoochie River. On the day and night of the 4th, we kept up a constant fusillade with the enemy's pickets, gradually driving them back to the main body across the river. The new position of the enemy on the south bank of the Chattahoochee was a strong and formidable one, and direct assault was entirely out of the question. Sherman's strategy was again brought into play and another flank movement was conceived and executed, by crossing the rapid and deep Chattahoochie on pontoon bridges.

The army, crossing the river as it did on the right and left flanks of the rebel army, and again threatening the rear, induced Johnston to again fall back from the line of the river to the defense at and around Atlanta. This he did on the night of the 9th of July. Sherman's army, being weary and worn from constant fatigue, fighting and hardship for a little over two months, required a little rest, and it was thought a fitting time by General Sherman to give it to his brave and gallant soldiers before the final struggle at Atlanta so soon to come, now only eight miles away. We had now forced our way 132 miles into the very heart of the enemy's country, and to the very gates of their stronghold—the goal for which we had so long struggled and fought. We all felt that there was yet desperate and bloody work before us ere that goal could be reached, as the enemy had been forced back step by step from the line of the Tennessee, and we knew his courage and valor would not yield up this last important stronghold without a superhuman effort to defend it. Nor did it. On the 17th, the army being rested, General Sherman again put it in

motion in the direction of Atlanta, the different corps moving up carefully and gradually feeling their way. On July 19th Peach Tree Creek was reached, an insignificant stream four or five miles north of Atlanta. Behind this stream the rebels lay massed in force awaiting our coming. It was about this time that a great clamor was raised by the Confederates against the rebel Commander, General Johnston, and he was succeeded in command by the rebel General Hood, an impetuous, fiery, hot-headed officer, in no respect so capable as Gen. Johnston. But Johnston's inability to cope with and resist the gallant and able Sherman was seized upon by the Confederates and a change was demanded. Hood assumed command July 17th.

On the 20th the new rebel Commander had planned to make the attack on our invading army, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the blow was struck and received by Newton's Division. It was quickly followed by a similar attack on Geary's front, which was unexpected and which temporarily threw this portion of the army into disorder, but they soon rallied and repulsed the

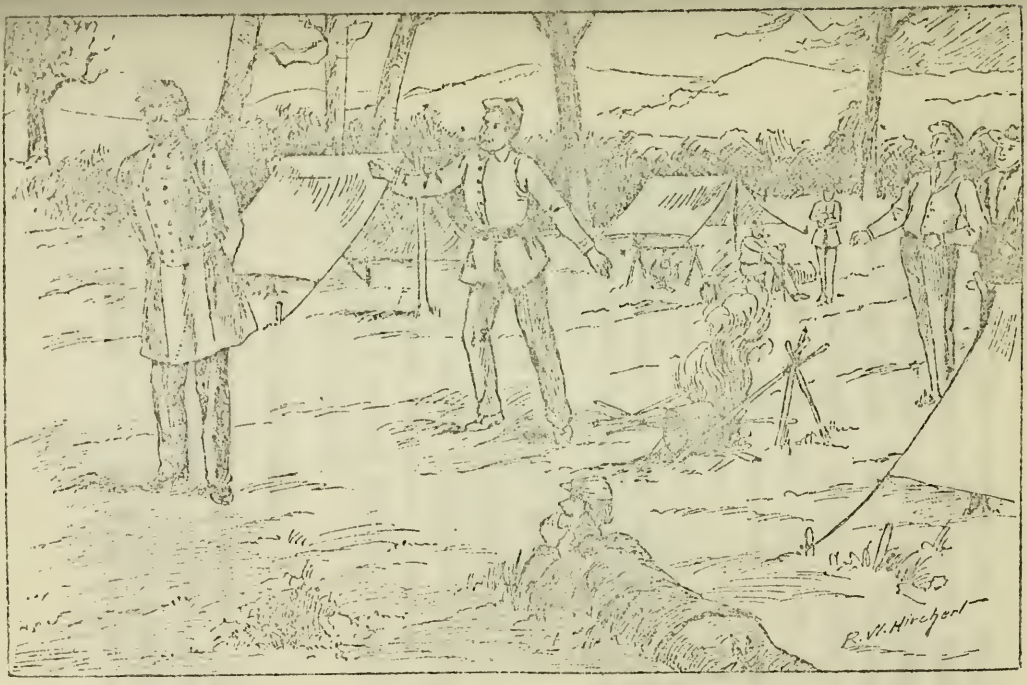
enemy, regaining their lost ground. Williams' Division was engaged, as was also General Ward's, who gallantly met a counter charge from a division of the enemy and a hand-to-hand combat ensued, the enemy being repulsed and driven from the field at the point of the bayonet, when they again fell back behind their intrenchments near and around Atlanta. Our loss in killed and wounded reached 1,900. The enemy's loss could not be ascertained. The next day after this engagement — the 21st — was spent by the two armies in perfecting and contracting their lines, and in ascertaining, as far as possible, the position and force in our respective front, and in caring for the wounded and burying the dead which had fallen in battle.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Chapter of Personal Reminiscences.—How Gen. Morgan Upsets the Recruit's Coffee.—What is Said to Him by Recruit.—Another Good One on the General.—"Stop that Dodgin'," and How Near He Came Being Killed by a Shell.—A Hearty Laugh.—"Boys, You May Dodge the BIG Ones.—Cols Tillson and Mack Wood.—Major Wilson and Capt. Munson Wounded at Peach Tree Creek.—Major Race.—Col. Gillespie.—Portraits of Officers and Men.—Death of Coppage.—A Fatal Game of Cards.—Tick! Tick!! Tick!!!—Interesting Letter from Gen. Leggett.—A Raid by the Union Boys.

GEN. MORGAN UPSETS THE RECRUIT'S COFFEE.

About this time a lot of new recruits came to us. Early one morning one of them was out preparing coffee for breakfast for the mess to which he belonged. His little camp kettle was perched on a forked stick over the camp fire. Presently along came a soldier in undress uniform. By accident his foot hit a little brush on the ground and over went the coffee, all spilled on the ground. This made the recruit wrathy, and in a minute he was fighting mad, and in angry



GEN. MORGAN UPSETTING THE NEW RECRUIT'S COFFEE.

RECRUIT: "You d——d old fool, are you blind? Why don't you stay in your tent, and not be blundering around in this way kicking things over. Don't you know nothin?"

tones sung out, "You d—d old fool, are you blind? Why don't you stay in your tent and not be blundering around in this way, kicking things over. Don't you know nuthin'." The unfortunate man thus roughly addressed smiled and walked on, not making any reply. The boys who were near by and witnessed the accident looked at each other, and then at the recruit, in blank amazement. In one breath they said, "Did you know who you were talking to? That was General James D. Morgan, the Commander of this Division."

The poor recruit "wilted," and he asked in the next breath what the "Gineral" would do to him for being so "sassy." This made lots of fun for the boys, and the recruit never heard the last of it. Evidently it amused General Morgan as much as it did the rest of us.

"STOP THAT DODGIN'."

A few days after this we got another pretty good one on General Morgan. While nearing Atlanta the shot and shell came tearing through the timber from the direction of the enemy, and

"STOP THAT DODGIN."

GEN. MORGAN: "Tenth Regiment, stop that dodgin. It isn't soldier-like to do so." At that moment an 80 pound shell exploded over the General's head, and to save himself threw his body forward on old Charlie's mane. The men laughed with all their might, and retorted, "Stop that dodgin." General Morgan replied instantly, "Boys, you may dodge these big ones."

it took pretty lively hustling and dodging at times to keep from having your head shot off. The General would chide us when he saw any of us dodging to save ourselves, and would invariably reprimand us by saying, "Stop that dodgin', it ain't soldier-like to do so." We knew that, all right enough, but how were we to help it? When shot and shell, splinters and limbs and trees were crashing, tearing, tumbling and falling around us, frail human nature could not withstand it unmoved, so the bravest of us were bound to dodge at times to save ourselves. Presently the rebels sent an 80-pounder over toward our lines, and it came tearing and crashing through the timber just over the heads of the men of our Regiment. General Morgan was mounted on his old bay war horse "Charlie" at the time, and was riding leisurely in the rear of our line, when his quick eye and ear took in the situation, and he had barely time to throw his body forward on old "Charlie's" mane when the shell whizzed past over his back, fairly grazing it, and exploding a few rods further on, but fortunately missing him. This was enough for the old 10th. The boys

yelled "Stop that dodgin'," and laughed fit to kill. The General knew what it all meant and took it good naturedly, but remarked, "Boys, you may dodge these BIG ones."

COLONEL JOHN TILLSON.

Colonel John Tillson, the Commander of our Regiment, was a good officer, but very much unlike General Morgan in his entire make-up. He was not quite so rigid and unbending in discipline as was the latter, but, nevertheless, took good care of his men, and had a pride in the good name of the old 10th and guarded it jealously. We had confidence in him as a Commander, and when trial came we never questioned his safe guidance and good judgment.

After Colonel Tillson resigned and left us on account of failing health he was succeeded in command of the Regiment by Lieutenant Colonel M. F. Wood, a good, brave and always ready sort of an officer, and if occasion required he would fight like a tiger. Mack, as we used to call him, was sometimes a little brusque and blunt in his manner, and would make a little break occasion-

ally in his flow of language. Nevertheless, he was a good, safe, true man, and was as brave as a lion, and when, after the Atlanta campaign, the time came for him to leave us, every man in the Regiment regretted to see him go. We had learned to love and respect him.

In the mutations and changes in the Regiment in 1864, Captain Sam. Wilson of Company E was made Major, but at the battle of Peach Tree Creek he had his leg shot off, ending his service. In this same engagement, I think it was, that Captain Franklin A. Munson of Company H of our Regiment lost an arm while gallantly fighting with his Company and Regiment, repulsing a charge of the enemy. These were two gallant, brave, efficient officers, and their loss to the service at this critical time was felt more than a little. After this, Captain Race of Company F, succeeded him as Major, according to seniority, and he served to the end of the war. After Colonel Wood resigned, Lieutenant Colonel Gillespie was promoted, who served to the close of the war, and was mustered out with the Regiment.

The portraits I give in this volume are all officers and men of the 10th Regiment, such as I happened to have, and all were taken twenty-eight or thirty years ago in the field when the cruel war was at its height. All of these pictures are perfect likenesses and just as our comrades then looked, but now, of course, we are all old and wrinkled and gray. The form and figure and pose of our good and beloved General Morgan will, I am sure, be recognized at the first glance, as most likely will be the case with all the others given. I would have been glad to have the pictures of many other officers and men of the Regiment appear in this volume, but did not possess them. Many, no doubt, whose names and faces appear in this book have long since crossed the deep, dark river to the other side, but those of us who are left, I know, will be glad to see these honored names and familiar faces perpetuated.

TICK! TICK!! TICK!!!

It was about at this time during a lull in the fighting on the line in our front, that a stranger from one of the Michigan Regiments—a fine, tall,

well-proportioned soldier—was standing right in rear of our Regiment, as if waiting for some one to meet him. Presently we heard coming through the leaves of the trees, from the direction of the enemy, a piece of shell with its well-known tick, tick, tick, as it hit the leaves in its flight, and as it came closer we all looked in the direction from whence the sound came. A moment later the fragment struck this man with a sickening thud on the jugular vein on the side of the neck, the blood gushing from the wound in torrents. The poor fellow stood there a moment as if dazed and bewildered, then falling heavily upon the ground, was dead. These scenes, and others very much worse, were of daily occurrence.

FATAL GAME OF CARDS.

A few days after this a party of four in Company K were seated on the ground having a game of cards, when along came a stray ball from the enemy's sharp shooters, killing one of the party instantly. The poor fellow was picked up and carried to the rear, when immediately another soldier took up the fallen comrade's hand and

finished the game. Scenes like this were so common that the occurrence hardly caused remark. Death and suffering was with us always, and we became so used to it that when a comrade was stricken we would say, "Poor fellow, his battle is ended and the victory won—his trouble is at an end."

KILLING OF COMRADE COPPAGE.

In the engagement near Dallas, while on the front line fighting with the enemy, our William D. C. Coppage was fatally shot, the ball passing through his body, lodging in his cartridge box at his back. At the time he was struck, he, with others, was occupying a small log cabin, using the apertures between the logs for port-holes from which to fire. A well-aimed ball from the rebel side struck him, piercing his body as stated. His suffering and agony was terrible, and the writer, with the aid of another soldier, tenderly carried him off the field in a blanket to a place of safety out of reach of the rebel balls, and from thence he was removed to the field hospital, where he died two days later, after suffering untold agony. Poor Coppage! We shall never forget

that look of despair as we were carrying him off the field. In his agony he turned his head toward me and said, "Captain, this means death. Try and get word to my folks at Murfreesboro." I tried to comfort the poor fellow with the hope that his wound would not prove fatal, but he, as well as myself, knew better, and thought that death must soon come to his relief. Coppage was a native of Tennessee, but was loyal to the Union, and laid down his life like a true hero for the cause he so much loved. He was buried with others who had fallen, in the woods, near Dallas.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL LEGGETT.

In my connected accounts of the movements of Sherman's army in the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten Atlanta Campaign and the march to the sea, I felt confident that I had not, owing to my limited opportunity for observation, in the whirl of events, done full justice to our esteemed fellow citizen, Gen. M. D. Leggett, in the important part he took in those two campaigns. I therefore waited on him in person at his office and said to him, "General, I am preparing a

local Memoir of the part our Regiment, Brigade and Division took in the late war, and knowing you have had an important command I wish you would make me a brief statement of the part your Division took in the Atlanta Campaign and the March to the Sea, that I may embody it in my book. He seized a pen and hurriedly wrote: "I commanded the 3rd Division of the 17th Army Corps in the Atlanta Campaign and on the March to the Sea. I fought the battle of "Bushy Mountain" at the left of Kenesaw, June 17th, 1864, and had the brunt of the fight before Atlanta on the 22nd of July, 1864, on what has since been called "Leggett's Hill." I led the movement by the enemy's left flank to Lovejoy's Station and Jonesboro that resulted in the evacuation of Atlanta, and did considerable fighting at Lovejoy's Station. My Division was designated by General Sherman to take ships at Savannah to land at Beaufort on Port Royal Island, and then to move North and capture Pocotaligo, and the east end of the Union causeway, which was held by the enemy with a strong force well fortified. This was to let our troops out of Savannah

on their march North. Our fighting commenced at daylight in the morning at Broad River, and continued all day, until 9 o'clock in the evening, when we captured Pocotaligo, twenty miles distant from Broad River. Had many little skirmishes on the march North, and some fighting at Bentonville." M. D. LEGGETT.

A RAID BY THE UNION BOYS.

One day at Nashville while on quarter rations, during the siege in the Winter of '63, the boys got desperately pushed for something to eat, so Bill Deeh, Billy Andrews, A. B. Harvey, O. K. Booth, John Chapin, Spence Morgan, Dave Kenny and Bill Johnson, I think it was, organized a searching party and went out on their own hook among the rebel citizens of the city to see what they could find hid away by them in the way of provisions that would help us out on the scanty supplies that Uncle Sam was then giving us. In rummaging about among the cellars, back yards and barns they found a cask of splendid bacon. The rebel owners plead piteously for them not to take it, but it was a case of desperation and the

boys thought that "of all my mother's sons I love myself the best," and were not two minutes in banging the old cask to pieces, and loading themselves down, marched into camp over at Fort Negley, as proud as if they had conquered in battle. Mike saw the boys coming, and as they dumped it in a great pile his eyes fairly glistened with satisfaction, and he said, "Oh, be Jasus, boys, where did you get all this mate?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Strong Ties of Friendship.—Camp Life at Nashville.—The Zollicoffer Building.—Our Little Family Circle.—Good Times and Lots of Fun.—The War Hurtful to Some and Helpful to Others.—Three Factions to Contend With.—The 'Wabashers,' the 'Lee's' and the 'Oquawks.'—George Pickup, "Bob Ridley."—Uncle Lewis Layton and Mike O'Brien.—A Regular Circus.—Lewis as a Merchant.—His Aversion to Guard Duty.—The "Governor."—Pony Hartman.—O. K. Booth.—The "Good Man" of the Regiment.—Freem Roseb rook, the Young Cyclone.—James Bohn.—A Soldier Without Fear.—Always Wanting to Give the Rebels H——.—Corporal Hungerford Killed at Bentonville.—The Wounded at Branchville, S. C.

The line officers of a Regiment while in Camp, Barracks or Field, are thrown together a great deal, and they sometimes feel as if they belonged to one great family so closely are they allied. In this way and by this means very strong attachments and friendships are formed, lasting through a lifetime. A common danger to which we are all liable cemented us as brothers. Looking back over the vista of years the army friendships, of all the attachments formed in early life,

is by odds the most fervent, strong and enduring. There are a thousand things in the life of every comrade that have a tendency to draw one closer and closer, and to make you feel that his presence there with you—his strong right arm—is essential to your safety, happiness and welfare. Hence the strong dependence, mutual trust, and enduring friendship.

When at Nashville, Camp duty made it necessary for Major Race, then Captain of Company F, Lieutenants Wolcott and Schaffuit, of the same Company, to occupy common quarters in the old Zollicoffer Building on the Franklin Pike, with Captain Waters, Lieutenant Blanchard and myself, for a number of months, and the rollicking, pleasant times we all had there will never be forgotten while memory lasts. This kindly feeling, mutual regard and lasting friendship toward each and for all will last until time and memory shall be no more.

The service was a great developer of human character. It was here that the good or the bad within us was sure to show itself. If it was in our nature to be narrow, selfish and unmindful

of the wants and rights of others, how quickly this disposition would make itself manifest. If, on the contrary, the soldier had a generous, broad, sympathetic nature, he was always dividing his little store of food and supplies with those who were destitute, and in other ways were always helping others to bear their heavy burdens better. The army and its associations to some were very hurtful and demoralizing, while to others the effect was quite the reverse, and I have known scores of young men there pass through it all in safety and to grow up to splendid manhood, both physically, morally and mentally. The army was a great educator. If there was anything in the young man's character to build on he was generally saved; otherwise he was sure to fall into vice and evil habits. I have in my mind a large number of our own men who came to us mere boys in years, who served through the long years of struggle, hardship and suffering, and who came out magnificent, true patriotic men, and well equipped in every way for the new battle of life opening up before them. An army of a million men going back into

society from the field of strife to the quiet walks of civil life, would in some countries have been a severe shock morally, but with this great army of patriots it was different, and it was so quietly absorbed and so thoroughly assimilated that scarcely a ripple in consequence was observable on the great surface of society.

Among the 140 men in our Company, all told, from first to last, we had some very queer characters, made up as they were, from all sections of the State. Our Company was formed mostly from three Counties, namely, Lee, Henderson and Clark. In a crowd like this, made up of men and boys, of all ages and conditions of life, you would naturally find some mortals as odd as they possibly could be. Having, as we had, three squads of men, we necessarily had three factions to contend with, and one being naturally a little bit jealous of the other, it often took a great deal of well directed diplomacy to manage the boys and to keep things in the Company harmonious and smooth. There were really two factions from Lee County, one being made up from the Harmon squad and the other from

Gap Grove. Guy Blanchard was the recognized head of the latter faction, Captain Waters that of the Henderson County boys, and Captain Mitchell stood for Clark County. When things did not go right among the men, that inevitable sectional jealousy would crop out, and it was either the "Lee's" or the "Oquawks" or the "Wabashers," as the different factions were derisively termed, that would get "Hail Columbia." Mike O'Brien, George Pickup, Bob Ridley and Lewis Layton were generally foremost in these harmless, yet annoying banter and encounter of words, and it usually made great fun for the rest.

Mike O'Brien was a good boy and a good soldier, but was as natural a wag as ever lived, his Irish wit being as sharp as a two-edged sword. He was usually happiest when he was "roasting" some of his comrades with his biting sarcasm and rollicking Irish thrusts. With all of this fun, mirth and levity, Mike was a noble character, and everybody was his friend. George was also a good boy, and was always bubbling over with mirth, and I can now almost imagine I can hear his ringing laugh while scoring in his in-

imitable way, his poor victim from the Wabash or from Rock River. George, we remember you with genuine and unalloyed pleasure.

"Bob" and "Uncle Lewis," as they were generally called in the Company, were always on their mettle when their faction was assailed, and they were always ready with willing tongues for defense. Uncle Lewis was a merchant when he had leisure time on his hands. He was a vender of newspapers, writing paper and "postage stomps," as he invariably called them.

The Nashville Banner and Louisville Journal were his favorite newspapers, and to see him place them with his patrons would impress you that he was performing a weighty and responsible duty.

Uncle Lewis and Orderly Anderson never seemed to "hitch" exactly, and there were more or less friction when the Orderly found it necessary to detail him for duty. He usually objected, and would insist that the "turn" belonged to the other fellow. The Orderly was firm, and Lewis always had to go, but he was generally wrought up over it, and in retaliation he dubbed Orderly

Anderson the "Governor," and to the last day of his service Lewis' title stuck to him, and with the boys, ever afterward he was known as "Governor Anderson." After the "Governor" was promoted to Lieutenancy, John Ferguson was made Orderly Sergeant, but even the good and fair-minded John could not always convince Lewis that he was not detailed entirely too often for guard duty, and the same 'seance' was likely to occur every time the letter 'L' in the roll call was reached.

Almost everybody in the army had a nick name. Sergeant Hartman was known as 'Pony,' owing, we suppose, to his being so short and compact in build.

Owen K. Booth was also another marked character, and was a hustler of the liveliest sort. His friends among the boys were legion. Corporal Henderson was known as "the good man" of the Regiment. His religious duties were not neglected, even in the rough and tented field. Freem Rosebrook, our Musician, and later on, our Division Post Master, was a young cyclone, and was never known to be still a minute in his

life—excepting when he was asleep. He was exceedingly magnetic in his nature, and he had friends without number wherever he was known. He was brave, good and true, and always reliable.

James Bohn was another boy of peculiar characteristics. He was, I think, entirely devoid of fear. When fighting or skirmishing was going on in the front he was always "in it," either by permission, or would steal away without it, and never would think of returning until he had fired his last cartridge at the foe. He did not seem to know what fear was, and he was always in the thickest of the fight, and he was always so lucky that he never got a scratch from the enemy. When he wanted to go to the front line for action he would usually say, "Captain, I want to go and give 'em h—ll." I would caution him to be careful of his personal safety and let him go, knowing, as I did, that was what we were all there for. He invariably came back with an empty cartridge box, always giving the Johnnies the last round he had. Jimmie was a remarkable boy in this respect, and I never knew another

one just like him. His brother Henry was an equally good soldier, but he, like the rest of us, did not cross the stream until it was reached. There were but few James Bohn's in the army. He wanted to be fighting all the time, while we had a few other men in our ranks that never wanted to fight at all, and would not, if any excuse, no matter what it might be, would prevent it. But, as a rule, our men, one and all, were good, tried and true, and averaged up well, as the extra courage possessed by our friend "Jimmie" balanced the account against the few who lacked it.

Poor Corporal John Hungerford was killed in battle at Bentonville, South Carolina. How well I remember him. He was a soldier that was always in his place, and being tall, was at the right of the Company, and we had thus marched side by side half across the Continent. When victory was almost in sight, and only a few weeks off, this gallant, faithful man, fell shot through the head, during one of Johnston's fierce assaults on our lines at Bentonville, North Carolina, on March 25th, 1865.

Mike O'Brien, Eli Lloyd, Jacob Juelfs, O. K. Booth and Alfred Preston—all good and tried soldiers—as chronicled elsewhere in these Memoirs, were severely wounded in the same engagement at Branchville, S. C., in which the writer received a severe and painful wound.

Americus Wyatt, the sweet-faced, gentle boy, who came to us as a recruit less than a year before from Shokoken, Ill., was killed in battle at Bentonville, N. C., March 25th, 1865. But to resume our narrative.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Army Again Moves Forward in Line of Battle.—Enemy Found Strongly Intrenched.—Hardee Attacks Our Line.—Is Repulsed After Hard Fighting. Our Troops Struck in "Air."—Fighting from Both Sides of Our Works.—Gen. Leggett's Division.—Gen. McPherson Killed.—General Sorrow Felt at the Loss.—A Lull in the Battle.—What it Sometimes Forebodes.—Another Fierce Attack.—Hood's Desperation.—The Blow Falls on the 15th Corps.—The Attack Repulsed.—A Charge.—The Losses.—A Change in Corps Commanders.—Logan's Corps Attacked by Stewart.—They Break Through Our Lines.—Our Men Rally and Charge the Enemy Back.—Regain Lost Ground.—Night Fell Upon a Divided Field.

On the morning of the 22d, Sherman again moved his army cautiously forward. Believing, from certain movements of the enemy on the night of the 20th, that they had withdrawn from our immediate front, and it was now his object to find them. Accordingly, our column swept carefully forward in line of battle in the form of a crescent, passing over strong and well-finished parapets and other defenses which had lately been abandoned by the enemy. When within

about a mile and a half of Atlanta, our skirmishers found the enemy strongly intrenched behind breastworks, redouts, rifle trenches, abatis and chevaux-defrise, which had been prepared by the enemy for more than a year.

While our movement on the right and center was going on, the rebel General Hardee was not idle. He had determined on a flank movement and an attack in force on our left wing, and had accordingly moved his Corps well out to the east of Atlanta and had swept around to attack us in the flank and rear, enveloping Blair's left, and moving forward again to the westward, had struck General Dodge's column in motion. Unfortunately in the movement a space of about half a mile existed between General Dodge's left and General Blair's right, through which the enemy passed in great numbers, which foreboded imminent danger. General McPherson, seeing this, ordered Wangelin's Brigade of the 15th Corps forward on the double quick, which soon checked the enemy and filled the gap, but not until the capture of Murray's Battery by the enemy. While Hardee was making this desperate attack

in flank, the rebel General Stuart was to attack in front, but by some miscalculation the attacks were not simultaneous, hence less effective. Our troops, in some instances, were struck in "air," as we sometimes term it, by this unexpected movement of the enemy, and had to fight them not only from the front, but from the rear and left flank also, and alternately from one side of the rifle parapet and then from the other, as circumstances required. Our General Leggett's Division held the apex of the hill which was so essential to us, General Giles Smith's troops supporting; and together they repulsed the fierce assaults of the enemy, which were both numerous and persistent. Failing to rout or dislodge Sherman's besieging force, Hood, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, withdrew from the field and moved back behind his intrenchments. This engagement was both fierce and desperate, but it only extended over a small portion of our long line surrounding Atlanta.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of this engagement, General McPherson, whose troops were engaged in this battle, was struck from his horse

by a ball through the lungs, from one of the rebel skirmishers, and fell dead. This sad occurrence filled our hearts with gloom and sorrow, as the army, one and all, loved and worshiped him for his gallantry and high soldierly qualities. Our hearts were sad and heavy, but we brushed away the tear that filled our eye, for he was gone from us forever, and, like the heroes of old, we were to conquer victory through the anguish of bleeding, wounded hearts.

After this calamity General John A. Logan, commanding the 15th Corps, then temporarily assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee —the fallen McPherson's command. After McPherson fell the struggle kept up with varying success until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly the firing ceased and all was still as death. This stillness or lull in battle, to the trained soldier, usually has a deep significance, and is usually interpreted as the quiet that precedes the bursting of the terrible storm. And so it proved to be. For soon after, while a feigned attack was made against the Union left, a heavy mass of the enemy suddenly appeared in

front of the left of the 15th Corps, and with a yell of defiance rushed upon our troops, and, breaking through our lines, captured two pieces of artillery, then pushing rapidly on, forced Lightburn back in disorder, capturing five pieces of artillery, and separating Wood's and Harrow's Division of the 16th Corps. Sherman, being present on this part of the field and seeing what had happened, ordered a Battery into position which commanded the enemy's line, and with a gallant charge of the boys in blue, drove the enemy back in disorder, thus regaining our lost ground; night then coming on, the terrible struggle for this day ended. Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners amounted to 3,722, with a loss of ten guns. The enemy's loss was 12,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides eighteen stand of colors and 5,000 stand of arms.

After this unsuccessful assault by the enemy, General Sherman decided to strike the enemy in a vital place, and, if possible, cut off their source of supply. So, accordingly, Generals Stoneman, McCook and Gerrard, with a large force of Cavalry, were sent east to Lovejoy's Station and

East Point in the direction of Macon, with instructions to destroy the road, bridges and supplies within striking distance. This mission was only partially successful, as General Stoneman's command met with a reverse, he and part of his force being captured. McCook's and Gerrard's forces were more successful, having accomplished their mission they returned in safety with small loss.

By order of President Lincoln, General Howard assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee on July 26th, General Logan returning to his old command of the 15th Corps.

About this time Generals Hooker and Palmer were relieved of their respective commands at their own request, and Generals Slocum and Davis assumed command in the order named. Slocum being then at Vicksburg, General H. S. Williams temporarily filled the place. General D. S. Stanley assumed command of General Howard's 4th Corps.

Meantime our army was changing position en eschelon from left to right, extending farther south and facing due east, the Army of the Ten-

nessee holding position on right of line, Thomas being in the center and Scofield on the left. To guard the Army of the Tennessee from any sudden attack or surprise while this movement was being effected, Davis' Division of the 14th Corps was posted so as to be within easy supporting distance of Howard. The enemy, observing our movement, on the 28th moved his troops in the same direction. About noon Stuart's rebel corps attacked Logan on the right. His Corps, having just changed from the left, was barely in position when the blow fell. At first the enemy was successful in its terrible onset, breaking through our lines, his Cavalry turning our flank and inflicting considerable loss. Soon, however, our gallant forces rallied, the tide of battle was turned, and our brave boys charged the enemy back by repeated assaults, regaining their lost ground, and hastily throwing up rude breastworks easily held the enemy at bay. The fighting was general all along the line on that day with varying results and with divided fortune, but without material advantage on either side, and night fell upon a divided field.

CHAPTER XXV.

How We Missed Being in a Great Battle.—The Dead.—A Pitiful and Sad Sight.—A Flag of Truce Wanted to Bury the Dead.—Refused by Gen. Sherman.—Comrade Siefken Wounded.—Hood Growing Desperate.—Great Confidence in Gen. Sherman.—Transferred to the Army of the Tennessee.—Under Gen. Howard in 16th Corps.—10th Ill., 25th Ind. and 32d Wis. Brigade Together.—Always in Luck.—Again Guarding a Supply Train.—A Blessed Change.—Stirring Events.—Again in Line of Battle.—At Jonesboro.—Desperate Charge by the Enemy.—Repulsed With Heavy Loss.—A Crisis at Hand for the Gallant Enemy.—Flanked Out of Atlanta.—They Blow Up the Arsenals and Retreat.—Atlanta is Ours.

The following letter, which I copy verbatim, written to a dear friend, will be of interest, and I give it a place:

"HEADQUARTERS CO. G, 10TH ILL. IN., VET. VOL.,
"Line of Battle, 6 Miles S. W. Atlanta, Ga.,
SATURDAY, July 30th, 1864,

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: Since my last to you there has been much hard fighting, but, as usual, we have escaped, or rather missed being in it. Day before yesterday, the 28th, our Division received orders to make a reconnoissance in the

direction of a ferry to the westward on the Chattahoochie, and had hardly got three miles from Camp when the rebels came down on the 15th and 16th Corps. They came in heavy masses, but it availed them nothing. They made seven distinct and separate assaults upon our intrenchments, only to be hurled back in defeat and disorder. Their slaughter was terrible. They massed their forces several lines deep and moved forward with a determination to conquer at all hazards, but only to be hurled back again, broken and bleeding.

Eight hundred killed is a close approximation to their loss during the engagement. Allowing the usual proportion of wounded to killed, their loss will aggregate hard on to 10,000. Possibly these figures may be a little too high, but I think them not far out of the way. Their dead was a sight to behold. Poor fellows! It looked too pitiful and sad that they should give up their lives thus, bravely fighting against the old flag. But so it was. Amid all of this carnage and slaughter you would hardly believe it possible that our own loss in killed and wounded did not

exceed 150 men. The reason of this was that our men fought from behind breastworks, while the enemy fought in open ground and at a great disadvantage. After the battle the rebels sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, but for some unknown reason General Sherman declined it, and our own boys laid the gallant enemy away as best they could for their last long sleep of death.

The rebels are yet holding on to Atlanta. Hood, I believe, is doing Sherman a kindness by staying. The rebel army has certainly lost 25,000 men since our army crossed the Chattahoochie. Sherman is now moving his army to the right and south of Atlanta, and, I think, will soon make it untenable for Hood, who, for fear of being cut off, will have to let go and fall back, thus giving us the prize—Atlanta. We must just fight on and wait a little longer. The prize is nearly in sight, so we will be patient.

I wanted to mention the fact that our good soldier and comrade, Siebel Siefken, got quite badly wounded on the 27th, the ball passing down through the shoulder and lodging in the back,

where it was removed by the surgeon. The wound was painful, but, I trust, not a dangerous one. This makes our Company loss 12, so far, during this campaign. The day Siebel was wounded we had a pretty hard day of it, having advanced our line upwards of a mile and a half, the enemy falling back stubbornly every step of the way. Fortunately we had but four wounded out of the Regiment in the movement on that day. Our Brigade cleared the way for the 15th and 16th Corps. On the next day what a storm of death and carnage swept over the same ground. It was, indeed, terrible. Hood is growing desperate. He strikes out right and left, and at the same time seems to be at a loss to know what move the wily Union General will make next. Officers and men, one and all, have unbounded confidence in General Sherman, our great Commander.

The recent call by the President for 500,000 more was just the thing to do. We need every man of them, and trust there will be no relaxation of effort until the great end for which we are battling is in sight.

We are now on the very extreme right of the army, reaching out in the direction of Jonesboro, the left resting north and east of the city.

You ask my opinion of the war, and when I think peace will come. This is hard to answer, but it looks to me as if we could now see a lining to the cloud. The rebels want peace as much as we do, and probably more, too, as their resources are well-nigh exhausted, while we yet have an abundance. We must conquer peace. It will not come otherwise. To show how badly the rebels want peace, would refer you to the Greeley-Clay conference, recently held at Niagara Falls. This is significant, and shows how badly they are hurt and where the shoe pinches. But enough for this time. Good-bye. Ever yours,

E. A. WILSON."

The following will also be of interest and therefore copy it:

HEADQUARTERS CO. G, 10TH ILL., VET. VOL.,
3RD BRIG., 4TH DIV., 16TH ARMY CORPS,
Line of Battle 4 Miles S. W. of Atlanta,
AUGUST 21, 1864.

MY DEAREST FRIEND: You will see by the above heading that our long talked of transfer

from the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 14th A. C., has been finally consummated. We are no longer in the Army of the Cumberland. In future our destinies will be linked with the Army of the Tennessee, under its humane and Christian Commander, Major General O. O. Howard. On some accounts I am sorry we severed our connection with our old command, but we trust it will all come out for the best. This Brigade is a pretty small one, having only three Regiments in it, which are as follows: The 10th Illinois—our own beloved Regiment—the 25th Indiana and the 32d Wisconsin, and we are a part of the 16th A. C., commanded by General Dodge. I hope this change in our organization will not change our uniform good luck. The 10th is noted for being the luckiest Regiment in the service, and I guess this is so.

On August 29th we again wrote: "I can but write a single line or so, as we are on the wing and expect to move again every moment. Day before yesterday the army began to draw off its entire left and swing around to the extreme right. The troops were moved under cover of darkness,

and before the Johnnies were aware of it the Army of the Tennessee was confronting East Point and threatening the railroad in the rebel rear. The 4th Corps also moved down with the Army of the Tennessee and took up position on the right of the 23rd Corps. Yesterday morning our Brigade was put in charge of the supply train, which we are at this moment guarding. The duty is by no means pleasant nor agreeable, nor is it desirable. But, after all, I don't know but it's a relief to us to be out from under the fire of musketry and artillery for a little time just for a blessed change. Have heard nothing else hardly for four months, and it has grown monotonous and tiresome. We may possibly be at this duty for some days, but cannot tell, as things are so uncertain here in the army. We don't know what a day will bring forth. We may be guarding a train of supplies to-day, and to-morrow we may be in the midst of fierce battle, or what is worse, perhaps, we may be dead and buried. This is war. I write this hurriedly, as the mail is about to start, and I must not fail to get this letter off, for you will see by the papers what is going on

here and will be anxious to know that we are all right.

The army will either occupy Atlanta in a day or so or all signs will utterly fail. The contending armies are now ten to eighteen miles south of Atlanta, our forces occupying the railroad, their line of retreat. Events full of interest to us all will crowd upon us thick and fast for the next few days. Watch the papers closely for the news."

And again on Sept. 1st, half a mile west of Jonesboro, we wrote as follows:

"By the heading of this letter you will see that we are again in line of battle before the enemy. Well, this is no new thing for us, as it has been our daily business for the past four months. Our stay with the supply train was short, as we intimated it might be. The next day after the date of my last letter we went forward and joined our Division, when the entire army moved forward in a southwesterly direction, striking the Macon Railroad at Jonesboro, a small town twenty-one miles south of Atlanta. This movement was accomplished early on yesterday morning,

and in the afternoon the enemy assaulted us terrifically, but to no purpose, as we were well intrenched behind rude breastworks and well prepared for their on-coming. They charged and re-charged repeatedly with heavy loss to themselves. Our men are engaged in burying the rebel dead in front of our lines.

Well, now the siege of Atlanta is at an end and the scene of operations changed, and Hood must do one of two things, and that pretty soon, or the worst will come to him. He must either give us battle and whip us off the railroad and free his only line of communication, or he must retreat. One of these two things must be done by him, and that very speedily. To-day will settle the fate of Atlanta, as a crisis for the enemy is at hand, as we are on their only line of communication and twenty miles in the rear of Atlanta. The fighting was very heavy last evening way over to our left in front of the 16th Corps, but we, as usual, were not "in it." The boys consider our Regiment very lucky in keeping out of hard fights, and it is their general remark how we do escape the hard battles, and yet we are al-

ways within duty's call and ready for the enemy if our services are required. Yesterday our line was attacked over to the left of our position, and we double-quicked around to the scene of the conflict, but by the time we arrived the fight was over. And so it goes. The boys consider themselves "peace makers." I am expecting every minute to hear the ball open. Skirmishing can be heard away off to the left along our line, indicating that the enemy are pressing our lines to find our position, either to give us battle or to make their escape from the peril they are in.

I believe this movement of ours was little looked for by General Hood, and he was wholly unprepared for it. Our lines are very strong this morning, as we worked on them nearly all night making preparations for the enemy's attack, which we think is sure to come.

Well, I talk of nothing but war and its alarms. Don't you get tired of it? But how can you any more than we, who are in it and of it with every breath we draw. We will all be glad, won't we, when this cruel war is over.

The mail goes out at noon to-day, so we are

just informed by our Regimental Post Master, and the boys are all hustling to get their letters ready. Our facilities for writing are not very good here in Camp, as you must know. Within sight of me now there are at least two hundred letters being written. Some of the boys are laying flat on their faces while they write, others are sitting flat upon the ground, using their hats or knapsacks or a piece of cracker box, or anything they can get hold of for a desk; so you see it all has to go here in soldier life as we can catch it. If our writing is poor and scrawling and irregular in form, you will know what helps to make it so. Since writing the above word has just come that the mail will not go North for some days, so we will have to hold this letter until this little difficulty is settled. These disappointments are common, and we are used to them. The atmosphere will clear one of these days. So we will watch and wait.

It may interest you to know of the general movement of the army for the past few days. On the 25th General Sherman put the whole army in motion for the final act in the drama of

war. Stanley's Corps moved to a point near Proctor's Creek; the 20th moved back to the Chattahoochie. On the following night the Army of the Tennessee drew out of position and moved by a circuit well toward Sandtown and across Camp Creek; the Army of the Cumberland held position below Utoy Creek. Schofield remaining in position. The next and third move brought the Army of the Tennessee to the West Point Railroad, near Fairburn, the Army of the Cumberland near Red Oak, while Schofield held position near Digs and Mims. About twelve miles of railroad were here destroyed, the ties burned and the rails twisted and bent so that they could not again be used. On the 29th the most of the army moved eastward by several roads, Howard on the right toward Jonesboro; Thomas in the center by Shoal Creek; General Church at Couch's, on the Decatur and Fayette road, and Schofield on the left near Morrow's Mills. The whole movement was conducted with signal success, and Howard, as I have stated, on the evening of the 30th, passed Flint River and halted within half a mile of Jonesboro. Hood,

by this time, began to understand the magnitude of the movement by General Sherman, and to meet it sent Hardee's and Lee's Corps to Jonesboro. On the morning of the 31st, Howard, finding himself confronted by a heavy force of the enemy, deployed the 15th Corps prepared for battle, holding the 16th and 17th Corps under arms on its flanks for immediate action in case of attack by the enemy. We did not have to wait long. Kilpatrick, of the Cavalry, anticipating an attack by the enemy, took up a position in front of the 15th Corps, with two Regiments from Osterhaus' command, and three Regiments from the 17th Corps as supports, and a Brigade of the 16th as Reserves, and thus awaited the pleasure of the rebel Generals. We did not have to wait long, for at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy's artillery opened savagely on our lines. Very soon the enemy's pickets were seen creeping through the undergrowth, picking their way toward our front. A moment later the rebel line, three columns deep, of S. D. Lee's Corps, advanced boldly through the open field up in the direction of our works, with their colors flying,

and yelling like so many wild Indians. Two of our Cavalry Regiments were armed with repeating Winchesters. The moment the enemy appeared our officers directed the men not to fire a shot until they were ordered to do so at the proper time. When the enemy's lines came within fifteen rods of our works, our officers gave the word to fire. At this command every man behind the works mounted to the top and stood there and poured volley after volley into the faces of the gallant foe. Presently they began to waver badly, as our fire was so deadly that to advance was sure death. Finally the lines broke and fled back of a little hill and re-formed, then on they came with redoubled fury. But this line, too, was swept away before it reached our impenetrable abatis. A third time the enemy reformed their broken and demoralized lines, but it was a physical impossibility for men to accomplish the work they had in hand, so they had to abandon the undertaking and withdrew their forces. They fought most gallantly, but the advantage was all on our side. The enemy lost in this engagement several general officers in killed

and wounded, among the number being Major General Anderson, mortally wounded, and Colonel Williams and Major Barton killed. Our loss was very light, as we fought from behind works.

While this engagement was going on on the right, a part of the 14th Corps, under Gen. J. D. Morgan, was fighting heavily on the left in the direction of Flint River.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Raising the Stars and Stripes Over Atlanta.—Pursuit of the Enemy to East Point.—Go Into Camp.—Lots of Writing to do.—Under Fire for Four Months.—Glad to Have a Breathing Spell.—Detailed to go to Louisville, but Don't Go.—Things Whirling too Fast.—A Bill of Fare.—A Good Joke on Capt. Lusk.—Hood to Our Rear.—The Pursuit.—He Attacks Corse at Allatoona to Destroy our Supplies Stored There.—"Hold the Fort, I am Coming."—Rebels Repulsed.—Corse Wounded.—They Destroy the Road at Big Shanty and Dalton.—Hood Heads for Alabama.—We Pursue.—Sherman Divides His Army.—Thomas Looks After Hood.—Sherman Returns to Atlanta with the Balance of the Army.—We Go Into Camp a Few Miles South of Atlanta.—Stirring Events.—Sherman's Order No. 120.

On the morning of Sept. 2d, Sherman found that the enemy had retreated and were then blowing up the arsenals and magazines at Atlanta, and put his whole army in pursuit. As soon as daylight Sherman ordered reconnoissances, and advances were made by detachments from Ward's, Geary's and Williams' Divisions. They advanced to the city, finding it evacuated and the enemy gone. Our forces at once took possession, raised

the stars and stripes over the court house and took formal possession. A large amount of stores, munitions of war, artillery, etc., fell into our hands. The rebel army had fallen back southward, and the campaign, for the present, was at an end. We were all glad that it was so, as we were all nearly worn out and exhausted, and needed rest. We followed the enemy down below East Point, when the pursuit was abandoned, and went into Camp near this place on the 8th, glad to have a few days of rest, which we all so much needed.

From Camp near East Point, Ga., we wrote: "The campaign is now over. We are just going into Camp, and everything is to be done at once, and, of course, we get no rest. Our Company writing has been neglected and has accumulated since early last May, and everything has to be brought up in the way of Company accounts, pay rolls, etc. All of this takes time and plenty of work. I sat up last night until after midnight and wrote, and wrote, and wrote, until I got so tired, but I hardly made an impression on the mountain of work before me. To-night I must

do the same, and so on until I catch up. We went into Camp two days ago, but had to move again to-day for better position or something of that sort. Hope we are fixed at last, so that we can take a breathing spell and feel that we can relax and throw off the tension, if only for a few days. Just think of it! We have been, we might say, under constant daily fire since the first of last May—four months. Do you wonder that we need rest?

By the way, I am detailed to go to Louisville, Ky., and expect to start in a couple of days in charge of a party of non-veterans to superintend their muster out and payment. If I should go, as I now expect, I would very much like to run home for a day or so and give you a surprise, but I fear I would not have the time. It is possible even that I may not go at all, as things here are whirling so lively that we cannot count on anything two hours ahead. We, even now, have a rumor that the road is cut in our rear up in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and, if this is so, farewell to my visit to Louisville. Wait a minute. The "Nig" has just brought us our supper, and

what do you think it is? This is the bill of fare for to-night: Corn dodger, sow belly, coffee and son-of-a-sea-dog, or, in other words, "mixed vegetables." This mixed vegetable is pressed hard in large cakes, and in order to cook it, it must be soaked and then boiled. In the absence of anything better this will pass very well.

You will remember that in one of my letters I thought I was going to be sent to Bridgeport, Tenn., after our baggage, which was left there in store.

Application was made by Captain Lusk for me to go, but when they came to make out the orders at army headquarters they wrote the order, "Captain Lusk" instead of "Captain Wilson." A mistake, evidently, and a big joke on Lusk, as he was commanding the Regiment and would not have gone for anything. The job was a hard one, and I was well pleased to get out of it as nicely as I did. Lusk went off swearing at the blunder at department headquarters."

Our next letter, written at Gaylesville, Ala., Oct. 21st, 1864, will explain itself, and will be of interest. It reads as follows: "An opportunity

is now offered to send out a mail, and how gladly I avail myself of it. It has been a long time since I have had an opportunity of writing, owing to this great raid of General Hood's and our pursuit. We have been on the move after him since about the 7th of the present month. This movement by Hood was not expected, at least by me, and, in consequence, I have not made ends meet, as I contemplated. Well, it's all right now when I cannot help it, you know. Disappointments here in the army are a common thing, and we learn to bear them with complacency. You will see by the papers what Hood has accomplished. In a military point of view his movement was a failure. He made a great raid, but accomplished nothing beyond tearing up a few miles of railroad. He struck the road twice—once at Big Shanty and once at Dalton. At Dalton he left the railroad, passing west through Snake Creek Gap, making his way south by way of Summerville, Gaylesville, etc. This place, Gaylesville, is just twenty-seven miles directly west of Rome, Ga., in the State of Alabama. We have pursued the enemy regularly every day since we started

except to-day, having come only about four miles, when we went into Camp. The pursuit, I think, is now abandoned by the Infantry. The Cavalry will probably pursue as far as Jacksonville. We are now about seventy-five miles distant from Atlanta. From here we will probably strike out in the direction of Marietta, or possibly return to Atlanta. I cannot think Sherman designs to keep us here in this out-of-the-way country a great while, and after a day or two we shall most likely be on the march again. I was really sorry Hood came upon the scene and caused us to move as he did, as we would most likely have been paid by this time, as we were all so much in need of money. Old Hood is a naughty fellow, and so we all say."

The next letter is written in bivouac, five miles south of Marietta, Ga., Sabbath, Nov. 6th, 1864, and says that instead of going in the direction of Memphis, as rumor had it, we find ourselves here within a little more than a day's march of Atlanta, and most likely we will move forward in that direction to-morrow. It is rumored that the paymasters are there paying off

the troops. This is good news, as we all need our money. I do not know whether the whole army came back here or not. The Army of the Tennessee is here, *i. e.*, the 15th and 17th Corps. Conscripts are beginning to flock in from the North. Send them along; we need an army of them yet to help put this rebellion to sleep. Lots of the poor fellows look and act glum, as if to say, "this is a poor place for me."

We have to write under all sorts of difficulties. This is a pretty cold, blustering day, and smoke whirls and eddies, and is so blinding, that it is with difficulty that I can write at all. So if I write a short letter this time do not blame me, as it is uphill business to write at all. Your election will soon be over. I trust our good father Abraham, as we all call him, will be elected, for we do not like to swop horses, as he says, "in the middle of the stream."

The rebel General Hood, in his great raid to the rear of our lines North of Atlanta, first made an attack on Allatoona Pass, twenty miles or so North of Atlanta where we had stored a large amount of army supplies. The garrison there

was in command of General Corse. Knowing that to destroy or carry away this large supply for our army would deal it a serious blow. Hood's attack upon Corse was bitter and heavy. The guard and garrison under Corse was small. Hood demanded unconditional and immediate surrender. Corse refused and the attack was made with an overwhelming force of seven thousand men under the rebel General French on the morning of the 5th of October. Sherman being advised of this movement of Hood's, put his whole army in motion, with the exception of the 20th Corps, left to garrison Atlanta, and hotly pursued. Hood, however, had a start of two days, and he thought by making a vigorous assault on General Corse that he could easily capture the place with its immense supply of army stores, before re-inforcements could possibly reach him from General Sherman's army. Sherman realized the importance of holding Allatoona Pass and had ordered Corse from Rome with 900 men just the day before, as a precaution. French, in his demand for surrender, stated that by complying it would "save the unnecessary effusion of blood."

General Corse's reply to this was, "I shall not surrender, and you can commence the unnecessary effusion of blood whenever you please." The attack opened at 8 and the fight was bitter until 3 P. M. The enemy, wearied and completely baffled, retired with a loss of over 1,000 men. During the heat of the contest Sherman reached Kenesaw Mountain—the highest elevation in the region round about—from the top of which he signalled General Corse that he should hold the fort at all hazards, as he was coming with re-inforcements. Corse, although badly wounded at the time, signalled back that he would, or die in the attempt. And he held it.

From the way it now looks our army is going to be divided, and a portion of it is going to look after Hood and to follow him North, or wherever he may go, and the other half to go South to look after Atlanta, or to strike out for new fields. This will all develop very soon. The 4th and 23rd Corps are not with us on our return march, but the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th are here and returning with us toward Atlanta. The other two Corps most likely are left to look after the

movements of Hood in Alabama and Tennessee.

About the 7th of November we returned to Atlanta and went into Camp a few miles South of the city. It may soon develop that a big movement of the army is on foot, judging from a special field order, No. 120, just issued by General Sherman. Busy preparation is going on throughout the whole army, and ammunition, clothing, rations and general supplies are being issued to the men.

CHAPTER XXVII

Preparations for a Forward Movement.—A Mystery as to Destination.—Atlanta Being Razed to the Ground.—The Railroads Destroyed About Atlanta.—November 16th the Great March to the Sea Commenced.—The Army Moves in Two Wings.—Right Wing Commanded by General Howard.—Left Wing by General Slocum.—Our Brigade in 17th Army Corps.—Army Moving in Four Columns.—Destination a Great Mystery.—We Strike the Georgia Central Railroad and Commence its Destruction.—The Columns Moving Fast in Parallel Lines.—"Sixty Miles in Latitude, Three Hundred to the Main."—Destroying Railroads Reduced to a Science.—How it is Done.—The Wings of the Army Located by Smoke Arising.—Kilpatrick Surprised and Routed by Wheeler.—He Rallies and Repulses the Enemy.—Kilpatrick Attacks Wheeler and Worsts Him.—Honors Now Easy.—The Rebels in Great Consternation.

From the reading of General Sherman's order, I judge a long march is being contemplated, but where we are going he does not say. Evidently Atlanta, as a base, is going to be abandoned, as the city is at this moment being destroyed and not a single house is left standing, and everything that the rebels can put to use is being wiped out and razed to the ground.

The next letter, written from Beaufort, S. C., January 8th, 1865, will throw some light on our movements during November and December. "You no doubt will be surprised to hear from us away off here in South Carolina, for when we last wrote you we were at Atlanta, 300 miles or more to the westward. But here we are. Very soon after we had returned from the Hood raid to Atlanta, on or about the 7th of November, General Sherman issued his order No. 120, of November 9, to make preparation for a big movement, and from that moment everything was hurry and bustle to get ready. From the 12th to the 15th the Troops going with us began to concentrate about Atlanta. The railroad from Rome, Kingston and the South to Atlanta was broken up and nothing was spared that would afford the enemy any aid or comfort in our absence.

On November 16th the great March to the Sea was commenced. That is what the newspapers now call it. The army for this march was divided into two wings. The right wing, in which our Corps, the 17th, was placed, was com-

manded by Major General O. O. Howard, and consisted of the 15th and 17th Corps. The left wing, the 14th and 20th Corps, was commanded by Major General H. W. Slocum. We all started out with two day's rations in our haversacks, and sixty rounds of ammunition on each soldier's person. Our marching order was light, our tent equipage was only a fly leaf carried by the soldier, fastened to his knapsack. Thus equipped this gallant army moved out boldly and with confidence on its long unknown march eastward in the direction of Macon and Augusta. Where we were going was a conundrum that none of us could solve. Of all that great army none but General Sherman knew its destination.

When we cut loose from our base on the 16th, leaving what was once the beautiful city of Atlanta behind, the army moved in four columns on two general lines. The right wing, under Howard, marched through East Point, and driving before it the rebel mounted troops under Iverson, soon arriving at Jonesboro, the scene of our operations with Hood the Summer and Autumn before. Leaving Jonesboro, we moved West

SHERMAN'S ARMY DESTROYING THE GEORGIA CENTRAL RAILROAD WHILE "MARCHING DOWN TO THE SEA."

through McDonough and Jackson to Monticello and Hillsboro, crossing the Ocmulgee River at Planter's Factory on the 19th. On the 21st or 22nd our column struck the Georgia Central Railroad east of Macon, near Gordon and Griswoldville, and at once began to destroy the track. From this time on this work was a part of our duty, about every third day, all the way down to Savannah. Destroying railroad track we reduced to a science, and we learned just how to do it. When it come our turn to destroy the track our Division would march out first in the morning, and as each Brigade came to its portion of the work for the day it would halt; the Regiments being deployed along side of the track would all take hold of one side of the rail, raise it up and tumble it over on the other rail and then pile dry inflammable stuff upon it and set it on fire. In a few minutes miles of road would be in flame. Our allotted work finished, we moved on after the army and went into Camp. The next day another Division would take up the work, and so on, day after day, the work of destruction went on as the army advanced, and in this way fifteen to twenty miles were destroyed daily.

Slocum's column moved out east along the Augusta Railroad, destroying it as far as Madison, and from thence in a southerly direction toward Milledgeville, the Capitol of the State, at which place it arrived on the 21st or 22d. On the 26th Slocum was at Sandsville, and on the 27th and 28th both wings of the army were temporarily encamped near Sandsville and Irwin's Cross Roads, near the Georgia Central road. From our line of march it was very easy to determine where the other column was moving, from the dense smoke arising from the burning buildings, factories, bridges, etc., being destroyed. At certain times during the course of the march the extreme wings of the two marching columns were from fifty to sixty miles apart, but usually they were not more than from ten to thirty, much depending upon the nature of the country, roads, rivers, etc.

The march through Georgia was not opposed by the enemy in a serious way, the Infantry meeting with little or no opposition. Our Cavalry, under General Kilpatrick, had the rebel Cavalry under Wheeler and Hartridge to look after. They

gave him much trouble at times, and especially so on the night of December 3d, while encamped near Waynesboro, when the rebel Cavalry charged into the Union Camp at night while our men were asleep. This might have proved more serious than it turned out, but for the presence of mind of the Commander and his followers, who rallied almost instantly and recovered, regaining lost ground and prestige.

The next morning, Sunday, our Cavalry and a portion of the 14th Corps attacked Wheeler's forces and defeated them in a sharp, decisive combat, capturing quite a number of prisoners. Honors were now easy between the Cavalry Commanders, and nothing so serious occurred again during the remainder of the march.

We had several, broad, large, deep rivers to cross, and had to bring into requisition our pontoons to effect it, as the rebels had in every instance burned the bridges on our approach. We were prepared for this, and it did not take long to improvise a new bridge over which the army could cross. The delay in laying a pontoon bridge was seldom more than an hour or two, so

thoroughly were our pontooniers versed in their duties. Without this aid we would have been helpless, indeed.

The first half day out from Atlanta on the long march for the coast, it seemed really wicked and wasteful to see so much clothing and valuable supplies destroyed. Everything that could not be carried by the soldiers was burned and destroyed, as nothing useful must now fall into the hands of the rebels.

Our march through Georgia threw the whole South into consternation, but they were powerless to help it, as their armies everywhere were in a vice and could not move. Grant had Lee at Richmond, Thomas was on Hood's flank in Tennessee, and Johnston was being looked after in the Carolinas. No one could come to the help of poor Georgia. Hill and Beauregard appealed to the people of their State to resist and drive out the invaders and vandals, but help did not come to them, and onward we swept, unopposed, through the State, from Atlanta to the sea. She was perfectly at our mercy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES FURNISHED BY CAPTAIN DAVID R. WATERS.

Lucky 10th Regiment.—A Fugitive Slave.—Is Surrendered to His Master by Order of Gen. McClernand.—Company E and the 10th Indignant.—Colonel Mack Wood.—Early History of the Regiment.

"After our return to Fort Jefferson on the banks of the Mississippi, where we awaited transportation for several days, an incident occurred that changed the history of the Regiment for the war, and, no doubt, luckily decided the fate of many of its men and officers.

The reader will see that the term "lucky" is used because the writer believes that in war, as well as in peace, it is lucky to live rather than die. The soldier who obeys orders bravely and intelligently, does his full duty; the soldier who is always "dying for a fight" is a fool or a braggart.

'The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational,
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely dares the dangers nature shrinks from'.

A slave escaped from his master and was given refuge in Company E. He was the first of his kind our men had received, and by his plantation songs, dances, and talk, was a source of much amusement to his protectors. The master, learning where his man was, sought the assistance of Gen. McClernand for his recovery. This suggested to the General, then commanding the Camp, the necessity for a field order that in substance forbade the harboring of slaves within the lines, and their peaceable surrender to their lawful owners. This was then in accordance with the policy of the government and complied with orders from Washington. Armed with this order the master returned to our Regimental Camp for his man, but his friends in Company E had concealed him in the woods, and any amount of searching was of no avail. The day the Camp was broken up the slave-master was on hand to take his man, but the men of Company E again foiled him by getting the slave in a tent and rolling him up in it when it was taken down, and in this shape he was loaded into the company wagon. His master was satisfied that some strategem had

been played to conceal his slave, and offered a reward of fifty dollars to any one who would tell him where he was. Shame to say a man mean enough to take his money was found in the Camp. The master went to Gen. McClernand with his information, and when the team of Company E was about to be put on the steamer, McClernand stopped it, had it unloaded, the tent unrolled, and the negro came out of it smoking hot, to meet his master and return to slavery—doubtless, too, to a cruel whipping, and, perhaps, a transfer to the auction block at New Orleans.

Shortly after the return of the Regiment to Mound City, upon complaint of Gen. McClernand, an investigation was ordered of the conduct of the officers of Company E, to show their responsibility for the detention of the slave at Fort Jefferson in violation of the field order aforesaid.

It could not be shown that Capt. Cowen was in the least responsible. It appeared to be wholly the work of some enlisted men and without the knowledge of the officers. But the spirit shown by Gen. McClernand in the matter, provoked the indignation of the officers of the Regiment, and a

petition was generally signed asking Gen. Grant to assign the Regiment to some other Brigade. The 10th Illinois Infantry, at that time, was the brag Regiment of the celebrated Illinois Brigade, and held their right of the line. It was taken from that place of honor and ordered to Bird's Point, where it was doing garrison duty and chasing Jeff. Thompson, until ordered to Pope's Command at New Madrid. Had that slave remained at home and suppressed his yearning for liberty, the 10th Illinois Infantry would have continued to hold the right of line of the Illinois Brigade, and would have been in the attack on Donelson, in the line where the 18th Illinois lost the flower of its officers and men. The contrast of that hot place and the quiet of garrison duty at Bird's Point, is very great. Later on our Regiment went to New Madrid, Island No. 10, and Fort Pillow, instead of being at Shiloh, with its comrades of that first march in Kentucky to the rear of Columbus.

Those comrades also went to Vicksburg after the fall of Corinth, while the 10th Illinois Infantry went to Tuscumbia for garrison duty under Gen.

Paine, and to Nashville, where it stood the siege under Negley, until relieved by Rosecrans, after Bragg had been chased to Murfreesboro.

Lt. Col. McLain F. Wood, of the 10th Illinois, was Captain of Company A in the three months' service, and, after resigning from the 10th, was made the Colonel of the 154th Illinois Infantry, a one-year Regiment. He died in the service at Nashville, Tenn., August 6th, 1865, while in the command of the Post. He was a brave, high-toned gentleman, and had many other qualifications of an efficient officer. His education was limited, but through his long connection with certain civil officers, he had obtained a defective, although sufficient education for the ordinary affairs of life. He had caught on to many high-sounding words, but was not always accurate in their use. It was related as a joke on him, that in the three months' service, while discussing with a group of officers the probable time and the terms of peace, he happily expressed himself as follows: "I don't care how soon the war is over, if it is settled Americably." Amicably is what he wanted to say, but "Americably" was just right.

In the three months' service, the 10th Illinois Infantry was known as the 7th Illinois Infantry. Illinois sent out six Regiments to the Mexican War, and, in respect for that Roster, the first Regiment in the War for the Union, was numbered the 7th. The Regiment organized at Cairo with Gen. B. M. Prentiss as Colonel, in April, 1861, and was composed of Companies the earliest formed in the State. Such Companies were hurried to Cairo as fast as possible, to secure that important point against rebel occupation. The Regiment thus organized and known in the three months' service as the 7th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, awaited the mustering officer at its post of duty. Captain, afterwards Gen. Pope, was sent from Washington to muster in the Regiment, but, at Springfield, was induced by Col. John Cook to stop and muster a Regiment he then had in Camp. He afterwards claimed the 7th number for his Regiment, on the strength of the prior muster; and, while the contest for that number was pending between Col. Cook and Col. Prentiss, the 8th and 9th numbers were secured by Col. Oglesby and Col. Paine for their respective

Regiments, and thus it was that Prentiss' Regiment became known as the 10th, but, it in reality, was the first Regiment organized in Illinois for the defence of the Union; and it was organized, at that, at the extreme front, and in the face of the enemy!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Army that Marched Down to the Sea.—What It Was Composed of.—Arriving Before Savannah Dec. 10.—Hardee in Command.—Fort McAllister Captured by Hazen's Division.—This Opens Up Communication With Our Fleet.—Savannah Invested.—Fording the Ogeechee Canal in Mid-winter.—Rebel Army Evacuate on the Night of 21st Dec.—Everything Falls Into Our Hands.—In Five Weeks We March 300 Miles and Conquer a City.—Lieut. Kennedy's Exploit.—The People Frightened at Our Approach.—How Foraging is Done for the Army.—Two of Our Recruits Forage on Their Own Account.—Gen. Mower Sends Them Into Camp Under Arrest.—Ordered to Tie Them by the Thumbs.—A Bitter Pill.—The 17th Corps Goes to Florida.—Scenes and Incidents.—Weird Ropes of Hanging Moss.—Our 17th Corps Ordered to Beaufort.—Pocotaligo, &c.

The army, under Sherman, left Atlanta composed of four Corps of Infantry, one Division of Cavalry, four Brigades of Artillery and two Horse Batteries. The Infantry consisted of 14th Corps, General Jeff. C. Davis; the 15th, General Osterhaus, Logan being absent; the 17th, General Blair; and the 20th, General Slocum. The Cavalry was commanded by Kilpatrick. The

two Divisions of the 16th Corps were divided between the 15th and 17th, and thus manned, the gallant army marched down to the sea.

In our march to the coast we had four large rivers to cross, the first being the Ocmulgee, the next the Oconee, then the Ogeechee and the Savannah.

On December 10th we arrived before Savannah, pressing our way up through the marshes and lagoons and low ground surrounding the city. Here we found the rebel General Hardee in command. On the 13th General Sherman ordered General Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps to assault Fort McAllister, and after a short, sharp fight it was captured with the entire garrison and stores, thus opening up to us communication with our fleet and the outside world. Savannah was at once invested, and on the night of the 21st the rebels evacuated, leaving the city, with all its valuable munitions of war, in our hands, consisting in part of 150 heavy siege guns and many other valuable stores, a large amount of cotton, etc. Just five weeks from the day we started from Atlanta we entered the city of Savan-

nah. Within that time the army had covered 300 miles of country, stretching between Atlanta and Savannah; destroyed over 200 miles of railroad, besides weakening the enemy in many other ways en route, capturing Fort McAllister and the city of Savannah with its 25,000 inhabitants, and all this accomplished without the loss of but few precious lives. Much of the country round about Savannah is marshy and overflowed, and we found it very difficult to approach from any direction, which tended to make our advance exceedingly slow.

A few days after the evacuation of Savannah, the 17th Corps was ordered to Beaufort, S. C., and embarked on transports, arriving there near the 1st of January, and going into Camp a few miles from the town, just across the bay. The balance of the army remained at and near Savannah. Our stay at Beaufort was of short duration. On the 13th we moved forward to Pocotaligo Station, on the Charleston & Savannah road and occupied both station and road. The distance from Beaufort to this place is about thirty miles to the westward, over a level, poor, swampy coun-

try, and we were nearly three days in making the distance, the roads being so bad. The Johnnies made but little resistance to our advance. The negroes told us the rebels were terribly frightened when they found that Sherman's raiders, as they called us, were coming. When the rebs first heard of the advance being made, they supposed it to be Foster's "niggers," as they said. As soon as they found that it was Sherman's men a panic seized them. They couldn't get away fast enough. Our Corps has accomplished easily and with the loss of only six men what Foster and his army have been trying to accomplish for the past two years. Was it "force or prestige" that made the difference?

When approaching Savannah, and out from the city ten or twelve miles, the rebels resisted quite strongly, and stubbornly fell back of the Ogeechee Canal, destroying the bridges behind them. We were pursuing in line of battle, and on coming to the Canal we were not halted, but were ordered to wade through to the other bank. We all plunged in and waded through, the water being like ice in coldness. Every step that we

took as we advanced was up to our arm-pits in water, and it seemed as if we were fairly sawed in two by an icicle, so cold and cutting was it to our flesh. Our bones were fairly frozen and the marrow within them congealed. After emerging from this cold mid-winter bath we pursued the enemy for some distance through marsh and jungle; but darkness coming on, we were compelled to halt, remaining in line of battle all night in our wet, frozen clothes. Along after dark the soldiers started fires to keep from freezing and to dry out our wet clothing. We had only fairly got our fires burning when bang, bang, went the artillery of the rebels, who, having got our exact range began to pour into our lines shot, shell, grape and canister. To save ourselves from being shot to death we were compelled to put out our fires at once, and the balance of the night we were compelled to dance around in our wet clothes to keep ourselves from freezing to death. Of all our hardship and suffering in the army, running over a period of nearly four years, I think this night of all others was the most severe. The rebels realized that they had us in a tight

place, and kept pegging away at us all night long, tossing over an occasional shell to let us know they were still there.

A little incident occurred in the afternoon, just after we had crossed the Canal, which amused us greatly. We were moving along the tow-path by the flank, when Lieut. Thos. Kennedy of Co. K, next company to ours, espied a Johnny 10 or 15 rods out in the brush to the front. He said, "see, there is a d——d ribel," and at this broke from his company like a wild deer, darting out all alone through the brush to the front. In five minutes more he returned, marching before him a seedy looking rebel which he had captured and brought in. It was a risky and bold thing to do, but the Lieutenant made his capture and returned in perfect safety, a feat he might not accomplish again so successfully, if he were to try a thousand times.

While on the march through Georgia to the sea, we depended mainly upon foraging for subsistence for men and animals, and had foraging parties regularly detailed from the different Regiments daily for this duty. There were from four

to six men usually detailed from each company for this duty, and an officer was put in charge of the foragers for the Regiment. They usually marched out in front of the column of Infantry, but in the rear of our Cavalry. Along in the afternoon they would begin to gather in along the line of march a good supply of meat, potatoes, poultry, and whatever else could be got hold of, and a man would be left in charge to guard it until the Regiment came up, when each Company would assist in carrying the supplies to Camp. If pork or beef was killed by the foragers it was always cut up in small chunks of from 10 to 20 lbs. so that when the men came along they could fix bayonets and jab it into a piece. Then with right shoulder shift, and with bristles up, they would march into Camp. This manner of supplying the army was repeated day after day during our entire march.

One day a couple of our new recruits thought they would do a little foraging on their own account, and on going into Camp just before sundown one evening they took a scout outside of Camp, and discovering a nice fat hog, shot it.

They were busily engaged cutting it up when Gen. Mower, our Division Commander, came upon them and at once put them under arrest. He sent them to my headquarters under guard, with positive instructions to me to tie them up by the thumbs for two hours on the following morning at four o'clock, on the color line, as a punishment for the offense. This was a bitter pill for the boys as well as for myself, still under military law we had to go through the forms of compliance, but it was done in such a quiet way that few, if any, of the comrades knew of the sentence against the boys being carried out. The boys were not tied very tight, and their punishment on account of Gen. Mower's order, was by no means a severe one. The men thought Gen. Mower's order harsh, being, as we were, in the heart of Rebeldom, but the point with him was the enforcement of discipline to prevent straggling and promiscuous pillaging. The boys, after this little episode, kept a close watch on Gen. Mower when they wanted to take in a pig or two or do a little foraging on their own account.

Discipline while on this march was fairly well

maintained, as we all knew we were in the heart of the enemy's country, and that we must not be caught napping. The soldier understood this as well as the officer. This great army of Sherman's, with its wide experience, splendid discipline, high courage and unexcelled fighting qualities, know by instinct and intuition just what to do and what not to do. They are a long way from being machine soldiers, to go and to come at the will of another, but instead are bright, thoughtful, intelligent and brainy, and do a lot of thinking and reasoning on their own account. Such an army as this is simply invincible.

A few days after this Savannah was invested, and the 17th Corps was ordered on a reconnoissance down into Florida. We were gone about ten days, and put in the time in destroying the railroad, mills and all public property that the rebels could in any way convert to their own use. We found the country flat, level, sandy and poor, and hardly worth the conquest. For miles and miles together we would not find a single habitation. Poverty and barrenness were on every

hand, and the country was almost an unbroken wilderness. We managed, by careful foraging, to subsist off the country, and this was about all we could say for it, and when the time came for us to return to Savannah we were glad to get out of the wilderness of Saw-Palmetto, pine and underbrush and swamp. Of South Georgia and North Florida—well the least said the better.

The City of Savannah itself is located on a level, sandy plain, on the Savannah River, with an abundance of poor marshy country outlaying in every direction. The soil here is of lightish sand and of very poor quality as to fertility. The city is located only a little above the inflow of the salt-water tide. There is, however, one beautiful feature about Savannah, that is really captivating, and that is its abundance of stately broad elms everywhere, from the branches of which are hanging pendant weird ropes of hanging moss. Truly this is lovely, and it goes a long way in making up in beauty and attractiveness what the city lacks in natural advantages.

CHAPTER XXX.

Pocotaligo Station.—Gen. Logan Relieves Gen. Howard of Command of 17th Corps.—A Scout for Something to Eat.—Finding a Cistern Full of Syrup.—One of Our Boys Falls Into the 'Lasses.—It All Goes.—Our Commanding Officers.—Good News From 'Gen. Thomas at Nashville.—Great Rejoicing.—Part of the 10th Corps Arrives.—Preparation for a Forward Movement.—A Reconnoissance.—Wet From Head to Foot.—Return to Camp "Clear Out of Sorts."—The 20th Corps Moving North to Join Us.—More Good News.—The Climate the Best Part of the South.—The Negro.—Proud to Bear Arms in Aid of Their Own Freedom.—Anticipating a New Movement.—The Corps All on the Move.

This station and town is only that in name, as the town is yet to grow. The country round about is low, flat, and sandy, and on the whole, very poor.

A change is about to take place in our Corps Commander. Gen. Logan is to relieve Gen. Howard, and the latter returns to the Command of the Army of the Tennessee. We very much regret to lose the services of Gen. Howard, as we consider him one of the very best. Logan is

also counted a good officer and a hard fighter. A big movement is on foot from here to the Northward, in the direction of Gen. Grant, so look out.

When we marched into Pocotaligo the other day, the boys at once went out scouting to see what they could find in the "general round up." good enough to eat. Not far from Camp, they found a cistern, at a farm house, covered up with unusual care. They investigated. It was brim full of fine, golden syrup. Canteens, camp kettels and pails were pressed into service, and in less time than you could say 'Jack Robinson' the contents of the cistern had vanished. While in the general scramble down the ladder, one of the boys fell into the "'lasses." He was pulled out, but the work went on just the same, and the boys never missed a step. Everything, you see, goes here.

I am again in the command of our Company, Lieut. Anderson being absent, sick, at Beaufort hospital. All our supplies are brought here by wagon, from that point. We are under orders to-night, for a reconnoissance to the front, in the

direction of Branchville, to feel of the enemy, and find out his position and force. Our general officers are now as follows: General Jas. A. Mower commands the 1st Division, 17th Corps; Colonel John Tillson, the 3rd Brigade; and General Frank P. Blair, the Corps; so we are in the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 17th A. C.

Our Lieutenant Colonel, M. F. Wood, has just resigned and is going home. Everything now indicates that we are to have a final 'round up' struggle, to close this cruel war. Hard fighting has to be done and I do not particularly relish it. I do not want to feel that I am cowardly, but I think I would rather tear up railroads than fight. We don't hear of so many young men spoiling for a fight as we did earlier in the war. The edge has worn off. The boys have got over it. They are different now. They have had a taste of it.

We have just heard good news from the Army of the Cumberland. It has immortalized itself. The moral effect of this victory to us and to our cause at this time, should not be underestimated. It must be very depressing to the

rebel cause, and its already dispirited army. It looks as if Hood's army was utterly ruined and scattered to the four winds, if we may judge by the accounts.

Part of the 15th A. C. has been sent up here from Savannah, and the balance is arriving by transports. This means something for the army very soon. It means a sweep up through the Carolinas, and to put Lee and Johnston between the mill stones.

Our mail facilities seem to be awry again. It is now a month since any mail has arrived from the North. Wonder what's the matter?

We march in the morning early, but we will see no hot work for a day or two, as it is ten or twelve miles from here to the front. The front doesn't scare us as much as it used to; still there are places I would rather be 'at' than there.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CO. G, 10TH ILL., VET. VOL.
3RD BRIG., 1ST DIVISION, 17TH A. C.
CAMP AT POCOTALIGO, S. C., JANUARY 21, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: As I have a little time to-day, I want to tell you about our reconnoissance of yesterday, out in the direction of

Branchville and the Salkehatchie river. The 1st, 3rd and 4th Divisions were with us, and Great Guns! what a time we did have! It rained all day, as hard as it could pour. Our garments were completely soaked from head to foot. The rain had caused the little streams to swell to such an extent, that we often had to wade knee deep in water to ford them. With wet feet and wet clothes and drooping spirits, you may imagine what sort of plight we were in, and how abominable we felt.

We encountered the enemy's pickets about four miles from Camp, and drove them back across the river. Not caring to pursue the enemy further, our column was halted, and after a short rest in the drenching rain, we were ordered to 'about face,' and wet and tired and hungry, we marched back to Camp, arriving late in the night, and clear "out of sorts." The rain is still falling; the whole country is inundated, and there is a sea of mud everywhere. The outlook is gloomy enough.

The 14th and 20th Corps, we understand, are marching overland from Savannah to join

us. Now, look out for something to 'drop' in the vicinity of Charleston, pretty soon. I am of the opinion that Sherman will take Charleston in, without much trouble or loss, as was the case with Savannah. We have just heard the news of the capture of Fort Fisher, off Wilmington, on the Cape Fear river. The bay at this point is so broad, that it has been difficult to thoroughly blockade the port. Now this business is at an end, and there will be no more blockade running to bring the rebels aid and comfort. Wilmington, we are glad you have fallen into line. Charleston next, and then, "On to Richmond."

I have lost my 'thread.' Little Johnny Capps was just in the tent, with the January invoices, from the quartermaster's department, to check up and sign. All right now, we will start in again, and try to finish. Rain, rain, rain! Is there no end to it? Who will answer this question? It is fortunate that the weather is not cold, else we certainly would freeze up in solid chunks. You can scarcely imagine what a great difference there is in the climate here, com-

pared with that of Ohio or Illinois. I have often seen it as cold there, in the month of June, as it is here to-day. The climate here is the best part of it. What is above the earth is all right, but the things on earth, such as the alligator, the mosquito, and the rebel, I have no use for. After the war is over, you will not find many soldiers seeking homes in this section of the Confederacy at least. For my part, I can see no particular charms to draw one here, other than the beauty of foliage and balmy breezes.

Its evergreens and flowers are charming, but the country—the soil, the land, is by no means inviting. The country is a vast level plain of sand, covered thickly over with large trees of pitch pine, and, again, with a thick undergrowth of brush and vines. Give me, in preference to all this, the broad and fertile prairies of Illinois or Ohio.

The country, all through the South, is very sparsely settled; sometimes you will travel for 20 miles and will not see more than one or two plantations, and these worked almost entirely by negroes. The darkies, however, are generally

run off by the masters on the approach of our army. However, very many come back into our lines, and are loyal and true. They seem to understand what all this means for them. They have heard of the President's proclamation of freedom. On arrival they are dressed in blue, and many of them are enlisted as soldiers in the colored Regiments. They do splendidly, and feel proud that they can bear arms in aid of their own freedom. The most of them are put at garrison and fatigue duty, thus relieving the white soldier from many a hardship.

The colored troops at Nashville are said to have fought splendidly, everything considered, in the recent battle between Hood and Thomas. Poor Capt. Ayres, (formerly our Sergt. Major), fell leading a negro company in the late battle. He was killed on the enemy's breastworks, three balls passing through his body. The other day I heard from Sergt. Alfred McDaniel, a member of our Company, who was captured by the enemy in front of Atlanta. He was recently exchanged, and is at home on a 30 days' furlough. Poor Mack, we thought he was dead; tell Charlie that Mack has turned up at last.

On the 22nd we were engaged in destroying a railroad, south of this point. This looks like burning the bridges in our rear.

On the 28th of January, we wrote: "Well, a new movement of 30 or 40 days will be commenced in a day or so. First on the program will be the destruction of the railroad at Branchville, S. C.; after that, no doubt, a movement against Columbia and the railroad in that vicinity, and to wind up with the capture of Charleston as the first "go off." The whole of Sherman's Army is moving northward, and the 19th Army Corps is to garrison Savannah and points on the coast. Sherman is on his mettle, and you may look for stirring news now right along. You will also hear from Grant's Army. History will be made thick and fast now for the next two or three months.

This is Saturday, and on next Monday, the 30th, we start on the new campaign against the rebellious State of South Carolina. You may not hear from me again for some time, for when once on the wing it will be a poor time to write.

This is Sunday, and all is bustle and hurry, as to-morrow morning at 7 the Army moves.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Getting Ready for the Start.—No Mail for Two Months and a Half.—Troops Concentrating at the Salkehatchie River.—Army Anxious to Give South Carolina a Black Eye.—Thirty Days Rations in Wagons.—January 30th the Whole Army Moves Northward.—The Writer is Wounded.—A Letter Which Breaks the News to the Loved Ones at Home.—Rivers Bridge Where the Accident Happened.—Fighting With Wade Hampton's Calvary.—Shot Through the Shoulder.—A Lucky Escape.—The Wounded All Sent Back to Beaufort in Army Wagons.—Several Die on the Way.—Fifty Miles Over Corduroy Roads.—Poor Fellows Buried at the Roadside.—Arrive at Beaufort More Dead Than Alive.—Another Letter Descriptive of Our Last Battle.

Everything is now in readiness, and I believe the boys are anxious to be off. To get ready to move now is no big undertaking for Sherman's army. Five or ten minutes' notice is apparently all the time we need. About all that is necessary for a two months' campaign, is a few hard tacks and a lot of ammunition. So you see we are nearly always ready to "fall in." The last mail to leave the army before we start, left last night. This letter I send by the hand of one of

our sick boys, to mail at Beaufort or Hilton Head.

Do not be apprehensive as to my safety, for you know I am always lucky, and so far have come off with a whole skin. We hope that since the end is so near, we may be spared to be in at the finish.

It is now two months and a half since we have had any mail from home. How is that for a long wait? If Uncle Sam could only let us get a letter quarterly from friends at home, it would not be asking too much. We all did so much hope to get letters before we entered on the long campaign now before us. We know it is not your fault, but chargeable to Uncle Sam.

The 10th Army Corps goes with us on this campaign. This is Gen. Foster's Corps, and they are known by Sherman's Raiders as the "Gentlemen Troops." We hope to show them how the thing is done before two months roll around. The 14th and 20th are moving northward from Savannah overland, and will, it is thought, join us in the vicinity of Branchville, north of the Salkehatchie River. To the railroads of South

Carolina we say, "You had better stand from under. We shall soon be after you, and such a shaking up you will get you will not forget in many a day." Billy's Raiders, a hundred thousand strong, will be heard from in just a few days. There will not be a road running in the State within a week. We do not forget that Fort Sumpter is in South Carolina, and we remember its history. We do not wish to be vindictive, yet memory clings to us. The Army moves with 30 days' rations in the wagons.

Capt. Race has returned to the Regiment. He is to be our next Major, and Gillespie our Lieutenant Colonel. My fingers are numb and cold. For this time "farewell."

The next letter was written from Officers' Hospital, Beaufort, S. C., Tuesday, Feb. 7th, 1865, in these words: "You will certainly be somewhat astonished to find that I am here in general hospital at Beaufort, after last written you from Pocotaligo. Now the question will arise in your mind as to what sent me there, and what the trouble is. Well, to make a long story short, the Johnnies, on the evening of the 3rd of February,

shot me through the left shoulder. I am very glad to inform you that it is simply a flesh wound, and that I trust it will not keep me out of the field very long; still, after all, it is sore and troublesome, and if it gets well in three months I shall think myself lucky. There were nine others of the company wounded at the same time and in the same engagement, but I will not give you the names now as I am too weak. The ball —a minie—entered my left shoulder close to my neck, passed down through the shoulder, lodging just under the skin on my back, where the surgeon cut it out on the morning of the 4th. The engagement in which we were wounded, occurred at a place called River's Bridge, a few miles from Branchville, S. C., and about 36 miles West of Pocotaligo Station. A Lieutenant of the 32nd Wisconsin and myself were fortunate enough to be brought back by an ambulance, but the other poor fellows, to the number of ninety or one hundred, wounded at the same time and place, were placed in common army wagons as the best thing that could be done, and sent back in that way. The roads over which we had to ride were

mostly of Corduroy and terribly rough, and we all suffered from jolting, *you don't know how much.* Several of the boys who were badly wounded died on the way back, and were buried at the road side. This engagement was not a heavy battle, but more what we would call a good Third Brigade Skirmish. The hospital folks started the train back with us the morning of the 4th, the last that will be sent back from Sherman's army. We were three days in making the trip, and you may imagine how sore, weary, tired and played out we were. We arrived last night, the 6th. My wound makes me terribly weak, and I am hardly fit to write you a letter, but I feel that I ought to, that you may know the worst. From the nature of my wound I think I shall be on my back thirty days or more. You had better address all letters to me at Officer's Hospital, Beaufort, S. C., leaving the Company and Regiment off, then they will come direct to me here. Tell poor little "O" that I am not hurt much and will be all right again soon. As soon as I am able to travel I will come home on sick leave. Charlie will be anxious to know

who of the boys got wounded. Tell him the ones with whom he was acquainted are Mike O'Brien, O. K. Booth, Eli Lloyd, Jake Juelfs and Alfred Preston.. I have already written too much. Will write again when I feel stronger. I write this lying on my side, our dear Frank Jeffers, whom I brought here with me, holding the paper straight for me. From this you will know I am not dead, nor anywhere near it, so do not worry about me, as you will hear from me soon again. Ever yours,

E. A. WILSON.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL,
BEAUFORT, S. C., *Feb. 9, 1865.*

DEAR FRIENDS: Really I would not write you to-day were it not for the reason that I know you will be worrying as hard as you can about me. When I am able to write you may know I am a long way from being dead. I wrote you two days ago telling you of my little mishap with the Johnnies, sending the letter by the hand of Lieutenant Anderson, who at that time left for New York and home.

I was wounded at a place called River's

Bridge, a few miles from Branchville, where we were forcing the rebels out of a position they had taken up on the opposite side of the stream. They had torn up the bridges and cut the banks of the streams so that water had overflowed the banks. On the opposite side they were strongly intrenched. In order to effect a crossing of the stream we were obliged to fall trees across. My Company was the first to cross. As soon as the tree was cut I sprang upon it and crossed and ordered the men to follow. In a moment our whole Company were safely over, and in another they were deployed as skirmishers and were engaging the enemy fiercely. While we were crossing, grape and cannister, small shot and minie balls flew thick and fast, but no one up to this time had been hit. I had only fairly got my Company deployed and nicely to work, when bang! I got it in the neck, and fell to my knees in water to my waist. I quickly pulled myself to my feet and took a hurried inventory of the damage done me. The blood was gushing out of my wound in great streams and running into my boots. Knowing that I could not stand this loss of blood very

much longer, I sent word of my mishap along the line up to the Orderly who was on the right, requesting him to come and take command. On his arrival I wished the boys God-speed and safety, and tottered back to the log over which we had just crossed and struck out for the shore. The balls were flying thick and fast, and if I had been so unfortunate as to be hit again by the enemy, or had fallen off the log in that deep river it would have been all day with me, as I was so crippled in my arms I could not swim. From the river I moved back to where the Regimental Surgeon was stationed and he staunched the flow of blood, then waded back three miles to the field hospital, in water from knee-deep up to the waist. Feeling too feeble to make the trip alone I took one of our men, Frank Jeffers, back with me to help me through. With his help I made it all right. But on arriving at the hospital was very weak from excessive loss of blood. We arrived at the hospital just before dark, and the Surgeons were as busy as they could be, taking care of those who were dangerously wounded. They soon came to look after

me, but I said to them, "Please go and take care of those boys who are moaning and suffering so badly, and take care of me later." They did this, and did not reach my case then until the next morning. By that time my wound was fearfully sore and tender. They wanted to give me an anæsthetic, but I said, "Go ahead, I can stand it." And so I did, but it hurt me frightfully, just the same, to have that great scraggly minie ball cut out of my back."

To conclude, we remained in Beaufort Hospital about a month, when we obtained leave of absence for thirty days for myself and a furlough for Frank, and we both left for New York, I stopping off at Cleveland, and Frank going on to his Illinois home. Before my wound had healed the war was over and the Rebellion had ended.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Absent, Though Not Forgotten.—A Sweep Up Through the Carolinas.—Hard Fighting at River's Bridge.—Generals Mower and Smith's Division Engaged.—Cold Weather.—Wading Swamps and Bayous.—Our Company the First to Cross the River.—One Hundred Wounded.—Rebels Repulsed.—Retreat Behind the Edisto at Branchville.—Charleston Fell.—Sherman Marches Direct on Columbia.—The Rebels Burn Bridges to Retard Our Advance.—Sherman Striking Out From the Shoulder.—Columbia Evacuated and on Fire.—General Sherman Tries to Save the City From the Flames.—Arrive at Goldsboro.—Confederacy Feeling Our Hard Blows.—Lee is Placed in Supreme Command of All the Rebel Armies.—Johnston Again in Command in Sherman's Front.

After the rebel ball struck me on that fatal afternoon of February 3rd, 1865, I did not, by any means, lose interest in the fate of the brave boys of our Company and Regiment who were thus left alone to fight the battle to an end. My heart went out to them sympathizingly in every step they took, and in every movement they made from the moment I bade them farewell, when I saw them standing, like true heroes and

brave soldiers as they were, in water and mud, waist deep, at River's Bridge, fighting with all their might and main while I was being carried to the rear, helpless and bleeding. No, indeed, I could not forget them, and my heart went out to them involuntarily, and in both my sleeping and waking moments I would be with them, helping and counseling and directing in all of their varied movements, while the fever incident to my wound had so much prostrated and enfeebled me. As soon as I recovered slightly I watched the papers diligently for news from Sherman's gallant army, but we heard nothing authentic for quite a number of days, until the army reached Goldsboro, N. C., when it developed that the march northward in the main had been successful, but not without hard fighting at Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C., and at other points. At Bentonville the Union loss was quite heavy, our own Company losing, by death, Corporal John Hungerford, a good, brave, gallant man.

But to go back to the opening of the campaign on Jan. 29. All being in readiness, Sherman ordered the 17th Corps to River's Bridge on

the Salkehatchie, and the 15th Corps to Beaufort's Bridge. On the 2d of February the two Corps reached their destination. From here General Sherman urged Slocum, who was retarded by floods on the Savannah River, and bad roads through the country, to hurry his crossing at Sister's Ferry and to march with all haste and join the balance of the army, the right wing, near Midway, S. C.

As we have stated, the enemy held the line of the Salkehatchie, in force, with Artillery and a strong force at Beaufort and River's Bridge. The 17th Corps was ordered to carry the latter, which was promptly done by Mower at about 3 o'clock on the 3d of February. The weather had become intensely cold, and Generals Mower and Smith led their respective Divisions in person, on foot, wading through the swamps and bayous, from knee to waist deep in water and mud, stimulating and encouraging their men by their own example. We forced our way up to the river, where we halted long enough for the pioneers to fall a tree across, over which our Company G of the 10th Illinois were the first to cross. When

the balance of the force was over and in line, the rebel Cavalry, which opposed us, was forced back in confusion and disorder towards Branchville. Our casualties in this movement were not heavy, although the fighting was very severe while it lasted. Ten or fifteen were killed outright and something near 100 wounded, who were, as we have before stated, sent back to Beaufort Hospital, a distance of fifty miles or more. The rebels, being driven from the Salkehatchie, retired behind the Edisto at Branchville. The whole army, when once across, was pushed rapidly on Midway and Hamburg, on the South Carolina Railway. Our Corps, the 17th, in threatening Branchville, forced the enemy to burn the railroad bridge and Walker's Bridge below, across the Edisto.

From this point in my history I am largely indebted to old comrades who were more fortunate than myself in being present with the command, for a correct account of their service and general movements of the army to the close of the war.

I am also indebted to other sources for in-

formation not obtainable through them, and for all of which I make due acknowledgements.

General Kilpatrick had, in the meantime, come up with his Cavalry and proceeded to threaten Augusta, skirmishing sharply with Wheeler's Cavalry. General Slocum reached Branchville on the 10th. The rebels, at this time, held Augusta, Aiken, Branchville and Charleston.

The rebel army being divided, they could no longer hold Charleston, and it fell of itself on the 18th. The 17th Corps at this time pushed for Orangeburg, while the 15th, as support, headed for Poplar Springs. The left wing was ordered to await the result of the movement upon Orangeburg. The latter place fell into our hands with little opposition on the 12th at 4 o'clock. Branchville, the junction of the South Carolina & Columbia road, like Charleston, now fell of itself, and Sherman marched directly on Columbia, the Capitol of the State, which was held by the rebel General Beauregard. The 17th, our Corps, moved by the State road, the 15th by a parallel road which united with the State road at Zeigler's. The enemy resisted at Little Congaree Bridge on

the 15th, but soon retired, after a little sharp fighting, burning the bridges behind them. This delayed our column, so that it did not reach the Congaree Bridge in front of Columbia until the 15th, too late to save the fine bridge there that spans the river. Howard crossed the Saluda, a confluent of the Congaree, and approached Columbia from the north, while Slocum was ordered to march direct upon Winnsboro, twenty miles north of Columbia. On the 17th, while Howard was preparing to cross the river, the Mayor of Columbia approached, under a flag of truce, and made a formal surrender of the city. In anticipation of the surrender Howard had been directed by General Sherman to destroy all arsenals and public property not needed for the use of the army, as well as all railroads, depots, etc., but to save all dwellings, private property, etc. Wade Hampton, who commanded the rebel rear guard, had, in anticipation of the evacuation of the city, ordered all cotton in the city to be placed in the streets and fired. A violent gale then blowing carried the burning cotton all over the town, and when our forces entered a general conflagra-

tion was in progress. Our troops labored hard to extinguish the flames before the destruction was complete, but it was impossible, and more than half the city was consumed. Sherman, with many of his Generals, were up all night giving directions and planning to check the flames and to save the homes of the people. Wade Hampton's stupidity in firing the cotton was the cause of the burning of the rebel Capital of South Carolina.

General Slocum reached Winnsboro on the 21st, destroying the railroad as he advanced, and reaching Rocky Mount on the 23d, at which time and place he was joined by the 20th Corps. Kilpatrick demonstrated against Charlotte, to which point Beauregard had fallen back from Columbia, where he expected he would be joined by Cheatham's Corps of Hood's old army from the West. The rains at this time were very heavy. The 20th Corps was at Goldsboro, awaiting the coming of the 14th Corps. Meanwhile the right wing destroyed the railroad at Winnsboro, and thence moved upon Cheraw, from whence a force was sent to burn a bridge over the Wateree at

Camden, and another to Florence to tear up the railroad leading to Charleston. The latter force was attacked and driven back by the enemy's Cavalry. On the 3d of March—just one month after I was wounded—our Corps—the 17th—entered Cheraw, the rebels falling back across the Pedee. While these events were occurring, the Confederacy felt the hard blows falling thick and fast, and in their desperation placed Lee in supreme command of all the Confederate armies, and showed unmistakable signs of their dissolution. Their need of men was urgent, and they were agitating the question of arming the ex-slaves to help them out. General dissatisfaction and distrust had sprung up against their generals, and to meet this Jeff. Davis appointed Lee to the supreme command of the entire military force, and on Feb. 9 Lee announced it in military orders. General Joseph E. Johnston, who had so long been retired from active command since the battles of Atlanta, on account of failure there to successfully resist Sherman, was now clamorously demanded by the rebel people and army to be once more placed in front of Sherman. So, to

appease them, Johnston, one of their most gifted officers, was again placed at their head on February 25th, but it was too late for him, or for any man living, with the forces they had in hand, to successfully meet and resist and turn back Sherman's well trained and invincible army.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Movement on Fayetteville.—Kilpatrick Nearly Captured by a Sudded Dash from Wade Hampton's Cavalry.—Active and Quick Movements of Our Army.—Averysboro Engagement.—Battle of Bentonville.—Persistent Fighting.—The Enemy Repulsed and Fall Back.—Sherman Takes Possession of Goldsboro.—Gives the Army a Short Rest.—Operations of Grant at Petersburg and Richmond.—Pushing Things Vigorously.—Phil Sheridan in the Saddle.—Active Work.—The Rebels Evacuate Richmond.—Sheridan Gives Lee Battle.—A Flag of Truce.—Grant and Lee Arrange for Surrender of Confederate Army.—Johnston Surrenders to Sherman April 26.—Assassination of President Lincoln.—The Whole Country in Deepest Gloom.—The War Ended.—Grand Review at Washington.

Our movement on Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear River, was now begun, and our forces reached there on the 11th of March, the 14th and 17th Corps, after skirmishing with Wade Hampton's Cavalry, which had just crossed, burning the bridges. Before daylight on the 9th of March, the rebel Cavalry, under Wade Hampton, attacked Colonel Spencer's Brigade, and the house in which Kilpatrick and Spencer had their head-

quarters and came very near capturing them both, and would have done so had they not been fleet of foot. They, however, rallied their men in a swamp near by, and soon regained what they had lost and retrieved themselves by a sudden attack on the enemy, capturing a large number of prisoners. The Cavalry was now ordered to and beyond Averysboro, with four Divisions of Infantry from the left wing. In the same manner Howard was ordered to hold four Divisions in readiness in case the left wing was attacked while in motion. The column moved out from Cape Fear River on Wednesday, the 15th of March. Slocum, preceded by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, marched to Kyled Landing, skirmishing heavily with the enemy's rear guard near Taylor's Hole Creek. Resistance here was strong, and Kilpatrick requested Slocum to send forward a Brigade of Infantry to hold a line of barricades. Next morning the column advanced in the same order and discovered the enemy, with Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry, heavily intrenched in front of a point toward Goldsboro, where the road branches off toward Bentonville.

Hardee, with a force of 12,000 in retreating from Fayetteville, halted in a narrow, swampy place between Cape Fear and South Rivers in the hope of checking Sherman, giving Johnston more time to organize and concentrate his army at Raleigh, Smithfield and Goldsboro. It was now necessary to dislodge him to enable our forces to advance. Slocum was ordered to press and carry the position, which was rendered very difficult owing to the ground being soft and swampy, so that horses and men would almost swamp in passing over it. Here, now, was work to be done. Williams' 20th Corps had the lead, and Ward's Division the advance. This was deployed and a skirmish line developed a Battery of heavy artillerymen, deployed as Infantry, posted across the road behind a light parapet with a battery of guns enfilading the approach across an open field. Williams sent a Brigade by a circuit to the left that turned this line, and by a quick charge broke the Brigade, which at once fell back to a second line better built and much more strongly held. Winniger's Battery of the 20th Corps did good execution against the retreating foe. Williams,

in this engagement, captured three guns and 700 prisoners. Ward's Division now advanced and developed a second and stronger line, when Jackson's Division was deployed forward on the right of Ward, and the two Divisions of Jeff. C. Davis, 14th Corps, on the left, well over toward the Cape Fear. At the same time Kilpatrick, who was acting in concert with Williams, was ordered to draw back his Cavalry and mass it on the extreme right and in concert with Jackson's right feel forward toward the Goldsboro road. He reached the road with one of his Brigades, but was attacked furiously by McLaw's rebel Division and was driven back to the flank of the Infantry. The whole line advanced in the afternoon and forced the enemy's line back within their intrenchments, and during that night they retreated to Smithfield. Slocum's loss in this affair, known as the Averysboro engagement, was, in killed, 12 officers and 65 men, and in wounded 477. Making a feint of pursuit with Ward's Division, Slocum's column turned to the right, built a bridge, and took the Goldsboro road. Meanwhile Howard's column was moving towards

Goldsboro, via Bentonville, and on the night of the 18th was at Lee's Store, ten miles south of Slocum, who was on the road five miles from Bentonville and twenty-seven miles from Goldsboro, near Clinton and Smithfield roads.

Sherman, anticipating no further opposition from the enemy, ordered Howard to move his right wing by the Goldsboro road, which goes by way of Falling Creek Church. Slocum's head of column had advanced from its Camp on March 18 and first encountered Dibbrell's Cavalry, but soon struck heavy lines of Infantry and Artillery. Johnston, the wary, had moved by night from Smithfield with great rapidity, and in light order, intending to overwhelm the right flank before it could be relieved by its co-operating columns. But in this he failed. The enemy attacked the head of the main column with great force, gaining a temporary advantage, and took three guns and caissons of Carlin's Division, driving the two Brigades back on the main body. Slocum at once deployed two Divisions of the 14th Corps, and hastened up two Divisions of the 20th, putting them all on the defensive and directing them

to barricade. Kilpatrick, hearing the Artillery, came up and massed on the left. In this position the left wing received six distinct assaults from the united forces of Hoke, Hardee and Cheatham, under the eye of Johnston himself, without giving an inch of ground.

General Sherman, hearing from Slocum, at once ordered up two Divisions guarding the wagon trains, and Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps, still back near Lee's Store, to fight defensively till he could draw up Blair's Corps, then near Mt. Olive Station, and with the three remaining Divisions of the 15th Corps, come upon Johnston's left and rear from the direction of Cox's Bridge. At the same time he was hearing from Schofield and Terry, the former at Kingston and the latter at Faison's Depot. The former was ordered to push for Goldsboro, Terry to move to Cox's Bridge and effect a crossing, and Blair to make a night march to Falling Creek Church; and at daybreak the right wing, General Howard, less the wagon guard, was put in rapid motion for Bentonville.

At day-break on the morning of the 20th,

Hazen's Division of the 15th Corps, Geary's of the 20th, Baird's of the 14th, reported on the Field, having marched all night from the Goldsboro road where the trains were moving. Howard, with Logan's and Blair's Corps, came up on the right by way of Cox's Bridge, and on moving forward the 15th Corps, General Logan, found that the enemy had thrown back its left flank and had constructed a strong line of parapets connecting with that toward Slocum in the form of a bastion, its salient on the Goldsboro Road, midway between Slocum on the West and Howard on the East, his flanks resting on Mill Creek, covering the road back to Smithfield. Howard was ordered to move carefully until he touched Slocum's right. This was soon accomplished and by 4 P. M. of the 20th a strong line of battle confronted the enemy in his chosen position. Thus matters stood about Bentonville on the 21st of March. On this day Schofield entered Goldsboro with but little opposition, and Terry held the Neuse River at Cox's Bridge ten miles above, with a pontoon laid and a Brigade across, so that the three armies were in actual con-

nection, and the prime object of the campaign accomplished.

On the 21st a heavy rain was falling, during which Mower's Division of the 17th Corps on the extreme right had worked well to the right around the enemy's flank, and had nearly reached the bridge across Mill Creek, the only line of retreat now open to the enemy. There was extreme danger that the enemy would turn on him all his Reserves, and it might be let go his parapets to overwhelm Mower. To prevent this Sherman ordered a general attack on the skirmish line from left to right. Quite a noisy battle raged for some time, which enabled Mower to gain his connection with his own Corps, the 17th, by moving to the left rear. That night the enemy retreated in the direction of Smithfield. The losses of the left wing at Bentonville were nine officers and one hundred and forty-five men killed, eight hundred and sixteen men wounded and three officers and two hundred and twenty-three men missing, probably taken prisoners by the enemy. Slocum buried on the field 167 rebel dead and took 338 prisoners. Howard's total

loss of the right wing was 339 men killed, wounded and missing. He buried 100 rebel dead, and took 1,246 rebel prisoners. Our aggregate loss at Bentonville was 1,646.

The 21st of March found Sherman in possession of Goldsboro, the roads centering there in our hands, and communication opened up by water with our fleet and the outside world. General Sherman decided to give his faithful army a little needed rest, and accordingly went into Camp in and around Goldsboro.

General Grant, now feeling that the critical moment in the affairs of the Confederacy had arrived, after Lee's desperate assault on Fort Steadman, and the failure of his purpose in that desperate undertaking, determined to move upon Lee's rear with a large force and compel him to fall back to Richmond and Petersburg and his line of defenses or to be hemmed in about Richmond, which would be fatal to him. Accordingly General Grant despatched General Sheridan, a trusty officer, with his Cavalry, together with the 2nd, 5th and 6th Corps 30,000 strong, around to the rebel rear at Five Forks, to intercept the

enemy's retreat, which General Grant, from the very nature of things, knew they must do very soon, as matters now were growing desperate with them.

The attack of April 2nd by Grant on Petersburgh was pressed with redoubled fury while Sheridan was operating on the enemy's rear in the vicinity of Five Forks. After a few days' desperate fighting, on Sunday night Lee began to evacuate Petersburgh and Richmond, and to move his columns to the southwest in the direction of Five Forks, the only line of retreat now left open to them. Sheridan was already there with 30,000 men, veterans true and tried, waiting their approach. Fighting was now incessant all along the line and things were indeed desperate for the retreating enemy. As I have already said the 2nd, 5th and 6th Corps, in conjunction with Sheridan's large force of Cavalry, now all under his immediate command, had the rebels in a tight place and no mistake, and on the 7th of April General Grant wrote Lee to the effect that, owing to the hopelessness of the present contest and to prevent the further effusion of blood, the

surrender of the forces under him would be advisable. This resulted on the 9th in the surrender of the whole of Lee's army, and in the virtual close of the Rebellion.

Johnston's army yet being in Sherman's front near Raleigh, N. C., the latter put his road-worn veterans once more on track of our old-time adversary, Joseph E. Johnston. On the 13th Raleigh was reached, the enemy falling back on Hillsboro. On the 14th a conference was asked by Johnston which, finally, after some difficulty and delay, resulted in the surrender of Johnston's whole army to Sherman on the 26th of April, General Grant being present. The war was now virtually at an end and on the 1st of the following June the last organized body of rebel troops had surrendered.

Meanwhile, on April 14th the assassination of President Lincoln occurred, which overwhelmed and cast the whole Nation in the deepest gloom.

The news of this great calamity was so appalling and oppressive that for days and weeks together the people were so dazed and heart-broken that they acted as if they were almost

without hope in the world. Our good President had so endeared himself to the people that, to have him thus cut down and taken away from us, was like burying out of sight and forever the last hope we had for the future. We had learned by long years of trial, suffering and sorrow to lean on him as a father and safe counsellor, and now that he was taken from us forever, it did seem as if every loyal heart in the whole Nation would burst with pent-up, oppressive, terrible grief. This feeling was not only shared in by soldiers, but by loyal people of the whole Nation. The whole world mourned with us in our deep and terrible affliction.

On May 23rd and 24th the grand veteran armies of Grant and Sherman were reviewed in Washington in the presence of President Johnson and large throngs of people. From thence they were sent to various points in the States, and from there to their respective homes. Thus ended the great Slave-holders' Rebellion.

THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

The reaper of life's harvest has been exceedingly busy making frightful inroads in the ranks of our brave Co. G boys for the last decade. I append a partial list of the heroes who have answered that last roll-call, and have passed over the deep, dark river to the other side:

Henry Bohn,	Lewis B. Layton,
John Blair,	Wm. H. Lloyd,
John Hungerford,	Eugene A. Miller,
George W. Hawn,	John A. Pease,
Wm. Horner,	James Russell,
J. M. Jeffers,	James B. Shorter,
Thos. Jeffers,	James A. Tomlinson,
Michael O'Brien,	David H. Buck,
Wm. Chancellor,	James M. Garner,
Jerome B. Morgan,	Edward M. Herndon,
Wm. Rodgers,	James Jeffries,
Martin Rodgers,	James R. Kerr,
Wm. Sneed,	David F. Roderick,
Jesse R. Ingle,	J. B. Smith,
Wm. S. Beal,	Americus Wyatt,
Nathan Bessor,	George W. Pickup.

THE END.

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